



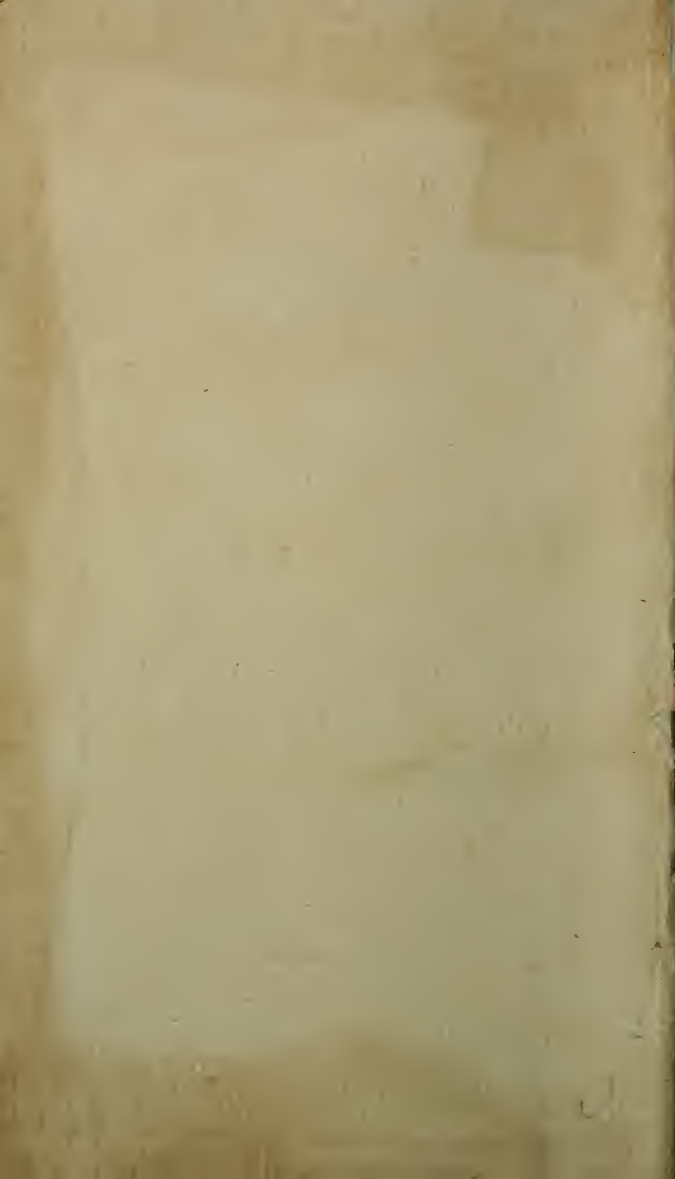
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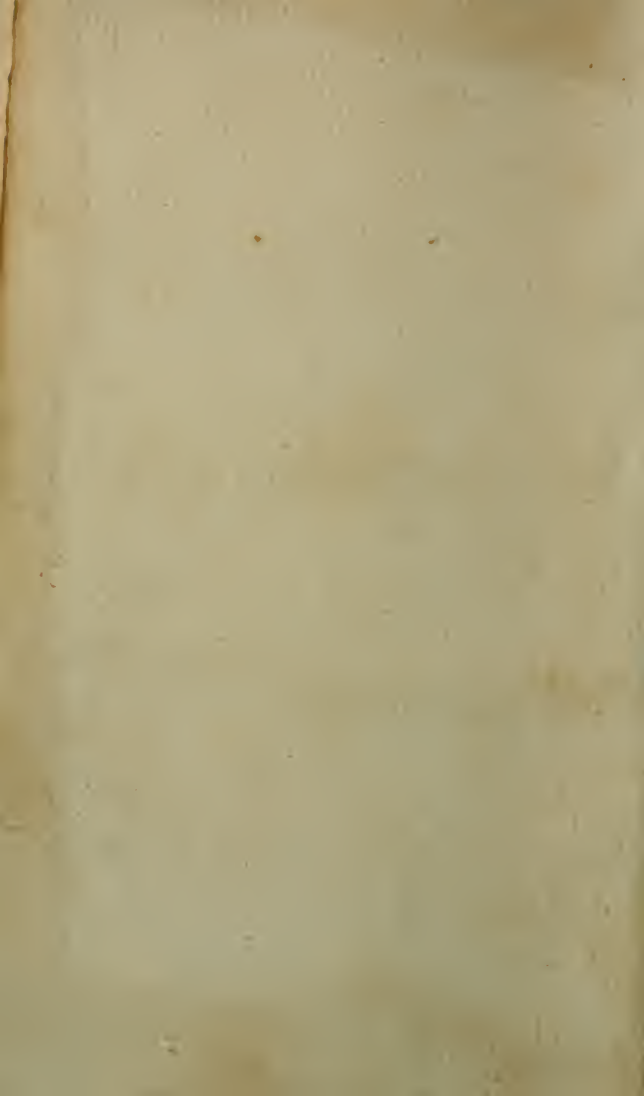
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L. Wilson









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Mag.^a

TERENTIVS

Ex Musaeo

Antonii Henleii Armig.

Jai Mynde Sc.

(S)

Terence's Comedies,

Translated into

ENGLISH,

Together with the

ORIGINAL LATIN,

From the best Editions, on the opposite Pages :

E, A L S O, W,

Critical and Explanatory NOTES.

To which is prefixed,

A DISSERTATION

ON THE

LIFE and WRITINGS of *TERENCE*,

CONTAINING,

An ENQUIRY into the Rise and Progress of
Dramatic Poetry in *Greece* and *Rome*, with REMARKS
on the comic Measure. . .

The Whole adapted to the Capacities of YOUTH at
School, as well as for the Entertainment of private
Gentlemen.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

By Mr. COOKE.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. WARE, T. and T. LONGMAN, C. HITCH
and L. HAWES, J. WHISTON and B. WHITE, J. and J.
RIVINGTON, J. WARD, R. BALDWIN, T. FIELD, and
E. SMITH. 1755.

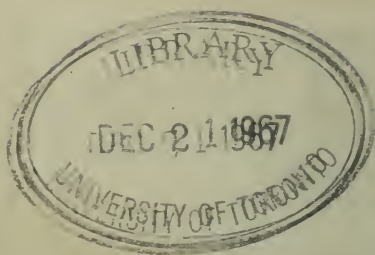
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To His GRACE

C H A R L E S

Duke of SOMERSET.

MY LORD,

HE that has preserved
the Character of a
Nobleman in all his
Actions, and who has been a
Patron to Learning thro Life, is
intitled to the fairest Fruits of
those Arts which he encourages
and protects : and permit me,

A 3

my

The DEDICATION.

my LORD, to say that your GRACE has, in the Opinion of your Country, not only supported, but added to, the Honours of your antient House, by a Deportment becoming the Dignitys to which you was born: and that University, which has sent more great Men into the World than any one besides, is a lasting and grateful Monument of your GRACE's Beneficence and Love of Science.

YOUR liberal Contributions towards raising the Senate-house, the Encouragement which you gave to the Press by large Endowments, the vast Increase of learned and costly Volumes which the Library owes to your GRACE, and your favourable

The DEDICATION.

vourable Countenance and Assistance on all Occasions, speak you Father, as well as Chancellor, of the University of *Cambridge* : but what that Nurse of Heroes and the Muses owes to your GRACE will be better related to Posterity by one of the worthyest of her Sons, the present Mr. *Baker** of St. *John's* College, in a Work which will add Honour to the University, and to the Nation : in the Mean-while, let me intreat your GRACE's Acceptance of this Tribute of Respect to your great and eminent
Worth,

* Mr. *Baker*, who was a Person of extraordinary Learning and Genius, had, with indefatigable Pains and great Judgment, collected the Lives of the eminent Men educated at the University of *Cambridge*, with other Particulars relating to that Seat of Learning ; but how those Writings are disposed of since his Death I cannot tell.

The DEDICATION.

Worth, in an Edition and Translation of one of the most valuable Authors of Antiquity, by one, tho not a Son, a Debtor, to that University, by the repeated friendly Offices which I have received from several illustrious Members of it.

THAT your GRACE may here continue long to enjoy the Fruits of your Benevolence is the sincere Wish of,

M Y L O R D,

with the highest Respect,

your GRACE's

most obedient,

most obliged,

and most humble, Servant.

THOMAS COOKE.

T H E
P R E F A C E

T O
The SECOND EDITION.

FROM the Reception which my former Edition of Terence in three Volumes has met with from the Public I have Reason to believe that I have therein contributed, in some Degree, to the Pomotion of antient Learning; and the Alterations which I have now made in the Text, tho they are very few, with the Remarks which I have added, will render this Edition still more useful, as this greatly valuable Author is by them made more easy to be understood, and his Text brought nearer to the original Purity.

What I owe to the several former Labourers in this fruitful Field I have acknowledged in the following Discourses and Notes; but many extended a Hand to the Work who made but a slovenly Harvest, and who gathered more Weeds than Fruit in their Comments and Prolegomena; to drudge thro which required much
Patience.

Patience and Industry; and the Produce of their elaborate Heaps, when winnowed, was Abundance of Chaff and little Grain. The same may be sayed of almost all the Editors and Commentators of Plautus :

Infelix Lolium et steriles dominantur Avenae.

Yet I hope I have restored these two great comic Poets, the only two of Roman Growth saved from the Wrecks of Time and Barbarism, as near to their primitive Splendor as possible : I have cleared them from the offensive Rubbish with which they have been long covered by officious, injudicious, and tasteless, Editors. What the Reader is to expect from the remaining Volumes of my Plautus, not yet printed, he may be able to judge from what is already in his Possession and from this Edition of Terence.

To speak without a Metaphor, there would have been no Occasion for Complaints, if none but Men of Taste and Genius as well as Learning had presumed to perform the kind Offices of Editors and Critics to such classical Authors as are remarkable for Elegance of Stile and other poetical Beautys.

The earliest who took this chaste Author into their tender Care and Protection with Success, since the Art of Printing was known, were Peter Bembo and Gabriel Faern : both
Men

Men of extraordinary Learning, Abilitys, and Virtues: the first was illustrious by his Birth and Rank in Life: he was a noble Venetian and Cardinal Secretary to that great Promoter of Learning and the Virtues of Humanity Pope Leo the tenth: but he is more eminently great in the Characteristics of a Scholar, a Man of exalted Genius, and boundless Benevolence: he dyed in the seventy-seventh Year of his Age in the Year 1547, and was, as Mr. Bayle observes, one of the best Writers of the Sixteenth Century: his Manuscript Copy of Terence was brought into England by Sir Henry Wotton.

Gabriel Faern, or Faernus, says Mr. de Thou, was a Native of Cremona, whose principal Delight was to revive and cultivate antient Learning: his Diligence and Sagacity, says that fine Historian, were more than ordinary; which his Edition of Terence, and of some Parts of the Works of Cicero, bear Witness of to Posterity; which were published, after the Death of Faernus, by his great Admirer P. Victorius: this excellent young Man, who flourished under the Patronage of Cardinal Bembo, dyed under thirty Years of Age; and his Loss to the learned World was great, as appears by the early Fruits of his Genius and Application.

The

The late Bishop Leng, Bishop Hare, and Dr. Bentley, were the last Editors of our Author worthy Notice: they were all Men of Learning, but of unequal Genius: the Superiority which one had over the other I have shewed in my Dissertation and Notes: they had all Helps from some Copys which Faernus never saw; and I have collated some which were never under their Examination: the three which I collated of Dr. Mead's were likewise collated by the greatest of those three Critics Dr. Bentley.

I have now put my last Hand to this great comic Poet, equally eminent for his Chastity of Manners and Purity of Diction; and I am inclined to believe that I send him into the World more like himself than he appears in any other Exemplar, written or printed, now to be found.

April, 1748.

T H E

T H E

P R E F A C E

T O

The FIRST EDITION.

IN the following Edition and Translation of Terence I have used my best Endeavours to make that excellent Poet better and more generally understood than at this Time he seems to be. I have in no Part of my English varied so much, in the Expression, from the Latin as to make the Learner lose Sight of the Original; and I have at the same Time preserved the Air of Dialogue which is necessary for the Stage.

I have been particularly exact in my Pointing; in which all the Editors which I have consulted have been defective, tho Dr. Leng seems to have been more careful in this than any other; which is an Article of more Importance than many seem to think it; for by good or bad Pointing a Passage is often rendered clear or obscure.

In my Translation I laboured under several Disadvantages which the Tyranny of Custom
B
subjected

subjected me to: many are the Vices of Speech which are now continued, and which are frequent in the Writings of our best Authors; but they are nevertheless Impuritys, notwithstanding the Authoritys of eminent Names. I shall not here enumerate the Offences which Custom has made me commit against Purity of Language; they who know what Purity is will see where I have layed a Restraint on my Inclinations; and yet I doubt not but I have departed so much from the common Rules of Speech that I shall be reckoned singular by some. All that I shall add on this Head is, that we have a Language reduceable to all the Laws of Speech, and that it is in the Power of every Genius to write conformable to those Laws, if they will resolve to break those Bars asunder which Custom has set up.

In the following Scenes we often see a Slave addressing his Master, his Master's Wife, or Mistress, without using any Appellation but their plain Names; should we therefore, in a Translation, add any Epithet, or use a Salutation familiar among us, we should depart from the Manners of the Age and Country in which the Scenes are layed, and from the Simplicity of the Poet; in this I have been cautious of offending: but I have sometimes omitted an Oath, when Hercle, Pol, Ecastor, or some other, is introduced without any great Sirefs,

Stress, and where one of our own common Forms of speaking will do as well.

The old and better Sort of Greeks and Romans greeted each other with a Wish for their Health and Prosperity, and not with a servile Ly. Conformable to this Simplicity of Manners, agreeable to Nature and Truth, are the Characters drawn which fill the following Scenes; and if I depart from that Simplicity, I injure Terence, and am a Slave to Custom.

In my Notes, where they regard the Latin only, I refer only to the Original, where they allude to both the Translation and Original, I refer to both.

In my Dissertation on the Life and Writings of Terence I have sayed what I think not unnecessary for the Reader to know before he reads Terence's Plays, and what may not be unprofitable to our present dramatic Writers, who seem to owe no Part of their Works to the Antients.

The former Translations I have examined; and that which is esteemed the best, and to which are prefixed the Names of Laurence Echard, Dr. Echard, and Sir Roger L'Estrange, is unworthy the Notice of any one who understands the Original, or has any Taste for Comedy, or Notion of Purity in writing: they have debased the Gold of Terence to Lead.

That great Master of the Antients, Dr. Bentley, is, in my Opinion, too nice an Observer of the Orthography of Faernus: he might with as much Reason have rejected the Punctuations now used as Guides to the Sense, because we find them not in antient Copys, as he has departed from the Orthography of the Times in Forms of Letters. With what Justice I have frequently differed from that great and eminent Critic, and other Editors, and Interpreters, of our Poet, is left to the Judgment of those who are disposed to make the Examination.

February, 1734.

A
DISSERTATION
ON THE
LIFE and WRITINGS
OF
TERENCE.

MY Intent here is not to collect all that has been sayed, by antient and other eminent Authors, concerning the Life and Writings of *Terence*, but to give in a narrow Compass what is most necessary here to be related of them.

Publius Terentius Afer, or *Terence*, was an *African* born, and *His Country*, is generally believed to have been of *Carthage*; and I doubt not but he was a Captive of War; for tho History tells us that the *Numidians* made a Practice of stealing Children from the *Carthaginians*, to sell them, yet, as *Suetonius* observes, *Terence* could not have been taken by the *Numidians*, and sold to a *Roman*, because there was no Commerce betwixt the *Indians* and *Africans* till after the Destruction of

B 3 *Carthage*;

Carthage; and the Life of *Terence** is included in the Interval betwixt the second and third *punic* War. The Author of a short Account of the Life of *Terence*, at the Beginning of Dr. *Mead*'s Manuscript Copy in Folio says that *Terence* was of a noble Family of *Carthage*: his Words are these, *TERENTIUS AFER, ex Nobilitate Kartaginensi, Puer captivus fuit.*

His Birth, Education, and Conversion. His Birth is sayed to have been about the Year of *Rome* 559, about eleven Years before the Death of *Plautus*, and before *Christ* 194. He was taken

very young, and fell into the Hands of *Terentius Lucanus* a Roman Senator; from whom he had his Name, and from whom, because of his extraordinary Genius and Beauty, he not only receiv'd a liberal Education, but his Freedom, and that early: which Advantages he improved. He soon recommended himself to some of the most noble and illustrious Romans, and particularly to *Cornelius, Scipio Africanus, Aemilianus*,† and *C. Laelius*; with whom he lived in a friendly Intimacy. We must not wonder that Men of so excellent a Cast of Mind as his Patrons were should endeavour to
wipe

* *Suetonius* uses the Authority of *Fenestella*, an Historian who lived in the Reigns of *Augustus* and *Tiberius*.

† See my first Note to the *Adelphi*.

wipe away the Remembrance of his Captivity, by an amicable and tender Reception, looking on him as a Man of Genius and Virtue, torn from his Parents and his native Land by the Fate of War.

Terence's Enemys reproached him with not being the sole Author of the Plays under his Name; which he obviates in his Prologue to *the Brothers*, by glorying in a Report that was to his Honour and not his Disgrace: the Persons sayed to have assisted him were *Scipio* and *Laelius*. *Suetonius* relates the following remarkable Story of *Laelius* from *Cornelius Nepos*. In the Beginning of *March*, when *Laelius* was at *Puteoli**, his Wife intreating him to sup sooner than usual, he desired not to be interrupted: when he came to Supper, he sayed he had seldom succeeded so well in writing as he had then; and, being asked to read what he had composed, he repeated some Verses in the fourth Act of *the Self-tormentor*, beginning with this,

Satis, pol, proterve me Syri Promissa huc induxerunt.

Our Poet has likewise been accused of taking the Characters of *Thraso* and *Gnatho*, in the *Eunuch*, from *Plautus*: but that Accusation

* A Town in *Campania*, which is now Part of *Naples*.

cusation is sufficiently answered in the Prologue to the *Eunuch*.

The *Order of his Plays*. The *Andrian* was the first of *Terence's* Plays, and was wrote in the Year of *Rome* 587; of which we have this Account. When he submitted it to the *Aediles**, he was ordered to read it to *Caecilius*: when he came to him, *Caecilius*, who was at Supper, seeing *Terence* in a mean Habit, directed him to a Stool not far from him, on which our Poet placed himself to read his Play; but *Caecilius* had not heard many Verses before he desired him to rise from his little humble Stool, and to sit down and eat with him; and he afterwards went thro the Play to the great Admiration of *Caecilius*. Tho this is related by *Suetonius*, I pay but little Credit to it, not thinking it likely that a Person who was the Favourite of *Scipio*, and *Laelius*, and who perhaps was recommended to

* The *Aediles* were Magistrates of *Rome*, one Branch of whose Office was the Care of public Entertainments. They were likewise to regulate the Markets, and to look after the sacred Places, and public Buildings, of the City; from whence, from *Aedes*, they derived their Title. This was esteemed an Office of great Trust and Honour. At first two *Aediles* were chose out of the Commons; but two were afterwards elected from the *Patricians*, and called *Curule Aediles*: they were called *Curule* from the *sella curulis*, the Seat of State, on which they sat in the Senate, like that on which the Consuls sat.

to the *Aediles* by them, should be so meanly dressed as to draw the Contempt of *Caecilius* upon him: besides, the *Andrian*, as we are told, was not finished till two or three Years after the Death of *Caecilius*: it is taken from two Plays of *Menander*, as we see in the Prologue.

The *Stepmother* was acted in the Year of *Rome* 588, and, tho not written before, some say it was performed before the *Andrian*: the *Greek* Comedy, from which it was taken, was wrote, some say, by *Menander*, but many learned Critics say by *Apollodorus*.*

The *Self-tormentor* was acted in the Year of *Rome* 590, and was taken from the *Greek* of *Menander*.

The *Eunuch* and *Phormio* were performed in the Year of *Rome* 592. The *Eunuch* is taken from *Menander*, and *Phormio* from *Apollodorus*. *Terence* received more for his *Eunuch* than ever had been given before for a single Play; but the Sum was not more than sixty Pounds of our Money; and the *Eunuch* succeeded on the Stage beyond all his Plays.

The Comedy of *the Brothers* was acted in the Year of *Rome* 593, and is taken chiefly from *Menander*: a small Part of which
is

* See the 1st Note to this Play.

is from *Diphilus*, and is pointed out in the Prologue.

This is agreed, by the best and most eminent Writers on this Subject, to be the Order of Time in which *Terence's* six Comedys were wrote and acted; and in this Order, I think, they ought to be published; and why all the Editors of our Poet have departed from it I can not comprehend. The Dates of the Plays are well enough settled by the Names of the Consuls being fixed to their Titles.

The Year after the last Comedy, *the Brothers*, was acted. His Death. our Poet dyed, in the thirty-fifth Year of his Age, in the Year of *Rome* 594, and before the Birth of *Christ* 159. Some say he dyed in the thirty-sixth Year of his Age; but I have made my Calculation as exact as I possibly could from the various Testimonys which I have consulted. *Suetonius* mentions an Account of his dying at Sea, in his Return from *Greece*, with above an hundred Plays which he had translated from *Menander*; but this is monstrously absurd to be supposed; for he had but a Year to take the Voyage, and to translate the Plays. Some, says *Suetonius*, tell us that he dyed at *Stymphalis* in *Arcadia*: and we read that he retired from *Rome*, and dyed in the Country in some Part of *Italy*. We may

may be sure, from the short Space of Time betwixt *the Brothers* being acted and his Death, that he could not leave many Plays behind him more than are preserved. He was, says *Suetonius*, of a middle Stature, slender, and of a dark Complexion. He left, says the same Author, one Daughter, who was afterwards marryed to a *Roman Knight*; and who had, by her Father's Death, a Seat and Gardens of six Acres, in the *Appian Way* near the *Villa Martis*.

The *Andrian*, the *Self-tormentor*, and the *Eunuch*, were acted as Part of the *Megalesian Games*; which were instituted in Honour of the superior Deitys; but

The Megalesian Games, and Roman Sports.

which of the Gods were included in the *Μεγαλησιοι*, or great Deitys, are not now absolutely determined; *Cibele* is universally allowed to be the Head, the Mother, of them. These Games were celebrated about the Beginning of *September*, and continued nine Days, some say in *April*; but *September* is the Month agreed upon by most. The *Stepmother* and *Phormio* are, in many Editions, sayed to have been acted *Ludis Romanis*, at the *Roman Sports*; in some Editions *the Stepmother* is sayed to have been acted *Ludis Megalensibus*; and it was once performed at some funeral Games: it might have been acted at all three, or rather attempted

tempted to have been acted at two of them, for it was brought three Times on the Stage, and not acted thro till the third Time.* The *Ludi Romani* are recorded by some to be in Honour of *Ceres*, and different from the *Megaleſian* Games ; but many Authors make them the ſame. One Reason ſtrongly induces me to believe them not the ſame ; which is the unanimous Concurrence of all Editions in placing *Phormio* as acted *Ludis Romanis*, and the *Eunuch* *Ludis Megalenſibus*, and both in the ſame Year. The Comedy of *the Brothers* was acted at the funeral Games in Honour of *Lucius Aemilius Paulus*.† The Cuſtom of inſtituting Games to the Memory of the illuſtrious dead is ſo well known to thoſe who have any Acquaintance with the Antients that I need ſay Nothing of it here : but I muſt obſerve that the wiſe *Romans*, after the Example of the *Greeks*, inſtituted ſuch Sports on their Holydays and Feſtivals as encouraged the People to go to their future Labour with Willingneſs, after the Pleaſures which they had received from the public Entertainments, which were prepared for them by the *Aediles*.

Before

* Conſult the two Prologues to this Play ; and ſee my 7th Note.

† See the firſt Note to the *Adelphi*.

Before the Comedys of *Terence* we find the Names of three Players; before the first five (the *Stepmother* excepted, before which is the Name of *Ambivius Turpio* only,) *Lucius Ambivius Turpio* and *Lucius Atilius* are named, and before the last is the Name of *Minutius Prothimus*, with *Lucius Atilius*. These, I suppose, were the most eminent Comedians of their Time, and had the Management of the Company under them, by the Direction of the *Aediles*; for we are told that they treated with the Poet* about the Price of his Plays, tho the Money came from the *Aediles*: and of what Importance *Ambivius Turpio* was on the Stage, and how capable of protecting a Poet, appears from the second Prologue which he spoke to the *Stepmother*. He was then far advanced in Years, and had performed in several of *Caecilius's* Comedys; and, notwithstanding *Horace's* Commendation of *Caecilius* and *Terence*, *Ambivius* informs us, in the Prologues to the *Stepmother*, that some of the Plays of both those great comic Poets were damned, according to the modern Phrase, and that he was drove off the Stage as he was acting in them. Here I must observe of the Prologues to *Terence's* Plays that, notwithstanding

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standing

* See the last Verse of the second Prologue to the *Stepmother*, and the Prologue to the *Eunuch*, V. 20.

standing the Coldness with which some Writers have spoke of them, they are of too much Importance to be omitted ; they contain several curious Parts of Learning relating to the Stage, and are written, the greater Part, in a good Stile, and I doubt not but by *Terence* himself.

Of the dramatic Music. All the Music which *Terence* had to his Plays were Pipes or Flutes, which were distinguished into the equal and unequal, the right and left handed : the right handed gave a base Sound, and with them grave Airs were played ; the left handed gave a treble, and with them brisk Airs were played. The Music was composed on Purpose for the Play, and adapted to the Subjects of every Act. This Part of the antient Drama being very obscure, and if clear conducive to no extraordinary useful Knowledge, I shall dwell no longer on it. *G. Bartholinus* and other curious Men have treated largely on this Subject ; but, as they help not towards an Explanation of the Poet's Text, any Extracts from them are needless.

Flaccus, famous I suppose in his Time, composed the Music for all *Terence's* Plays ; and many are firmly possessed of an Opinion that the Words were all set to Music, to a Sort of Chanting ; and *Quintilian* often strongly alludes to such an unnatural Custom :

from : in the third Chapter of the eleventh Book of his *Institutes*, says that learned and judicious Critic and Rhetorician, *quid enim minus Oratori convenit quam Modulatio scenica? What is more inconsistent with the Orator than the Chanting used on the Stage?* This can not positively be sayed to allude to the chanting a whole Comedy ; but it relates certainly to some particular Part of the Drama in which Chanting was used. *Horace*, in one Place, seems to represent the Flutes as necessary only to assist the Chorus.

Tibia, non ut nunc, Orichalco vineta, Tubaeque

Aemula, sed tenuis simplexque, Foramine pauco

Aspirare, et adesse Choris erat utilis.

De Art. poet.

The Flute was not, as now, bound round with; or partly composed of, Brass, and did not rival the Trumpet, but was small and uncompounded, and useful in assisting the Chorus. Tho *Terence* layed the Chorus entirely aside, yet I am convinced that the Music of the Theatre was used to accompany the Words in many Parts of a Play, tho we cannot say quite thro; and this appears beyond all Doubt from the Writings of *Quintilian*, and, many Years before him, from the Writings of *Cicero*, and from other antient Authors.

After *Terence's* Time, especially after the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*, the *Roman* Stage declined, and became fruitful of Absurdities.

The Extent of the *Roman*
The Extent of Theatres was very extraordi-
the Roman nary in Comparifon with our
Theatres.

own; that of *Pompey the great* is fayed to have contained near an hundred thousand Persons: this Circumftance will reconcile fome Paſſages in *Terence* which might otherwife ſeem inconfiſtent with the Rules of Probability; for tho the Theatre in which *Terence's* Plays were acted was not like *Pompey's*, yet it was vaſtly more extenſive than any among us. This Extent of the Theatre made it neceſſary for the Player to exert his Voice in a more than ordinary Manner, with a Sort of Chanting; and the Muſic was chiefly compoſed, as ſome ſay, to aſſiſt him in the raiſing and falling his Voice: and the Extent of the Theatres was one Reaſon for the Comedians playing in Masks; which, thro the Enlargement of the Features, made the Faces ſeem of a natural Size to the Spectators who were at a great Diſtance from the Actors; and the Masks were rendered neceſſary likewiſe by ſhifting them when one Player performed two or more Parts.

Before I make my Obſervations on the Writings of *Terence*, a ſhort Account of the Riſe

Rise and Progress of dramatic Poetry, particularly of Comedy, will not be ingrateful, I believe, to the Reader, especially as it is necessary to help him to form a perfect Judgement of our Poet. *Tragedy* is the elder Sister; which had a slender and mean Original. The Songs which were sung, by some of the antient *Greeks*, at the Time of the Vintage, in Honour of *Bacchus*, were called *Tragedys*, *απο του Τραγου και της Ωδης*, from the Song of the Goat; at which Time a Goat was offered to *Bacchus*; and some say a Goat was likewise the Reward of the Poet. These Songs afterwards were composed in Dialogue; and by Degrees they improved them into dramatic * Entertainments, still keeping the Title of *Tragedy* to them, and confining that Title to the serious and solemn dramatic Pieces. Agreeable to this is the Origin which *Aristotle* gives of dramatic Poetry in his *Poetics*.

Thespis is the first of Note, for *Tragedy*, on Record, who flourished about 530 Years before *Christ*; of whom *Horace* has given us an Opportunity to make some Judgement in these Verses.

Ignotum tragicæ Genus invenisse Camœnæ
C 3 *Dicitur,*

* So called from *Δραμα*, Action. *Aristot. Poet. Chap. 3.*

Dicitur, et Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis;

*Quae canerent agerentque peruncti Faecibus
Ora. De Art. poet.*

Thespis is reported to have invented the tragic Song, then unknown, and to have carried his Verses about in a Cart; which they sung and acted with their Faces besmeared with the Lees of Wine. Here we have an Idea of Thespis's Quality.

Aeschylus, near five hundred Years before *Christ*, first brought this Sort of Poetry into Reputation; of whom *Quintilian* * gives the Character of a sublime and grave Writer, who often rises to Bombast, and who is likewise in most Parts rude and unpolished.

Sophocles and *Euripides* were Cotemporaries, and were both living in the Time of *Aeschylus*, tho they were much younger: from these two Tragedy received great Improvements: *Sophocles* was the elder, and is allowed by *Quintilian* * to be more sublime in his Diction than the other; an Excellence for which the finest Compliment that was ever payed to him was by *Virgil* in his eighth Eclogue.

Quintilian prefers *Euripides* for approaching nearer to the oratorical Manner of speaking than *Sophocles*, and for being
more

* Book 10. Chap. 1 † Book 10. Chap. 1.

more sententious. *Aeschylus* lived to sixty Years of Age, *Sophocles* to ninety, and *Euripides* to seventy-five: the last is supposed by some to have received Assistance from *Socrates* in his Plays: he is more philosophical than other dramatic Poets. *Sophocles* and *Euripides* dyed in the same Year, about 400 Years before *Christ*.

Now I have given a short View of the Rise and Progress of Tragedy, from *Thespis* to *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, including about an hundred Years, (an hundred and thirty to the Death of the last two,) I proceed to Comedy.

The Origin of Comedy is near the same with that of *Greek Comedy*. Tragedy, as we may reasonably infer from the Etymologys of both Words: but we have more than the Etymologys to depend upon. *Κωμῳδία*, Comedy, is derived from *Κωμῆ* a Village and *Ὀδὴ* a Song; that is from the Village-song, which was sung at particular Festivals, and Seasons, and which gave Birth to what we now call regular Comedy.

We have the Names of *Epicharmus*, and other comic Poets, who are not mentioned by *Quintilian*, none of their Works, or only Fragments thereof, being extant, I suppose, in his Days: but *Aristotle* * tells us that

* In his *Poetics*. Chap. 5.

that the *Sicilian* Poets *Epicharmus* and *Phormis* were the first who layed down a Fable for the Subject of a Comedy.

That great Judge of Composition, *Quintilian*, takes but little Notice of *Aristophanes*, in his Characters of eminent Authors in the tenth Book of his *Institutes*, at which I am surpris'd, considering the great Fame of that Poet and the Number of his Plays. He mentions *Aristophanes*, *Eupolis*, and *Cratinus*, together. *Cratinus* was some Years before *Eupolis*, and *Eupolis* was older than *Aristophanes*. *Aristophanes* flourish'd in the Time of *Socrates*, with which illustrious Man he took too great and indecent Freedoms, by introducing a pretended Character of him on the Stage, and by Name, in his Comedy called Νεφέλαι, the *Clouds*. He introduces the Name and Character of *Euripides* in several of his Comedys now extant: and in the *Frogs*, Βατραχοί, *Aeschylus* and *Euripides* are introduced abusing each other, and playing on one another, before *Bacchus*; in which Scenes are some just Censures pass'd on those Poets. *Aristophanes* is the most eminent Writer of the old Comedy as *Menander* was of the new. That is call'd the old Comedy, in which the Characters of real Persons were represented in their own Names: the Authors of the new Comedy cloath'd their Satire in fictitious Characters.

Menan-

Menander flourished about seventy Years after *Aristophanes*, at the same Time with *Philemon*. We have some few Fragments preserved of these two Poets; a curious and learned Edition of which is published by Dr. *Bentley*. In the Loss of *Menander's* Plays we have Reason to lament the Want of one of the brightest Monuments of the Wit and Politeness of *Greece*. He expressed, says *Quintilian**, every Image of Life; his Writings, according to the same great Author, were fruitful of Invention and the Charms of Elocution, suited to all Conditions, Persons, and Affections. In short, he is represented as the Flower of Wit and Eloquence, as a Star in whom was all Light and no Darkness: and the *Eunuch* of *Terence* is sufficient to justify the highest Commendation that can be given to *Menander*. He gives a faint Commendation of *Philemon*, and says, such was the depraved Taste of the Age, that he was often preferred to *Menander*.

Quintilian's Silence, (in the first Chapter of his tenth Book) on *Diphilus* and *Demophilus*, makes me conclude that their Writings were not extant in his Time, or unworthy his Recommendation in his List of eminent Authors: from these Poets, and *Philemon*, *Plautus* translated several Plays.

Apollo

* Book 10. Chap. 1.

Apollodorus, tho not of so polite a Taste as *Menander*, nor mentioned by *Quintilian* in his Catalogue in the tenth Book, was no mean Writer, as we may judge from the *Stepmother* and *Phormio*.

This is all I think necessary to be sayed of the *Greek* dramatic Poets preparatory to the *Latin*:

Latin dramatic Poets.

The oldest Name in Poetry among the *Romans* * is *Livius Andronicus*, who is sayed to have brought a regular Play on the Stage: he wrote in Imitation of the *Greeks*: he published his first Play about 240 Years before *Christ*, and after the Building of *Rome* about 514. The Year after which *Ennius* was born; who lived till within ten Years of the Death of *Terence*, being seventy Years old when he dyed: he likewise translated his Plays from the *Greek*, as we learn from the Prologue to the *Andrian*; as did *Naevius* who brought his first Play on the Stage five Years after the first of *Livius Andronicus*. *Naevius* is to be placed before *Ennius* in Order of Time, having published his first Play four Years after the Birth of *Ennius*. *Terence* gives them and *Plautus* great Characters in his Prologue to the *Andrian*; but *Quintilian* † says of *Ennius*,
we

* *Quintilian*, Book 10. Chap. 2.

† Book 10. Chap. 1.

we adore him as we do the sacred Groves for their Antiquity, in which the old and stately Oaks have more of Religion in them than of their own Species.

Plautus the comic Poet, and *Pacuvius* the tragic Poet, flourished at the same Time, tho *Plautus* was the elder, about six Years. *Plautus* was about forty three Years old when he dyed. *Pacuvius* brought his last Tragedy on the Stage near twenty Years after the Death of *Terence*, being then eighty Years of Age. His Character is that of a sublime and fine Writer: we have Monuments of his Praise in *Cicero* and *Horace*; and *Quintilian* * says of him that he excelled in Gravity of Sentiment, Force of Diction, and the Authority of his Characters: and *Horace* commends *Caecilius*, the comic Poet, of whom I spoke in a former Part of this Discourse, for his Gravity; with whom *Porcius Licinius*, another comic Poet, flourished. *Luscius Lavinius* was contemporary with *Terence*, and is known now for little more than for being our Poet's Enemy.

From the Time in which *Livius Andronicus* brought his first Play on the Stage to the Time of the *Andrian* being acted, which is from the Infancy of dramatic Poetry to the

* Book 10. Chap. 1.

the Perfection of Comedy in *Rome*, are about seventy-three Years.

Of all these dramatic Poets, and some few more of less Note, among the *Romans*; before and in the Time of *Terence*, *Plautus* and *Terence* only remain, and the first dreadfully maimed by cruel Neglect, or other Injuriys of Time.

The excellent Monuments now remaining of the *Latin* Comedy are at the same Time Monuments of the Wit and Politeness of *Greece*; for to the *Greek* Poets did *Rome* owe a *Plautus* and a *Terence*: and, in the Opinion of *Quintilian*, far short did those two eminent Poets fall of the Beautys of the *Greek* Comedy. “ We hobble, says “ *Quintilian*, * far behind the *Greeks* in “ Comedy, tho *Varro* says that *the Muses*, “ in the Opinion of *Aelius Stolo*, would “ speak in the Language of *Plautus*, if they “ would speak in *Latin*, tho the Antients † “ extol

* In Comoedia maxime claudicamus, licet *Varro* dicat *Musas*, *Aelii Stolonis Sententia*, *Plautino Sermone locuturas fuisse*, si *latine loqui vellent*, licet *Caecilium Veteres* Laudibus ferant, licet *Terentii Scripta* ad *Scipionem Africanum* referantur, quae tamen sunt in hoc Genere elegantissima, et plus adhuc habitura Gratiae si intra Versus trimetros stetissent. Lib. 10. Cap. 1.

† There can not be much above two hundred Years betwixt those whom *Quintilian* calls the Antients and himself. *Caecilius* dyed before the Birth of *Christ* about

“ extol *Caecilius* with Praises, tho the Writ-
 “ ings of *Terence* are attributed to *Scipio*
 “ *Africanus*, which are yet the most ele-
 “ gant of their Kind, and which farther
 “ would be more graceful if they consisted
 “ more of Trimeters.” In this short and
 beautiful Period several Circumstances are
 crouded, worthy our Notice. The prevail-
 ing Opinion of *Terence* having received As-
 sistance from *Scipio Africanus* appears plain-
 ly here, and that *Terence* wrote his Come-
 dys in Measure; but the last is a Fact
 doubted by none who are acquainted with
 the Classics; and of which I shall speak
 more hereafter. Here the Opinion of one
 of the most learned and judicious Critics,
 in Favour of the *Greek* comic Poets, con-
 vinces us of the Perfection to which *Me-
 nander* must have arose, who excelled *Te-
 rence* and all before him, *Greek* as well as
Latin; and here likewise the Superiority is
 given to *Terence* from his Rival *Plautus*:
 and the Writings of *Cicero* are fruitful of
 Instances of his Admiration of our Poet,
 whom he often makes his Standard.

D

When

about 168 Years; and *Quintilian* lived in *Domitian's*
 Reign, which began in the 83d Year of the *Christian*
 Aera; and they which he calls the *Antients* were after
Caecilius himself,

Plautus and Terence. When we speak of the Difference betwixt *Plautus* and *Terence*, in their Manner of writing, a true Taste is as absolutely necessary to judge thereof, as a Knowledge of the Latin Tongue is to read them: I therefore think an Endeavour to point out the particular Beautys of each, and to shew what constitutes their different Excellences, entirely needless; because they who read them, and read them with Taste, need not the Impertinence of a Guide to tell them this and this is a Beauty peculiar to one, and not to be found in the other: and to those who have no Taste Lectures of this Kind are as useless as a Discourse on Colours is to the blind: however, I will venture to assign some Reasons for *Terence's* Superiority to *Plautus* in the genteel and delicate, in that wonderful Force which he has of raising our Admiration by Energy and Purity of writing.

Plautus, with a Vivacity of Geniis inferior to few, laboured under the Oppression of a narrow, I believe I may say penurious, Fortune, having Nothing but what he acquired by his Wit: *Terence* was always a Stranger to Want. *Plautus* was never happy in an Intimacy with the great; his Conversation was among the vulgar; and the Players perhaps were the Head of his Acquain-

Acquaintance: *Terence* knew the Rabble but by Sight; his Hours of Pleasure were passed with the Conquerors of the World, and the politest of the *Romans*. These different Circumstances, attending two Persons each blessed with an extraordinary great Genius, gave a different Cast of Mind to each. *Plautus* aimed at making the Vulgar laugh; which Aim he obtained, and indeed not without giving some Pleasure to the noble, the learned, and the wise. *Terence* was ambitious of being admired by the judicious few, and he has gained the Admiration of all, who could taste, for near two thousand Years, and not without Wit and Humour, cloathed with Purity and Delicacy. *Plautus* is often mean and immodest, *Terence* never: and Meanness and Immodesty are generally the Fruits of low and vulgar Souls; and, when they meet in a Genius like that of *Plautus*, they are as a Flaw to a rich Diamond, and as a Stain upon the Ermin. The different Casts of Mind in these two great Poets led them to an Imitation of different Authors. *Plautus* chiefly followed *Epicharmus* *, *Diphilus*,
D 2 Demo-

* I do not, in the least, doubt that *Plautus* translated some of his Plays from *Epicharmus*, tho we are not told so in the Titles or Prologues to any of them. *Horace*, in the first Epistle of the second Book, enumerates,

Demophilus, and *Philemon*, Authors of the low Comedy: *Terence* made *Menander* his Pattern, whose Scenes, according to *Quintilian*, were superior to all: he imitated *Apollodorus* in two Plays; which, tho of a lower Sort than his other, do not run into what we call Farce, as many Scenes of *Plautus* do. I am sensible that *Plautus* has been preferred to *Terence* by many eminent Writers, and has been distinguished by Characteristics not his Due; a false Taste which *Quintilian* gently reproves, and which *Horace*, long before him, earnestly endeavoured to explode.

*Vos Exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate Manu, versate diurna:
At nostri Proavi Plautinos et Numeros et
Lauda-*

merates, in three Verses, some of the Characteristics of four great comic Poets.

*Dicitur Afrani Toga convenisse Menandro,
Plautus ad Exemplar Seculi properare Epicharmi,
Vincere Caccilius Gravitate, Terentius Arte.*

Plautus is here mentioned as an Imitator of *Epicharmus*. Let us consider this Passage concerning *Plautus* with what is sayed in the Prologue to the *Menaechmi*: the Subject of the Play is there sayed to be *Sicilian*: *Epicharmus* being a *Sicilian*, and *Horace* giving this Testimony of *Plautus* imitating him, I doubt not but that Comedy was translated or imitated from *Epicharmus*, as some other Plays of *Plautus* very likely were.

*Landacere Sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati.*

De Arte poet.

“ Turn over, says *Horace*, the Writings
“ of the *Greeks* both Night and Day: but
“ our Forefathers extolled the Numbers
“ and the Wit of *Plautus*; to both which
“ they payed too great and implicit, not
“ to say too foolish, an Admiration.” *Horace* here recommends the *Greeks*, and seems from this Censure to have thought *Plautus* not so good an Imitator or Translator of them as he was generally looked upon to be. Notwithstanding this Censure of *Horace*, and tho *Plautus* comes behind, and indeed far behind, *Terence*, in Purity of Language and Delicacy of Manners and Expression, yet he is in some of his Plays more entertaining, in the Busyness of his Scenes, thro the Variety of Characters, and the Turns of Fortune, than *Terence* is in any of his, the *Eunuch* excepted.

In short, *Plautus*, with all his Defects, will never fail to please, and *Terence*, who is not without some, will never cease to be admired.

The Advantages which attend the reading these two Writers are many: their Excellences as Poets are fruitful of Delight:

and the Manners of the antient *Greeks*, which are so lively represented by them, with other Monuments of the Antiquitys of *Greece*, render them useful in an historical Light.

The comic Measure, *Aristotle* * says that Tetrameters were first used by the *Greek* dramatic Poets, and Iambic Trimeters afterwards; and the Reason which he gives for the last Measure, in dramatic Poetry, is because of the near Approach thereof to common Discourse. *Plautus* and *Terence* have followed the *Greek* Poets in those Measures; for their Plays abound with them: but, as the Measures which these two Poets use seem sometimes bound by no Profody, the Difficultys which arise in our Enquirys are almost insurmountable: the various Elisions which are used are most arbitrary: some Editors drop the Letter *s* † at the End of a Word, while another

* In his *Poetics*. Chap. 4. Trimeters literally signify Verses of three Feet, and Tetrameters Verses of four. The Feet are doubled, yet still preserve the Names of Trimeters and Tetrameters; and they are likewise called Senarian and Octonarian.

† *Facrus*, on the 27th Verse of the 3d Scene of the 5th Act of the *Andrian*, proposes either to keep it in, or leave it out. *Bentley* keeps in the *s*. *Hare* leaves out the whole Word. These different Readings stand thus.

other is for keeping it in; and Vowels * are preserved by some and rejected by other Editors: they make two Syllables sometimes of *ae* † in the Middle of a Word, and often but one: and the Letter *m* sometimes remains in the Scanning before a Vowel, and is sometimes left out. A Foot is sometimes indulged for the Sake of one Measure, || and omitted for the Sake of another:

Hanc vi' amittere? Faern.

or, to preserve *vis*,

Hanc vis mittere? Faern and Bent.

Without the Word,

Vis me Uxorem ducere, hanc amittere? Hare, and before him *Leng*; and both follow the Judgement of *Goveanus* and *Muretus*.

* *Atque ita, ut Nuptiae*

Fuerant futurae, fiant. Andr. Act. 3. Sc. 3. Vers. 10. Hare. *A* in *ita* is not cut off. *Leng* and *Bentley* read *uti* not *ut*.

† *Men' quāeris? Eho tu Glycerium hinc Civem esse ais?* Andr. Act. 5. Sc. 4. Verse 5. *Quāeris* is here by *Faernus* made three Syllables; and the *m* in *Glycerium* is scanned by him: *quāeris*, with three Syllables, is rejected, and not without great Surprise at *Faernus*, by *Bentley*, who makes it but two. In the following well known Verse *m* is not scanned, and the common Rules of Prosody are observed.

Amantium Irae, Amoris Integratio.

Andr. Act. 3. Sc. 3. Vers. 23.

|| See the different Opinions of *Bentley* and *Hare* concerning the following Verse.

Andr. Act. 3. Sc. 2. Vers. 29.

Ne tu hoc posterius dicas Davi factum Consilio aut Dolis.

Bent.

Ne

other: and sometimes the Sense * prevails above the Consideration of the Measure.

I have here pointed out some few Licences of the comic Measure, out of the Multitude which are in one Play; which are sufficient to demonstrate the Difficulty, I may almost say the Impossibility, of fixing the Reading by the Measure in every Verse: and I have in the other Plays pointed out some few Licences of a very extraordinary Nature. *Lucretius* sometimes scanned the *m* before a Vowel; and used other Licences, which the Poets of the Augustan Age avoided: but the Measure of *Lucretius* immediately determines the Reading.

The Disagreement among all the learned Editors, and Critics, of this great Poet, concerning the Measure, is no little Discouragement

*Ne tu hoc mihi posteritis dicas Davi factum Consilio
aut Dolis.* Hare.

Bentley gives the former Reading, and says *Faernus* saw Nothing of the Measure; and he speaks with no little Contempt of *Hare's* Judgement, tho' he names him not.

* *Atque adeo in ipso Tempore eccum ipsum obviam.*

Andr. Act. 3. Sc. 2. Vers. 52.

Thus *Faernus* and *Hare* read; which is Nonsense considered with the Context. *Bentley*, guided by the Sense, reads

Atque adeo in ipso Tempore eccum ipsum Chremen.

See my Note on the Passage. I have in these Notes referred to the Scenes as divided in the Editions which I quote.

agement to those who would reduce every Verse to some certain Measure. There are not two who agree in the Divisions of the Verses thro any one Play, I might say a less Compass: while one drops a Vowel, a Consonant, or a whole Word, in Favour of one Foot, or a particular Sort of Verse, another will preserve them for the Sake of another Foot, or another Sort of Verse: some hundred Instances of which might be produced. *Faernus* extols the Judgement of *Donatus*, yet often differs from him: *Leng*, *Hare*, and the greater *Bentley*, profess an Admiration of both *Donatus* and *Faernus*, and yet they often assume a Superiority of Judgement from fresh Discoverys. We have seen one Editor courting the Favour of a much greater Man than himself, by frequently, thro his Work, giving him the first Character in the Republic of Letters: and he says particularly, in his Preface, * that *there was a Time when he had not only an earnest Desire, but a certain Expectation, of seeing Terence published by the greatest Man in this Kind of Literature, our most eminent Bentley*. This Gentleman should have been sure that *the greatest Man* in

* *Erat quidem cum non modo vehementer sperarem, sed et certa Spe considerem, hanc Operam a Viro in his Literis facile Principe susceptum iri, clarissimo nostro Bentleio.*

in this kind of Literature had layed aside his Design, before he rashly attempted to take the Task out of his Hands: but what Return does *our most eminent Bentley* make to *Dr. Hare* for this and a Multitude more of Compliments of as high a Nature? He often places his Weakness and Presumption in a strong Light, without condescending to let any one know whom he favours with his Reproofs, excepting such as have perused both their Editions with a careful Eye.

Many, besides those which I have named, have published their Sentiments on the Measures of *Plautus* and *Terence*; but they differ as much as in their Notions of Religion: *Erasmus*, who was a great and learned Contender for it, acknowledges that many of the Antients did not believe that *Terence* used any; and he allows that the *Latin* comic Poets usurped great Liberty in their Numbers, and none so much as *Terence*.

They who imagine that *Plautus* and *Terence* wrote in no Measure can not have read the Poets themselves with much Attention. *Plautus* is expressly sayed to have wrote in Verse, where *Mercury*, in the Prologue to *Amphitruon*, tells the Audience he will make a Comedy of a Tragedy all in the same Verses:

————— *faciam, ex Tragoedia*
Comoedia ut sit, omnibus iisdem Versibus.

I can not take my Leave of the Measure of *Terence*, without obviating what Dr. *Hare* advances in his Preface, as did *Tanaquil Faber* before him, of the Necessity of knowing it to taste *Terence*. Let us suppose as much Harmony and Melody in *Terence's* Numbers as in those of *Lucretius* or *Virgil*, yet they could not have the same Effect; because Dialogue must be attended to as Dialogue; and where the Characters are comic the Numbers are less regarded than in Tragedy, and especially where one Verse contains the Speeches of several Persons, as we see it does often in *Plautus* and *Terence*. Where Wit or Humour, or Pleasantry without either, appears in Comedy, we attend to the Sentiment and to the Manner in which that Sentiment is expressed, without considering whether it runs on Feet: and in such a Passage as that in the last Scene of the first Act of the *Andrian* where *Pamphilus* describes *Chrysis* dying, and engaging his Protection for *Glycerium*, we are charmed with that Purity and Grace of Expression with which a pathetic Sentiment is cloathed, and yet is made to approach at the same Time near to common Discourse, near to such Language at least as Persons of delicate Minds sometimes converse in, according to the Operation of their Passions.

Quintilian says that the Writings of *Terence* would have appeared with a better Grace, if they had consisted more of Trimeters: Dr. *Bentley* expresses some Surprise at *Quintilian's* Judgement on this Head; for, says he, * do the various Passions of the Mind, Rage, Fear, Lamentation, and Laughter, require no Variation? Yes surely, in the Numbers as well as Diction, in Comedy especially, if it is wrote in Measure: but *Quintilian* does not speak of Trimeters as confined to Iambic Feet, like the following Verse, which is a Trimeter, or Senarian, consisting all of Iambic Feet.

Amāntium irae, amoris integratio.

Quintilian speaks of Trimeters consisting of Iambics, Trochees, Spondees, Dactyls, Anapaests, &c. which afford great Variation, as we see in *Phaedrus's* Fables, which are Trimeters, or Senarian Verses, and some of the finest extant; in which is great Variety, and in which we sometimes meet with a Verse composed of all Spondees, excepting the last Foot which is an Iambic: and of these Trimeters, with such a Variety, consists great Part of *Terence's* Comedys. However, with that Extent of Variety which *Bentley* commends, *Terence* is more elegant than

* *De Metris Terentianis.*

than he would be without it. In the Beginning of the fourth Act of the *Andrian*, where *Charinus* enters in a Rage, the Poet uses all Dactyls in the first Verse,

Hoccine credibile, aut memorabile !

which run precipitately off, expressive of his Anger: and this Reading, with all Dactyls, I find in none but *Bentley's* Edition.

Having shewed the almost insurmountable Difficultys in fixing the Measure of each Verse in the Latin comic Poets, what is to be done towards restoring the true Text of *Plautus* and *Terence*? Those Poets are first to be tryed by themselves; and, when we try them by themselves, we must be careful not to justify one vitious Reading by other corrupt Instances; an unskilful Practice which has been used by more than one; and which is justly charged on *Hare* by *Bentley* *. I am sensible that the Measure will often, tho not always, help us to determine the right Reading: but the Kinds of Verse varying so often, and in the same Scene frequently, render the Search more difficult than if a constant Measure was preserved from the Beginning of an Act or

E

Scene,

* *Bentley* on the 29th Verse of the 2d Scene of the 3d Act of the *Andrian*: in which Note *Bentley* does not name *Hare*. This Reference is according to the Division of the Scenes in *Bentley's* Edition.

Scene, as the *Iambic Trimeter*, or *Senarian Verse*, is in *Phaedrus*, and in the Prologues of our Poet, and in some Scenes, without many Exceptions: but I must here observe that the comic Measures, with the Licence used by *Terence*, are the most easy to write, and the most familiar to Dialogue.

Of Manuscripts of ancient Authors. Manuscript Copys of the Antients are of Use to a Person who is desirous of giving a correct Edition of a valuable Author, as from the Variety of Readings in different Copys of the same Author an Editor has the Choice of those which are most eligible. Some Parts of *Plautus* and *Terence* are well settled by *Quintilian*: that excellent Critic as well as Rhetorician has given us the Progress of the Latin Tongue, in some Branches, so exactly, that the Authority of no Manuscript should be opposed to him. We may easily conceive it possible for one in the Augustan Age to have transcribed *Plautus* or *Terence*, and to have altered many Words, because they happened not to be spelled according to the Manner of spelling in those Times; and as, in those and succeeding Times, Transcripts were written from Transcripts, the more Errors were likely to creep in.

After having tried *Plautus* and *Terence* by themselves, by Manuscript Copys, by *Quintilian*,

tilian, and the Helps which other antient Authors afford, little can be expected from the Moderns, who derive all their Knowledge of them from the same Fountains: however few Men would attempt publishing an Edition of such Authors without consulting the most eminent Critics and Commentators on them: and after we have weighed the different Readings we must abide by such as are consonant to our own Judgement. With these Helps we are to guard against corrupt Copys; but we must not expect such Assistance from the Measure as the Numbers of *Virgil* and *Horace* afford, whose Measure is subject to no Dispute.

Having sayed enough to convince the Reader that *Terence* wrote in Measure, and of the Difficulty of fixing the Measure of each Verse, I shall conclude this Dissertation with enumerating, as concisely as I can, the Qualifications necessary for an Editor of such an Author; which are these: a Knowledge of all the dramatic Poets *Greek* and *Latin*, and of other antient Authors who have any Allusions to them; for small Allusions sometimes give Birth to great Improvements; to which should be joined Taste and Judgement, which are not always inseparable Companions to Learning.

The chronological ORDER of Terence's PLAYS.

Year of Rome.

1. *The Andrian*, wrote ——— 587.

2. *The Stepmother*, acted ——— 588.

3. *The Self-tormentor*, acted ——— 590.

| | | | |
|------------------------|---|-----------|------|
| 4. <i>The Eunuch</i> , | } | acted ——— | 592. |
| 5. <i>Phormio</i> , | | | |

6. *The Brothers*, acted ——— 593.

| | | | |
|---------------|---|---------|------|
| Terence dyed | } | ——— ——— | 594. |
| Before Christ | | | |

——— 159.

ANDRIA.

THE

ANDRIAN.

A N D R I A,

ACTA LUDIS MEGALENSIBUS,
M. FULVIO ET M. GLABRIONE
AEDILIBUS CURULIBUS: EGE-
RUNT L. AMBIVIVS TURPIO L.
ATILIUS PRAENESTINUS: MO-
DOS FECIT FLACCUS CLAUDI
TIBIIS PARIBUS DEXTRIS ET SI-
NISTRIS: EST TOTA GRAECA:
EDITA M. MARCELLO ET CN.
SULPICIO COSS.

SIMO.

The *ANDRIAN*,

performed at the Megalesian Games, *M. Fulvius* and *M. Glabrio* Curule Aediles : *L. Ambivius Turpio* and *L. Atilius Praenestinus* acted : *Flaccus*, *Claudius's* Freedman, composed the Music for equal Flutes right and left handed : it is entirely from the Greek : it was published when *M. Marcellus* and *Cn. Sulpicius* were Consuls.

SIMO.

FABULAE INTERLOCUTORES.

SIMO. }
 CHREMES. } *Vicini et Amici.*
 PAMPHILUS, SIMONIS *Filius.*
 CHARINUS, PAMPHILI *Amicus.*
 SOSIA, SIMONIS *Libertus.*
 DAVOS, SIMONIS *Servos.* (1)
 BYRRIA, CHARINI *Servos.*
 CRITO, *Hospes.*
 DROMO, SIMONIS *Lorarius.*
 GLYCERIUM, PAMPHILI *Amica.*
 MYISIS, GLYCERII *Ancilla.*
 LESBIA, *Obstetrix.*
 ARCHYLIS, *Anus.*

Scena ATHENAE.

PRO-

1. Davos is certainly according to the old Way of writing among the Latins. Leng, Bentley, Hare, and before them that excellent Critic and Judge of antient Purity Faernus, sometimes double the u and sometimes not ; but DAVOS is the right Reading and SERVOS. Says Quintilian, nostri Praeceptores *Cervom, Servomque*, scripserunt, quia, subiecta sibi, Vocalis in unum Sonum coalescere, et confundi, nequiret: nunc u gemina scribuntur. *Institut. orat. L. 1. C. 7.* The Reason which Quintilian gives of the old Romans not doubling the u holds good in the Nominative as well as in the Accusative Case singular, and in the middle Syllables of Words, as in Parvolo and Servolos, both which Terence uses in the first Scene. I write Davus, in Compliance with long Custom, in every Place where he is named in my Translation. As an Illustration of what
 Quin-

PERSONS of the PLAY.

SIMO. }
CHREMES. } Neighbours and Friends.
PAMPHILUS, *SIMO*'s Son.
CHARINUS, *PAMPHILUS*'s Friend.
SOSIA, *SIMO*'s Freed-man.
DAVUS, *SIMO*'s Servant.
BYRRIA, *CHARINUS*'s Servant.
CRITO, A Stranger.
DROMO, the Beadle of *SIMO*'s Family.
GLYCERIUM, *PAMPHILUS*'s Mistress.
MYSIS, Maid to *GLYCERIUM*.
LESBIA, A Midwife.
ARCHYLIS, an old Woman.

Scene *ATHENS*.

PRO-

Quintilian says, we must observe that the first u was wrote and pronounced as a Vowel often, when two came together, by Writers of the Augustan Age, as appears from the following Verses in Phaedrus.

Columbae cum saepe effugissent Milūūm.

L. 1. Fab. 32.

And in the same Fable,

Illae, credentes, tradunt sese Milūō.

This will admit of no Dispute, because the Penultima is short, and without Miluum and Miluo being three Syllables these cannot be Senarian Verses. As the old Latins wrote Miluom, and not Miluum, the two Vowels were not likely to be dissolved into one Sound.

PROLOGUS.

POETA cum primum Animum ad scribendum
adpulit (2),
Id sibi Negoti (3) credidit solum dari,
Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset Fabulas;
Verum aliter evenire multo intellegit;
Nam in Prologis scribundis Operam abutitur, 5
Non qui Argumentum narret (4), set qui malevoli
Veteris Poetae Maledictis respondeat.
Nunc, quam Rem Vitio dent, quaeso, Animum ad-
vortite.

Menander fecit Andriam et Perinthiam;
Qui utramvis recte norit, ambas noverit: 10
Non ita dissimili sunt Argumento, et tamen (5),
Dissimili Oratione, sunt factae, ac Stilo.
Quae convenere in *Andriam ex Perinthia* (6) hic
Fatetur transfuisse, atque usum pro suis:
Id isti vituperant Factum; atque in eo disputant, 15
Contaminari, non decere, Fabulas.

Faciunt:

2. The Change of d into t, p, &c. in Prepositions annexed to Verbs, was after Terence's Time. Hare sometimes keeps in the d, and sometimes admits the Mutation: in this Verse he gives adpulit, and in the 3d Scene attinet; nor does the more learned Bentley always keep in the d: it should be always preserved in such Compounds.

3. Bentley affirms, from his long Observation, that none of the Antients doubled the i in the Genitive Cases of Auxilium, Consilium, Imperium, Negotium, and some other. He judges the Mutation of Auxili into Auxilii, and

T H E
P R O L O G U E.

W H E N first the Poet to the comic Scene
Apply'd his Mind, he thought his only Care
Was, by his Plays, to please ; but he perceives
A diff'rent Fate ; for now, oblig'd to answer
The Railings of the old malicious Bard, 5
The (4) End of Prologues he neglects, which was
The Subject of the Fable to relate.
Now listen to the Crimes alledg'd against him.

Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian ;
Who either rightly knows must know them both : 10
They on one Subject are compos'd, and yet
In (5) Sentiment they differ, and in Stile.
Our Poet owns that, what in the *Perinthian*
Serv'd for his *Andrian*, he has us'd as his :
This they condemn, and here they wrangling say 15
Two Comedys are spoil'd to make up one.
While

and of some other Genitive Cases in which the i is doubled, to have been towards the End of the Reign of Augustus. Where we find the i doubled in such Genitive Cases in Latin Authors before the Augustan Age, we must suppose the Copy erroneous. In the old Copy we find Publi Terenti and Acci Plauti, the Genitive Cases of Publius Terentius and Accius Plautus.

4. *In the Prologues remaining of Plautus (for several of his Plays are without) the Business of the Comedy is related; but Terence's Prologues are employed in obviating the*

Faciunt (7) nae, intellegendo, ut Nihil intellegant;
 Qui, cum hunc accusant, *Naevium, Plautum, Ennium,*
 Accusant; quos hic noster Auctores habet;
 Quorum aemulari exoptat Neclegentiam 20
 Potius quam istorum obscuram Diligentiam.
 Dehinc, ut quiescant porro, moneo, et desinant
 Maledicere, Malefacta ne noscant sua.

Favete, adeste aequo Animo, et Rem cognoscite,
 Ut pernoscatis, ecquid Spei sit Reliquom, 25
 Posthac quas faciet de integro Comoedias*,
Vide Notam 2m in Heautontimorumenon.
 Spectandae, an exigendae, sint vobis prius.

the Calumny of the old malicious Bard (Luscius Lavinus) whom he here speaks of.

5. Ita in this Verse has the same Signification with *valde* or *multum*, according to Donatus. Bentley prefers *et* to *set* in the same Verse. I am doubtful whether I may be indulged in this Translation of *Oratione*; but, without this Difference, the Passage is tautologous: Our Poet indeed uses *Oratio* as *Dictio* in many other Places, as in this Play frequently, and in the 46th Verse of the Prologue to the Self-tormentor.

6. Bentley adds *hic* to the End of this Verse, and not without Reason, if without Example; for otherwise
 Menander,

ANDRIA.

While they pretend to know, they Nothing know ;
 Who, when they blame our Bard, *Nævius* accuse,
Plautus, and *Ennius*, whose Authoritys
 He has ; whose Negligence he'd chuse to follow 20
 Much rather than the Diligence of those
 Whose servile Care renders them quite obscure.
 Let them desist, and use ill Words no more,
 Lest their ill Deeds be made appear to them.

Attend, and lend us an impartial Ear, 25
 Then judge from what you see, that ye may know
 What Hopes to cherish of his future Plays,
 Which he hereafter will preserve entire*,

* See Note the 2d to the Self-tormentor ;
 Whether to see them, or refuse them, first.

Menander, as he observes, is the Nominative to fatetur. Hic is the same with noster.

7. Hare reads *faciunt ne* in two Words, and annexes the same Meaning to *ne* as to *valde* ; in which he follows *Faernus*, and *Faernus Donatus* ; which, notwithstanding all Authoritys, is adding Confusion to Language. What a Barbarism is it to make the same Word in this Place signify yes, and in the sixth Verse following to signify no ! I must likewise here dissent from the learned Bentley, who writes *faciuntne*, in one Word, in an Interrogation. I follow the most common Reading *nae*, which is the same as the Greek *ναί*, *valde* or *verily*. Leng prefers *nae* to *ne*.

A N D R I A.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Simo, Sofia et alii Simonis Servorum.

S I M.

V O S istaec intro auferte : abite. *Sofia,*
Adesdum ; paucis te volo.

(Alii Servorum exeunt.

Sof.

Dictum puta,

Nempe ut (8) curentur recte haec.

Sim.

Immo aliud.

Sof.

Quid est,

Quod tibi mea Ars efficere hoc possit amplius ?

Sim. Nihil isthac Opus est Arte ad hanc Rem quam
paro,

5
(9) Set

8. The Conceit, which Madam Dacier seems very well pleased with, of this being an Order to have the Fish, or some other Provision, well dressed, is exceedingly ridiculous ; because, tho curo may properly be used for the Care that is necessary to be taken in cooking as well as for the Care that is necessary to be observed in any other Capacity, yet as it is a general Word, and as there is no other Word with it which makes it requisite to have that Signification, we may be sure that our Author intended Nothing particular : nor is it in the least necessary that it should.

9. Most of the Editors of our Author read sed, apud, &c. instead of set, aput, &c. The first Reading hurts not the Meaning of the Poet, and the Spelling is more familiar to most Readers than the other ; but, as we have Reason to think that Terence wrote set, and aput,

The A N D R I A N.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Simo, Sofia and other of Simo's Servants.

S I M.

CARRY those Things in: make Haste. Come you hither, *Sofia*; a Word with you.

(The other Servants go.)

Sof. I know what you'd say, these Things must be taken Care of.

Sim. Quite another Concern.

Sof. In what can my little Skill be farther useful to you?

Sim. I have no Occasion for that your Skill in the Affair now in Hand; no other Abilitys are here re-

F 2

quired

we depart from the Author if we write otherwise: the Spelling of Adverbs, and Prepositions, makes no Difference in the Syntax of any Language; but I will here submit a Conjecture of my own, why possibly the Latins first changed set into sed, aput into apud, &c. by such a Change they gained in Variation of Sound: some Adverbs ending in t had the same Termination with the third Person singular of several Verbs; therefore, by such a Mutation, a Sameness of Sound is often avoided. Some Adverbs keep their antient Terminations in t, as at, which, if changed, would be the same in Sound, tho not in Signification, with the Preposition ad; which would breed Confusion: and if et and some other Adverbs keep the antient Termination, tho not for the same Cause that at does, the Reason is because a Change in all would be as wrong as if none were altered. Quintilian, B. 1, C. 11, says the t was changed, in some Words, into d, for Softness.

(9) Set iis, quas semper in te intellexi fitas,
Fide et Taciturnitate.

Sof. Exspecto quid velis.

Sim. Ego postquam te emi a Parvolo, ut semper tibi
Aput me iusta et clemens fuerit Servitus
Scis: feci e Servo ut esses Libertus mihi, 10
Propterea quod servi'bas liberaliter:
Quod habui, summum Pretium, persolvi tibi.

Sof. In Memoria habeo.

Sim. Haut muto (10) Factum.

Sof. Gaudeo,

Si tibi quid feci, aut facio, quod placeat, *Simo*;
Et, id gratum fuisse advorsum te, habeo Gratiam: 15
Set hoc mihi (11) molestum 'st; nam isthaec Comme-
moratio,

Quasi Exprobratio est inmemori (12) Benefici:
Quin tu uno Verbo dic quid est quod me velis?

Sim. Ita faciam. Hoc primum, in hac Re, prae-
dico tibi,

Quas credis esse has, non sunt verae Nuptiae. 20

Sof. Cur simulas igitur?

Sim. Rem omnem a Principio audies;
Eo Pacto et Gnati Vitam, et Consilium meum,
Cognosces, et quid facere in hac Re te velim:
Nam is postquam excessit ex Ephebis, *Sofia*,
Liberius vivendi fuit Potestas; nam antea

25
Qui

10. Bentley reads *SI*. Haut muto. *SO*. Factum gaudeo: but Factum, I think, can not properly be joined to gaudeo; because *SOSIA* is supposed to say, gaudeo, si tibi quid feci, aut facio, quod placeat, *SIMO*: Factum therefore can make no necessary Part of Speech in *SOSIA*'s Reply. Tho I doubt not but Terence wrote haut, yet the Mutation of haut into haud is founded on Reason, because of the Sameness of Spelling and Sound in Haut which is non in the strongest Sense and aut or.

11. I have put an Apostrophe over the Place where the e is cut off in molestum 'st, as in servi'bas before, tho Bentley

quired but, what I have always found in you, Fidelity and Secrecy.

Sof. I wait your Will.

Sim. You are sensible that I have been both a just and easy Master to you from the Time that I bought you in your Childhood : I gave you your Freedom, because you serv'd me freely : I have done to the utmost of my Pow'r for you.

Sof. I cherish the Remembrance of it.

Sim. Nor do I, in the least, repent it.

Sof. I am glad, *Simo*, if what I've done, or what I do, is agreeable to you ; and I thank you for receiving my Endeavours so favourably : but this gives me some Uneasyness ; for the Recital of your Kindness looks as if you thought me forgetful thereof : but tell me in one Word what are your Commands ?

Sim. I will. First, in this Affair, I assure you that the Wedding is not real which you believe to be so.

Sof. Why therefore do you pretend it ?

Sim. You shall hear all from the Beginning ; by which you'il know my Son's Life, and what I'd have you do in this Bus'ness. After he came from School, *Sofia*, I allow'd him more Liberty ; for before how could you

F 3

know,

Bentley places none over any of the Words in which Letters are cut off. I have likewise used Apostrophes in other Words for the Benefit of the Reader. I doubt not but many Elisions used by Terence are not only consistent with the comic Measure, but according to the common Pronunciation of the Times : among ourselves we often in Conversation melt the last Vowel of some, and the first of other, Words, and so pronounce two Words as one : and a Syllable is very commonly drop'd in Pronunciation.

12. *Bentley rejects the vulgar Reading Exprobratio inmemoris Benefici for Exprobratio inmemori Benefici, which is certainly better Language than the former.*

Qui scire posses, aut Ingenium noscere,
Dum Aetas, Metus, (13) Magister, prohibebant?

Sof.

Ita est.

Sim. Quod plerique omnes faciunt Adulescentuli,
Ut Animum ad aliquod Studium adjungant, aut Equos
Alere, aut Canes ad venandum, aut ad Philosophos,
Horum ille Nihil egregie praeter cetera 31
Studebat, et tamen omnia haec mediocriter :
Gaudebam.

Sof.

Sof. Non Injuria; nam id arbitror
Adprime in Vita esse utile, ut ne quid nimis.

Sim. Sic Vita erat, facile omnes perferre ac pati 35
Cum quibus erat, cumque una iis sese dedere,
Eorum Studiis obsequi, advorsus (14) Nemini,
Numquam praeponens se aliis; ita facillume
Sine Invidia Laudem invenias, et Amicos pares.

Sap. Sapienter Vitam instituit; namque, hoc Tem-
pore, 40
Obsequium (15) Amicos, Veritas Odium, parit.

Sim. Interea Mulier quaedam, abhinc Triennium,
Ex Andro commigravit huic Viciniae,
Inopia, et Cognatorum Neclegentia,
Coacta, egregia Forma, atque Aetate integra. 45

Sof. Hei! Vereor ne quid *Andria* adportet Mali.

Sim. Primum haec pudice Vitam parce ac duriter
Agebat, Lana ac Tela Victum quaeritans ;
Sed postquam Amans accessit, Pretium pollicens,
Unus.

13. Some read *Metus Magistri*; which is not unreasonable.

14. The o in vorſus, and in ſome other Words, was firſt changed into e by Scipio Africanus, as we are told by Quintilian in the ſeventh Chapter of the firſt Book de Inſtitutione oratoria. As the Characters represented in Comedy are ſuppoſed to expreſs themſelves as in Converſation, Terence doubtleſs wrote advorſus, vorſus, &c. oftener

know, or discover, his Disposition, while a Boy, and check'd by the Fear of a Master?

Sof. Very true.

Sim. As most Youths apply their Minds to some Study or other, some delight in Horses, some in Hounds, and some in the Study of Philosophy, he follow'd neither of these one more than another, and yet all with Moderation: I was overjoy'd.

Sof. And not without Cause; for I look upon it as a very wholesome Maxim in Life, to do Nothing to Excess.

Sim. His Conduct was such as to be easy with his Companions, and to devote himself to them when together, to assent to their Desires, against Nobody, and never arrogating the Preference to himself; which is an easy Way to acquire Praise without Envy, and to procure Friends.

Sof. He has lay'd down a prudent Course of Life; for, in these Days, Flattery gains Friends, plain Dealing Enemies.

Sim. Meanwhile a certain Woman, about three Years ago, came from *Andros* to this Neighbourhood, compel'd by Poverty and the Negligence of her Relations, in the Flow'r of Beauty, and the Bloom of Youth.

Sof. Ah! I fear lest some Evil shou'd be at the Bottom of this *Andrian*.

Sim. At first she led a modest, hard, and frugal, Life, maintaining herself by the Labour of her Hands; but at Length a Lover sued her with Offers of Reward, and then

oftener than adversus, versus, &c. even supposing his Patron propos'd that Change in the Vowels before his writing these Comedys. Quintilian assures us in the same Chapter that optumus and maxumus were used by the Antients; and without Doubt facillumus was likewise.

15. Obsequium often has the same Signification with Urbanum. Quintilian. Institut. orat. L. 8. C. 3. Surely it is oppos'd to Veritas here, and means Flattery.

Unus, et item alter, ita ut Ingenium est omnium 50
 Hominum ab Labore proclive ad Lubidinem ;
 Accepit Conditionem ; dein Quaestum occipit.
 Qui tum illam amabant, forte, ita ut fit, Filium
 Perduxere illuc, secum ut una esset, meum.
 Egomet continuo mecum, certe captus est, 55
 Habet. Observabam mane illorum Servolos
 Venientes, aut abeuntes ; rogitabam, heus Puer,
 Dic sodes quis heri *Chrysidem* habuit ? nam *Andriae*
 Illi id erat Nomen.

Sof.

Teneo.

Sim.

Phaedrum, aut *Cliniam*,

Dicebant, aut *Niceratum* ; nam hi tres tum simul 60
 Amabant. Eho, quid *Pamphilus* ? Quid ? Symbolam
 Dedit, coenavit : gaudebam : item alio Die
 Quaerebam : comperiebam Nihil ad *Pamphilum*
 Quicquam adtinere : enimvero spectatum satis
 Putabam, et magnum Exemplum Continentiae : 65
 Nam qui cum Ingeniis conflictatur ejusmodi,
 Neque commovetur Animus in ea Re tamen,
 Scias posse jam habere ipsum suae Vitae Modum :
 Cum id mihi placebat, tum uno Ore omnes omnia
 Bona dicere, et laudare Fortunas meas, 70
 Qui Gnatum haberem tali Ingenio praeditum.
 Quid Verbis Opus est ? Fama hac impulsus, *Chremes*
 Ultro ad me venit, unicam Gnatam suam
 Cum Dote summa Filio Uxorem ut daret :
 Placuit ; despondi ; hic Nuptiis dictu' est Dies. 75

Sof. Quid (16) igitur obstat cur non fiant ?

Sim.

Audies.

Fere in Diebus paucis, quibus haec acta sunt,
Chrysis, Vicina haec, moritur.

Sof.

O ! Factum bene !

Beasti : metui a *Chryside*.

Sim.

16. Hare omits igitur, and reads verae at the End of the Speech. Verae is an unnecessary Word ; and igitur is very significant : in igitur are included summa Dos and dictu' est

then another and another came, as the Disposition of most Men is averse to Labour and prone to Pleasure ; she listen'd to their Terms, and began a Trade of Beauty. Her Paramours who were then after her happen'd to carry my Son with them thither, for the Sake of his Company. Thought I frequently to myself, he's certainly caught, he's wounded. I early one Morning observ'd their Servants coming and going : here, my Lad, say'd I to one of them, pr'ythee tell me who had *Chrysis* yesterday ? for that was the Name of the *Andrian*.

Sof. I'm all Attention.

Sim. They nam'd *Phaedrus*, or *Clinia*, or *Niceratus*, for these three visited her together at that Time. Ay, say'd I, but what did *Pamphilus* ? What ? He sup'd, and pay'd his Club : I was overjoy'd. I likewise made an Enquiry another Day, but discover'd Nothing relating to *Pamphilus* : so I thought that I had examin'd enough after him, and that he was a great Example of Continance : for he, that converses with Men of such Tempers, and yet suffers not his Mind to be perverted by them in those Affairs, you may be sure wants not a Guide : this pleas'd me, and every Body began, with one Assent, to cry up my good Fortune, and to compliment me because I had so hopeful a Son. To be short — *Chremes*, encourag'd by this Report, came of his own Accord to me, to offer his only Daughter, with a large Portion, to my Son : this pleas'd me ; I consented to the Match ; and this is the Day appointed for the Wedding.

Sof. Therefore what hinders it ?

Sim. You shall hear. Before many Days, as these Things were going forwards, our Neighbour *Chrysis* dys.

Sof. O ! fortunate ! You have made me happy : I was under some dreadful Apprehension from *Chrysis*.

Sim.

dictu'ft Dies : for these Reasons, says *Sofia*, why is the Wedding not to be ? Bentley judiciously prefers this Reading to quid obstat cur non verae fiant ?

Simm.

Ibi tum Filius

Cum illis, qui (17) amarant *Chrysidem*, una aderat
frequens: 80

Curabat una Funus : tristis interim,
Nonnumquam conlacrumabat : placuit tum id mihi :
Sic cogitabam ; hic, parvae Consuetudinis
Causa, hujus Mortem tam fert familiariter,
Quid si ipse amasset ? Quid mihi hic faciet Patri ? 85
Haec ego putabam esse omnia humani Ingeni,
Mansuetique Animi, Officia. Quid multis moror ?
Egomet quoque, (18) ejus Causa, in Funus prodeo,
Nihil suspicans etiam mali.

Sej.

Hem! quid est?

Sim.

Scies.

Effertur: imus: interea, inter Mulieres 90
Quae ibi aderant, forte unam aspicio Adulescentulam,
Forma! (19)

Sof.

Bona fortasse.

Sim.

Et Voltu! *SOSIA!*

Adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut Nil supra!
Quae (20) cum mihi lamentari praeter ceteras
Visa est, et quia erat Forma praeter ceteras 95
Honestae et liberali, accedo ad Pedisequas;
Quae sit, rogo; Sororem esse aiunt *Chrysidis*:
Percussit alicui Animum: atque hoc illud est,
Hinc illae Lacrumae, hinc illa 'st Misericordia!

Sof. Quam timeo quorsum evadas !

Sim.

Funus interim

100

Procedit; sequimur; ad Sepulcrum venimus;
In Ignem inposita est; fletur: interea haec Soror,
Quam dixi, ad Flammam accessit imprudenter,

Satis

17. Amabant is the only Reading that I ever saw, excepting in Bentley's Edition, where, on his own Authority, he gives amarant, which is certainly more reasonable. While Chrysis was living the Poet uses quittum illum amabant; but now she is dead surely amarant is the proper Tense.

18. *A complaisant Father, to go to the Funeral of a Courtesan, to oblige his Son.*

Sim. My Son frequently went thither with those who had been Lovers of *Chrysis*: he join'd with them in the Care of her Funeral: he was melancholly all the While, and sometimes drop'd a Tear: that pleas'd me then: I consider'd thus; if he lays her Death so much to Heart with whom he had but a small Acquaintance, what wou'd he do if he had lov'd her? What wou'd he do for me, who am his Father? I look'd on all these as the Indications of an humane Disposition, and a tender Mind. Why should I be tedious? I myself, (18) for his Sake, made one at the Funeral, suspecting no Harm.

Sof. Ah! What do you tell me?

Sim. You shall know. The Body's brought out: we go with it: meanwhile, among the Women which were there, I accidentally saw a Damsel, of a Form! (19)

Sof. A fine one perhaps.

Sim. And a Face! *Sofia!* so modest, so beautiful, that Nothing can exceed it! who seeming to me to lament more than the Rest, and because she was a more decent and genteel Person than any there, I went up to the Servants, and ask'd who she was; the Sister of *Chrysis*, they tell me: that immediately struck me to the Heart: in short, this is the secret Spring of all, hence those Tears, hence all that Commiseration!

Sof. How I fear to what you are leading!

Sim. Meanwhile the Funeral proceeds; we follow; we come to the Sepulchre; she's lay'd on the Fire; they weep: meanwhile this Sister, which I spoke of, rashly approach'd the Flame, and not without Danger: there

19. *I can not here agree with the learned Bentley in his Alteration of the common Disposition of the Words. Simo says Forma with Admiration, and Sofia naturally concludes a fine one by his Master's Manner of expressing himself in his Gesture and the Strefs that he lays on the Word Forma.*

20. *This Reading, instead of quia tum, is well justified by Bentley.*

Satis cum Periclo : ibi tum exanimatus *Pamphilus*
 Bene dissimulatum Amorem et celatum indicat : 105
 Adcurrit, mediam Mulierem complectitur ;
 Mea *Glycerium*, inquit, quid agis ? Cur te is perditum ?
 Tum illa, ut consuetum facile Amorem cerneret,
 Rejecit se in eum, flens, quam familiariter !

Sof. Quid ais ?

Sim. Redeo inde iratus, atque aegre ferens ; 110
 Nec satis ad objurgandum Causae : diceret,
 Quid feci ? Quid commerui, aut peccavi, Pater ?
 Quae sese in Ignem injicere voluit prohibui ;
 Servavi : honesta Oratio est.

Sof.

Recte putas ;

Nam si illum objurges Vitae qui Auxilium tulit, 115
 Quid facias illi dederit qui Damnum aut Malum ?

Sim. Venit *Chremes* postridie ad me, clamitans,
 Indignum Facinus, comperisse *Pamphilum*
 Pro Uxore habere hanc Peregrinam : ego illud sedulo
 Negare Factum ; ille instat Factum. Denique 120
 Ita tum discedo ab illo, ut qui se Filiam
 Neget daturum.

Sof.

Non tu ibi Gnatum ?

Sim.

Ne haec quidem

Satis vehemens Causa ad objurgandum.

Sof.

Qui, cedo ?

Sim. Tute ipse his Rebus Finem praescrip'sti, Pater.
 Prope adest, cum alieno More vivendum'st mihi : 125
 Sine nunc meo me vivere interea Modo.

Sof. Quis igitur relictus est objurgandi Locus ?

Sim. Si propter Amorem Uxorem nolet ducere,
 Ea primum ab illo animadvertenda Injuria'st :
 Et nunc id, Operam do, ut per falsas Nuptias 130
 Vera objurgandi Causa sit, si deneget ;
 Simul sceleratus *Davos*, si quid Consili
 Habet, ut consumat nunc, cum Nihil obsint Doli ;
 Quem ego credo, Manibus Pedibusque, obnixè omnia
 Facturum

there then *Pamphilus*, dishearten'd by the Fright, discover'd the Passion which he had well dissembled and conceal'd : he runs, catches her in his Arms, and cries, o! my *Glycerium*, what are you doing? Why do you endeavour to destroy yourself? Then she, by which you might easily have seen their wonted Love, weeping threw herself back upon him so familiarly!

Sof. What say you?

Sim. Away I go angry, and full of Resentment; yet here is no Room to chide him: he wou'd say, what have I done? How have I deserv'd this? What is my Offence, Father? I prevented a Person from throwing herself into the Fire; I sav'd her Life: a just Excuse.

Sof. You judge rightly; for if you shou'd chide him that preserves a Life, what wou'd you do to him that destroys, or even hurts, another?

Sim. *Chremes* came to me the next Day, crying out that he had discover'd a dishonourable Act, that *Pamphilus* was marry'd to this Stranger: I strenuously deny'd it; he insisted on it. At last I left him, as one that has no Mind to give his Daughter.

Sof. Did you not reprove your Son then?

Sim. Really here is not yet sufficient Cause to chide him.

Sof. How so?

Sim. He wou'd say, Father, you have prescrib'd an End to these Courses. The Time draws near, when I must conform to another's Manners: permit me till then to go on in my own Way.

Sof. What Pretence therefore can you find to chide him?

Sim. If this Amour makes him unwilling to marry, I will first take an Opportunity from thence to shew my Resentment to him: and now I endeavour, if he should refuse, by a pretended Wedding to take a real Occasion to chide him; and if that unlucky Fellow *Davus* has any Project in his Head at this Time, let him out with it now his Tricks can do no Harm: and

Facturum, magis id adeo, mihi ut incommodet, 135
 Quam ut obsequatur Gnato.

Sof.

Quapropter?

Sim.

Rogas?

Mala Mens, malus Animus: quem ego si sensero —
 Set quid Opu't Verbis? Sin eveniat, quod volo,
 In *Pamphilo* ut Nil sit Morae, restat *Chremes*,
 Qui mihi exorandus est, et spero confore. 140

Nunc tuum est Officium, has bene ut adsumules Nuptias;
 Perterrefacias *Davom*; observes Filium,
 Quid agat, quid cum illo Consili captet.

Sof.

Sat est:

Curabo: eamus nunc jam intro.

Sim.

I prae; sequar. [*Sofia* exit.]

(21) S C E N A II.

Simo. Non dubium't quin Uxcrem nolit Filius:
 Ita *Davom* modo timere sensi, ubi Nuptias
 Futuras esse audivit: set ipse exit foras. 3

S C E N A III.

Davos et *Simo*.

Dav. [*Seorsim*, Simonem non videns.] Mirabar, hoc
 si sic abiret; et Heri semper Lenitas,
 Verebar, quorsum evaderet;
 Qui, postquam audierat non datum iri Filio Uxorem
 suo,
 Numquam cuiquam nostrum Verbum fecit, neque id
 aegre tulit.

Sim.

21. This Scene is blended in most Editions with either the first or third; but as the Exit, or Entrance, of any Person makes a new Scene, I have made that my Rule in the Division of the Scenes thro all the Plays, excepting the Exit, and Entrance, of Mutes, as in the Beginning of this

I believe there is Nothing that he wou'd not do, and all rather to vex me than to oblige my Son.

Sof. Why so ?

Sim. Do you ask ? An evil Head, an evil Heart : and if I do find him at it—but what signify Words ? If *Pamphilus* gives into the Match, as I wish he may, *Chremes* remains to be prevail'd on, and I hope he will. Now your Bus'ness is to carry on the Pretence of the Wedding, to keep an Awe over *Davus*, to watch my Son's Actions, and their Consultations together.

Sof. I have my Instructions : I'll observe them : with your Leave, let us go in now.

Sim. You go first ; I'll follow. *[Sofia goes.]*

(21) S C E N E II.

Simo. Without Doubt my Son is not inclin'd to marry : I perceiv'd, not long since, that *Davus* was under the same Apprehension, when he hear'd of the Match that was to be : but there he comes.

S C E N E III.

Davus and *Simo*.

Dav. [*To himself, not seeing Simo.*] I was wond'ring if this cou'd go off so ; and I fear'd what wou'd be the End of this continued Mildness of my Master ; who, when he hear'd that the young Lady was refus'd to his Son, never spoke a Word to any of us, nor seem'd to take it amiss.

G 2

Sim.

this Play, where the Scene opens, and the Servants are discovered going off as Simo is giving his Orders. Madam Dacier makes the same Division here which I have made. Editions vary very much in the Divisions of the Acts in other Plays ; I have therefore consulted the best Authorities, and the Propriety of such Divisions.

Sim. At nunc faciet, neque, ut opinor, sine tuo magno Malo. 5

Dav. [*Seorsim.*] Id voluit, nos sic, nec opinantes, duci falso Gaudio,

Sperantes jam amoto Metu, interea oscitantes opprimi;
Ut ne esset Spatium cogitandi ad disturbandas Nuptias:
Astute!

Sim. Carnufex quae loquitur?

Dav. Herus est, neque praevideram.

[*Seorsim.*]

Sim. *Dave.*

Dav. Hem, quid est?

Sim. Ehodum, ad me.

Dav. Quid hic volt? [*Seorsim.*]

Sim. Quid ais?

Dav. Qua de Re?

Sim. Rogas?

10

Meum Gnatum Rumor est amare.

Dav. Id Populus curat scilicet.

Sim. Hoccine agis, an non?

Dav. Ego vero istuc.

Sim. Set nunc ea me exquirere,

Iniqui Patris est; nam quod antehac fecit Nihil ad me
adtinet.

Dum tempus ad eam Rem tulit, sivi Animum ut ex-
pleret suum:

Nunc hic Dies aliam Vitam adfert, alios Mores postu-
lat. 15

Dehinc postulo, sive aequom' sit; te rogo, *Dave*, ut
redeat in Viam.

Dav. Hoc quid sit?

Sim. Omnes, qui amant, graviter sibi dari
Uxorem ferunt.

Dav. Ita aiunt.

Sim. Tum si quis Magistrum cepit ad eam
Rem improbum,

Ipsam Animum aegrotum ad deteriorem Partem ple-
rumque adplicat.

Dav.

Sim. But now he will, and to your Cost I fancy.

Dav. [*To himself.*] So he wou'd have led us unawares into a Fool's Paradise, while our Fears were remov'd, and we were full of Hope, and have so plagu'd us by catching us off our Guard, that we might not have Time to contrive how to break this Match : very cunning truly !

Sim. What says the Hang-dog ?

Dav. Here's my Master before I was aware of him.
[*Aside.*]

Sim. *Davus.*

Dav. Hem, what's the Matter ?

Sim. Come hither.

Dav. What does he want ? [*Aside.*]

Sim. What say you ?

Dav. About what ?

Sim. Do you ask ? There's a Report that my Son's in Love.

Dav. People indeed trouble themselves much about that.

Sim. Do you mind me or not ?

Dav. Certainly.

Sim. I shou'd act like a severe Father, if I enquir'd after those Affairs now ; for what he did before concerns not me. While Time permitted, I permitted him to take his Fill : but a different Conduct, and different Manners, are now requir'd. Lastly I require, or, if proper, *Davus*, I beseech you, that my Son may be set right.

Dav. What means all this ?

Sim. No young Man, in Love, can endure to have a Wife forc'd upon him.

Dav. So they say.

Sim. Then if such a one has a knavish Tutor in that Affair, he mostly indulges the Disease, and makes bad worse.

Dav. Non, hercle, intellego.

Sim. Non? Hem.

Dav. Non: *Davos* sum, non (22) *Oedipus*. 20

Sim. Nempe ergo aperte vis, quae restant, me loqui.

Dav. Sane quidem.

Sim. Si sensero hodie quicquam in his te Nuptiis
Fallaciae conari, quo fiant minus,
Aut velle in ea Re ostendi quam sis callidus,
Verberibus caesum te in Pistrinum, (23) *Dave*, dedam
usque ad Necem, 25
Ea Lege atque Omine ut, si te inde exemerim, ego
pro te molam.

Quid, hoc intellex'tin' ? an nondum etiam ne hoc quidem ?

Dav. Immo callide.

Ita aperte ipsam Rem modo locutus, Nil (24) Circum-
missione usus es.

Sim. Ubi vis facilius passus sim quam in hac Re me
deludier.

Dav. Bona Verba, quaeso.

Sim. Inrides, Nil me fallis: edico tibi, 30
Ne temere facias, neque tu hoc dicas non praedictum,
cave. [Exit *Sim.*

SCENA IV.

Davos. Enimvero, *Dave*, Nil Loci 'st Segnitiae
neque Socordiae,
Quantum intellexi modo Senis Sententiam de Nup-
tiis ;

Quae

22. Alluding to *Oedipus* his unfolding the Riddle of the Sphinx.

23. The Difference betwixt the Prison here mentioned and our Bridewell is, that Offenders were condemned to grind

Dav. By *Herc'les*, I understand you not.

Sim. No? Hem.

Dav. No: I'm *Davus*, I'm no *Oedipus*. (22)

Sim. You therefore wou'd have me speak plain what I have farther to say.

Dav. Yes, verily.

Sim. If I catch you this Day playing any of your Tricks, or if you endeavour in this Affair to shew what a Politician you are, in Order to put off the Match, or to be any Impediment to it, I'll send you to Bridewell, (23) *Davus*, where you shall be lash'd almost to Death, on this Condition, and with this Prospect, that, if I release you, I'll work there for you. Well, do you understand this? or can't you yet comprehend me?

Dav. Perfectly well. You have express'd yourself so plainly, you have us'd no Circumlocution.

Sim. You may more safely impose on me in any Affair than in this.

Dav. I intreat you to moderate your Passion.

Sim. You make a Jest of it, I'm not deceiv'd in you: but, that you may not go rashly to work, and say you had no Notice, I bid you beware. [*Simo* goes.]

SCENE IV.

Davus. Indeed, *Davus*, 'tis Time for you to think, and not to be idle, I assure you, from what I've just now discover'd of the old Man's Thoughts of the Wedding; which,

grind Corn in one, and are forced to beat Hemp in the other.

24. Bentley reads *circum Itione* in two Words: can *circum* be any necessary Part of Speech there? Grammar requires only *Nil Itione usus es*, but the Sense requires more: I therefore venture to give *Circumitione*:

Quae, si non Astu providentur, me aut (25) Herum
pessum dabunt :

Nec quid agam certum' est. *Pamphilumne* adjutem, an
auscultem Seni ?

Si illum relinquo, ejus Vitae timeo, sin opitutor, hu-
jus Minas, 5

Cui Verba dare difficile' est : primum jam de Amore
hoc comperit ;

Me insensus servat, ne quam faciam in Nuptiis Falla-
ciam ;

Si senferit, perii ; aut, si lubitum fuerit, Causam ceperit,
Qua (26) Jure, qua me Injuria, praecipitem in Pistri-
num dabit.

Ad haec Mala hoc mi' accedit etiam : haec *Andria*, 10

Sive ista Uxor sive Amica ' est, gravida e *Pamphilo* est ;

Audireque eorum est Operae Pretium Audaciam ;

(Nam Inceptio ' est Amentium (27) haut Amantium ;)

Quicquid peperisset decreverunt tollere (28) :

Et fingunt quandam inter se nunc Fallaciam, 15
Civem

25. Bentley and Hare, and several before them, write *Erum* here, and *Eri* in the Beginning of the preceding Scene, and in other Places ; but we have Reason to think that the *H* was used before *Erus* in Terence's Time. Says Quintilian, on this Occasion, *erupit* (meaning *H*) *brevi Tempore nimius Usus, ut Choronaes, Chenturiones, Praechones*, adhuc quibusdam Inscriptionibus maneat : qua de Re CATULLI nobile Epigramma est : *Institut orat. L. 1. C. 5.* The Epigram here referred to is a short and pleasant satirical Piece on an affected Fellow that would not depart from the erroneous Pronunciation of his Ancestors, but would say *Hinfidias* and not *Infidias*, &c. and at the same Time we are to suppose him laying a strong Emphasis on the *H* : what I would infer from hence is, that, if *H* was used even too much in the Time of Catullus, we may reasonably believe it in Use before *Herus* when Terence wrote.

26. The common Reading is *quo Jure, quaque Injuria*, &c. and I never met with the Reading which I here
give

which, if not cunningly guarded against, will fall heavy on me or my Master: I know not what to do. Shall I assist *Pamphilus*, or take the old Man's Warning? If I forsake him, I fear his Life's in Danger, and if I help him, I'm afraid of his Father's Threats; who is not easily impos'd upon: he has just discover'd this Intrigue; and he keeps an angry Eye over me; lest I shou'd use any Fallacy in the Affair of the Wedding; which if he shou'd perceive, I'm undone; or, if he's so inclin'd, he'll make a Pretence, right or wrong, to throw me into Prison. To these Misfortunes I may add another: this *Andrian*, whether his Wife or Mistress, is with Child by *Pamphilus*; and 'tis worth While to hear their Assurance; (for they act more as if they had rob'd one another of their Senses (27) than of their Affections;) whatever she shall happen to be brought to Bed with, they're resolv'd to bring it (28) up: and they now invent a Story of her being

give till Bentley judiciously restored it, with a little Alteration from Tanaquil Faber, who, as Leng quotes it, gives *qua Jure quaque Injuria*. *Rapere properant qua sacrum, qua publicum*. *Plaut. Trinum. Act. 4. Qua Dominus, qua Advocati*. *Cic. Qua paterna Injuria, qua sua*. *Liv.* To these Authoritys, quoted by Bentley, I presume to offer another Reason for preferring *qua* in both Places: *Causam ceperit, qua Causa me in Pistrinum dabit, Jure aut Injuria*.

27. This Passage can not be translated literally into any Language that has not two Words, which have an Affinity in Sound, for mad Persons and Lovers. Our Poet often plays upon Words; and this Sort of Wit we find in the 23d Verse of the Prologue. The playing on *Amenitium* and *Amantium* here is not inconsistent with the Character of *Davus*.

28. This alludes to the Custom of bringing up Children, as suited the Circumstances or Inclinations of Parents, or laying them, soon after they were born, where they might

Civem Atticam esse hanc. Fuit olim quidam Senex,
 Mercator; Navem is fregit apud *Andrum* Insulam;
 Is obiit Mortem; ibi tum hanc ejectam *Chrysidis*
 Patrem recepisse orbam parvam: Fabulae:
 Mihi quidem non fit verisimile, at ipsis Commentum
 placet: 20

Set *Mysis* ab ea egreditur: at ego hinc me ad Forum,
 (29) ut

Conveniam *Pamphilum*, ne de hac Re Pater impruden-
 tem opprimat. (Davos exit.)

SCENA V.

Mysis et *Archylis*.

Mys. Audio, (30) *Archylis*, jamdudum: *Lesbiam*
 adduci jubes.

Sane, pol, illa temulenta'st Mulier et temeraria,
 Nec satis digna cui committas primo Partu Mulierem.

Archyl. Tamen eam adduce (31).

Mys.

be found by other Persons, or be destroyed. This Passage regards the Custom among the Greeks, and has no Allusion to the Laws of Romulus relating to Children; who decreed that all monstrous Births, and those maimed from the Womb, should be destroyed, but not without the Consent of a Jury of reputable Men, who were to judge whether the Children were fitter to live than to dy. This, with other Particulars, is recorded by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The Reader must quite thro consider that, tho he reads a Latin Poet, the Characters are Grecian.

29. Forum signifies a Place where Causes were debated, or where People met on mercantile Affairs, or a common Market-place. See Varro, de Lingua Latina. Lib. 4. That it is used in the last Sense by Terence is plain from more Passages than one. See particularly Act 4, Scene 8, of this Play, Verses 1st and 2d: but that Forum was likewise the Place of Exchange, where they transacted Money Affairs, &c. is certain from this Passage

being a Citizen of *Athens*. There was formerly, say they, a certain old Man, a Merchant; he was shipwreck'd on the Isle of *Andros*; he dy'd; then the Father of *Chrysis* took Care of this young Girl who was there cast on Shore a little Orphan: mere Fables: the Story does not hang well together, yet it pleases them: but *Myfis* is coming from her Mistress; and I'll run to the Market and look for *Pamphilus*, lest his Father shou'd come upon him, and he be unprovided.

[*Davus goes.*]

S C E N E V.

Myfis and Archylis.

Myf. I hear, you, *Archylis*, I hear you: your Orders are that *Lesbia* shou'd be fetch'd. Verily, by *Pollux*, she's an inconsiderate Sot, and not safe enough to trust with a Woman in her first Labour.

Archyl. (31) I say fetch her.

Myf.

sage in the last Act of Phormio, Scene 5. Verse 29.

— transi fodes ad Forum, atque illud mihi

Argentum rursum jube rescribi.

We have Reason, from the Word rescribi, to think that the Antients made use of Paper Credit. The Passages in which Forum is used for the Place where the Seats of Justice were are as frequent as where it is used for the Market.

30. Audio, ARCHYLIS, not audivi ARCHILLIS.
Bentley. ΑΡΧΥΛΙΣ not ΑΡΧΙΛΛΙΣ in Greek.

31. In all the Editions which I have seen these eight Verses are included in the Speech of *Myfis*; but *Bentley* observes that *Guyetus* would put these Words into the Mouth of *Archylis*, to remove the Difficulty which may arise from the Lines being in one Speech. I take the Hint, thinking the Division very natural. After this, *Myfis* properly says *Importunitatem spectate Aniculae*. *Bentley* objects to *Archylis* within hollowing to *Myfis* without: we may suppose her just seen at the Door.

Myf. [*Seorſim*] Importunitatem ſpectate Aniculæ;
 Quia Conpotrix ejus eſt. Di, date Facultatem, ob-
 ſecro, 5
 Huic pariundi, atque illi in aliis potius peccandi Locum:
 Set quidnam *Pamphilum* exanimatum video? Vereor
 quid fiet.
 Opperiar, ut ſciam nunc quidnam hæc Turbae Trifti-
 tia adferat.

S C E N A VI.

Pamphilus et Myfis.

Pam. [*Seorſim.*] Hoccin'eſt humanum Factum aut
 Inceptum? Hoccin'eſt Officium Patris?

Myf. Quid illud eſt? [*Seorſim.*]

Pam. [*Seorſim.*] (32) Proh De'um Fidem! Quid eſt,
 ſi hoc non Contumelia 'ſt?

Uxorem decre'rat dare ſeſe mi' hodie; nonne oportuit
 Praeſciſſe me ante? Nonne prius communicatum
 oportuit?

Myf. Miſeram me! Quod Verbum audio! [*Seorſim.*]

Pam. [*Seorſim.*] Quid *Chremes*, qui denegarat ſe
 commiſſurum mihi

Gnatam ſuam Uxorem? Is mutavit, quia me inmuta-
 tum videt,

Ita obſtinate dat Operam, ut me a *Glycerio* miſerum
 abſtrahat:

Quod ſi fit, pereo funditus.

Adeon' Hominem eſſe invenuſtum, aut infelicem,
 quemquam ut ego ſum! 10

Proh De'um atque Hominum Fidem!

Nullon' ego *Chremetis* Pacto Adſinitatem effugere potero?
 Quot Modis contemptus, ſpretus? Facta, tranſacta,
 omnia, hem,

Repudiatus repetor: quamobrem, niſi ſi id eſt quod
 ſuſpikor?

Aliquid

32. Pro Deum Fidem. *Bentley.* Proh De'um Fidem
 frequently occurs in our Author; and the Expression is
 better

Myf. [*To herself.*] See the Obstinacy of this old Hag; because the other's her Pot-companion. Heav'n's grant a good Time to this, and let the Midwife rather fail in any other: but what do I see, *Pamphilus* out of Breath? I fear the Cause. I'll know before I go what ill News this Disorder of his brings.

S C E N E VI.

Pamphilus and *Myfis*.

Pam. [*To himself.*] Is this a Deed, is this an Undertaking, becoming a Man? Is this acting like a Father?

Myf. [*To herself.*] What's that?

Pam. [*To himself.*] Good Gods! if this is not ill Usage, what is? He fix'd on this for my Wedding-day; ought I not to have had some previous Notice? Ought he not first to have consulted me?

Myf. O! wretched! What do I hear! [*To herself.*]

Pam. [*To himself.*] What does *Chremes* mean, who refus'd to marry his Daughter to me? He has alter'd his Mind, because he sees I will not alter mine, so obstinate is he in his Endeavours to make me miserable by taring me from my *Glycerium*: I'll perish, if he does.—Is there any one so unfortunate in Love, and so unhappy, as I! Good Gods! can I, no Way, avoid this Alliance with *Chremes*? How have I been rejected, and despis'd? When all Things were done and over, this Cast-off, forsooth, is sought after: why, unless it is as I suspect? They've rear'd up some strange

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Creature;

better here than proh De'um atque Hominum Fidem,
which is used soon after.

Aliquid Monstri alunt; ea, quoniam Nemini obtrudi
potest, 15

Itur ad me.

Myf. [Scorfm.] Oratio haec me miseram exanimavit Metu.

Pam. [Scorfm.] Nam quid ego dicam de Patre? Ah! Tantam Rem tam neclegenter agere! Prateriens modo, Mihi apud Forum, Uxor tibi ducenda'it, *Pamphile*, hodie, inquit; para:

Abi Domum: id mi' visa'it dicere, abi cito, et suspende te. 20

Obstupui; cense'n' me Verbum potuisse ullum proloqui? aut

Ullam Causam, saltem ineptam, falsam, iniquam? Obmutui:

Quod si ego scissem id prius, quid facerem, si quis nunc me roget,

Aliquid facerem, ut hoc ne facerem: set nunc quid primum exsequar?

Tot me impediunt Curae, quae meum Animum divorsae trahunt, 25

Amor, Misericordia, hujus, Nuptiarum Sollicitatio, Tum Patris Pudor, qui me tam leni passus Animo est, usque adhuc,

Quae meo cumque Animo lubitum 'it facere! Eine ego ut advorser? Hei mihi!

Incertum'it quid agam.

Myf. [Scorfm.] Miserea timeo Incertum hoc quorsus accidat:

(33) Set nunc Peropu' 'it aut hunc cum ipsa, aut de illa me adversum hunc, loqui. 30

Dum in Dubio est Animus, paulo Momento huc vel illuc impellitur.

Pam.

33. Hare reads set nunc Peropust, aut hunc cum ipsa, aut me aliquid de illa adversum hunc, loqui, and says, suavissime fluunt Numeri; which is one of the most curious Instances of Affectation of Taste that ever

Creature ; and, because they can force her on Nobody else, they'd put her off to me.

Myf. [*To herself.*] These Words of his have frighten'd me out of my Senses.

Pam. [*To himself.*] What shall I say of my Father? To enter on so important a Concern so inconsiderately! Passing me just now at the Market, *Pamphilus*, says he, you must be marry'd this Day ; go Home ; and get ready ; he might as well have say'd, make Haste, and hang yourself. I was amaz'd ; I cou'd not utter so much as a Word, nor offer any Excuse, tho ever so insignificant, false or foolish : I was struck dumb : but if I had been appris'd of this before, and any one shou'd ask me now what I'd do, I wou'd do Something to avoid doing this : but now what Course shall I first take? So many Cares surround me, they distract my Mind, Love, Tenderness, for her, Importunities to marry, and Reverence to a Father, who, with so sweet a Temper, suffer'd me, till now, to do whate'er I wou'd ! Can I turn against him? Alas ! I'm uncertain what to do.

Myf. [*To herself.*] Poor Wretch that I am, I fear what this Incertainty of his will come to : but 'tis very necessary now that he shou'd speak to her, or I to him about her. While he's divided in his Mind, a little Matter will turn him one Way or t'other.

H 2

Pam.

I met with. I believe the most delicate Ear can find no more Music in this Verse than in any short Period taken from Tully, Caesar, Quintilian, or any other good prose Author. Aliquid, as Bentley observes, is here superfluous.

Pam. Quis hic loquitur? *Myfis*? Salve.

Myf. O! salve, *Pamphile*.

Pam. Quid agit?

Myf. Rogas?

Laborat e Dolore; atque ex hoc misera sollicita est Die,
Quia olim in hunc sunt constitutae Nuptiae: tum au-
tem hoc timet,

Ne deferat se.

Pam. Hem, egone istuc conari queam? 35
Egon' propter me illam decipi miseram sinam,
Quae mihi saum Animum atque omnem Vitam cre-
didit,

Quam ego Animo egregie caram pro Uxore habuerim?
Bene et pudice ejus doctum atque eductum sinam,
Coactum Egestate, Ingenium inmutarier? 40
Non faciam.

Myf. Haut vereor, si in te sit solo situm,
Set ut Vim queas ferre.

Pam. Adeone me ignavom putas,
Adeone porro ingratum, inhumanum, ferum,
Ut neque me Consuetudo, neque Amor, neque Pudor,
Commoveat, neque commoneat, ut servem Fidem? 45

Myf. Unum hoc scio, esse meritam ut memor esses
sui.

Pam. Memor essem! O! *Myfis*, *Myfis*, etiam nunc
mihi

Scripta illa sunt in Animo Dicta *Chrysidis*
De *Glycerio*: jam ferme moriens me vocat;
Accessi; vos semotae, nos soli, incipit. 50

Mi PAMPHILE, *hujus Formam atque Aetatem vides*;
Nec clam te est quam illi nunc utraque inutiles,
Et ad Pudicitiam et ad Rem tutandam, sient;
Quod te ego per Dextram hanc oro, et per Genium (34)
tuum,

Per tuam Fidem, perque hujus Solitudinem, 55
Te

34. Most Editors give Ingenium: but, as Bent-
ley observes, this was the most usual Way of adjur-
ing.

Pam. Whose Voice is that? Is it you, *Myfis*? Save you.

Myf. You also, *Pamphilus*.

Pam. How does she?

Myf. How does she? She's weigh'd down with Grief; and the Thoughts of this Day trouble her much, because 'twas formerly fix'd upon for your Wedding: besides she's afraid you'll forsake her.

Pam. Ah! can I be capable of that? Shall I deceive a poor Creature that trusted me with her Life and Soul, whom I've cherish'd as the Wife of my Bosom? Shall I suffer her, who was so modestly and well brought up, to change her very Nature, when compell'd by Want? I will not.

Myf. I don't fear it, if 'twas in your Pow'r to prevent it, but I'm afraid you can't withstand what's against you.

Pam. Do you think me so indolent, so ingrateful, so inhuman, or savage, that neither Intimacy, Love, nor Honour, can move me, nor prevail on me, to be just?

Myf. This I know, that she deserves to be remember'd by you.

Pam. Remember'd by me! O! *Myfis*, *Myfis*, those Words which *Chrysis* spoke to me of *Glycerium* are now, this Instant, written in my Heart: with her last Breath she call'd me to her; I approach'd her; ye all departed the Room, we being alone, she begins. *My PAMPHILUS, you see the Youth and Beauty of this poor Orphan; and you know what feeble Guardians they are likely to prove to her Virtue and her Interest in these Days; I therefore by this right Hand, and by your Genius (34), intreat you, by your own Honour, and her forlorn Condition, I adjure you, neither to force her from*

H 3

you,

ing. I shall neglect other Authoritys, for one from Horace.

Quod

Te obtestor, ne abs te hanc segreges, neu deferas.
Si te in germani Fratris dilexi Loco,
Sive haec te solum semper fecit maxumi,
Seu tibi morigera fuit in Rebus omnibus,
Te isti Virum do, Amicum, Tutorem, Patrem. 60
Bona nostra haec tibi permitto, et tuae mando Fidei.
 Hanc mihi in Manum dat: Mors continuo ipsam occupat:

Accepi, acceptam servabo.

Myf. Ita spero quidem.

Pam. Set cur tu abis ab illa?

Myf. (35) Obstetricem adcerso.

Pam. Propera: atque audi'n'?

Verbum unum cave de Nuptiis, ne ad Morbum hoc etiam.

Myf. Teneo. 65

Finis Aetus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Charinus et Byrria.

Char. **Q**UID ais, *Byrria*? Daturne illa *Pamphilo* hodie nuptum?

Byr. Sic est.

Char. Qui scis?

Byr. Aput Forum modo e *Davo* audiui.

Char. Vae misero mihi!

Ut Animus in Spe atque in Timore usque antehac adtentus fuit, Ita,

Quod te per Genium, Dextramque, Deosque Penates,

Obsecro, et obtestor. *Lib. 1. Epist. 7. v. 94.*

Here the Measure infallibly determines the Reading.

35. *Methinks Myfis has loitered a little too much, considering the Busyness which she was sent about; but perhaps Terence knew that some Women are of such a Temper*

you, nor forsake her. If I lov'd you as a Brother, if she always priz'd you above all the World, if in ev'ry Thing she made your Will her Law, I recommend you to her as a Husband, Friend, a Guardian, and a Father. My Fortune here I commit to you, and to your Trust: then she gave her into my Hand, and breath'd her last: I accepted the dear Pledge, and will preserve it.

Myf. Indeed I hope so.

Pam. But why are you from her?

Myf. (35) I'm going for a Midwife.

Pam. Away: and, do you hear? Not a Word of the Wedding, lest it should add to her Illness.

Myf. I'll take Care.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Charinus and Byrria.

Char. **W**HAT say you, *Byrria*? Is she this Day to be marry'd to *Pamphilus*?

Byr. Even so.

Char. How do you know?

Byr. *Davus* told me so just now at the Market.

Char. Wretch that I am! while I was buoy'd up betwixt Hope and Fear I had some Life in me, but,
now

per as to gossip on the Way, tho an Affair of Life or Death requires their Haste. I doubt not but where Myfis says laborat e Dolore the Words mean she is weighed down with Grief; for here we see, as soon as she says Obstetricem adcerso, Pamphilus hurrys her away, as we are to suppose he would have done if he had understood, by laborat e Dolore, she is in Labour.

Ita, postquam adempta Spes est, lassus Cura confectus,
stupet.

Byr. Quaeso, edepol, *Charine*, quando non potest
id fieri quod vis, 5

Id velis quod possit.

Char. Nil volo aliud nisi *Philumenam*.

Byr. Ah! quanto satius est, te id dare Operam,
Qui istum Amorem ex Animo amoveas tuo, quam id
loqui

Quo magis Lubido frustra incendatur tua.

Char. Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta Consilia
aegrotis damus. 10

Tu, si hic sis, aliter censeas.

Byr. Age, age, ut lubet.

Char. Set *Pamphilum*

Video: omnia experiri certum 'st priusquam pereo.

Byr. Quid hic agit? [*Seorsim.*

Char. Ipsum hunc orabo; huic supplicabo; Amo-
rem huic narrabo meum:

Credo impetrabo ut aliquot saltem Nuptiis prodatur Dies;
Interea fiet aliquid spero.

Byr. Id aliquid Nihil est.

Char. *Byrria*, 15

Quid tibi videtur? Adeon' ad eum?

Byr. Quid ni? Nihil ut impetres,

Ut te arbitretur sibi paratum Moechum, si illam dux-
erit?

Char. Abi hinc in malam Rem, cum Suspicionem istam,
Scelus.

S C E N A II.

Pamphilus, Charinus, et Byrria.

Pam. *Charinum* video. Salve.

Char. O salve, *Pamphile*:

Ad te advenio, Spem, Salutem, Consilium, Auxilium,
expetens.

Pam. Neque, pol, Consilii Locum habeo, neque
Auxilii Copiam:

Set istuc quidnam 'st?

Char.

now all Hope is fled, weary'd and worn out with Care,
I'm quite senseless.

Byr. Let me intreat you, *Charinus*, since you can't
do what you wou'd, to do what you can.

Char. I wou'd have Nothing but *Philumena*.

Byr. Alas! how much better it is for you to en-
deavour to get rid of this Passion than to encrease your
Flame in vain by talking thus.

Char. When we're well ourselves, we find no Diffi-
culty in advising the sick. If you was in my Condi-
tion, you wou'd be of another Mind.

Byr. Well, well, as you will.

Char. But yonder's *Pamphilus*: I'm resolv'd to try
all Ways before I fall.

Byr. What is he about now? [*Aside.*

Char. I'll beseech him; I'll become a Suppliant to
him; I'll urge my Passion to him: I believe I shall
prevail on him to put off the Wedding for some Days
at least; in the meanwhile, I hope, Something may
be done.

Byr. That Something is Nothing.

Char. What think you, *Byrria*? Shall I go to him?

Byr. Why not? that, if you obtain Nothing, he
may conclude you'll make him a Cuckold, if he shou'd
marry her?

Char. Away, and be hang'd, with your Suspicion,
you Rogue.

S C E N E II.

Pamphilus, Charinus, and Byrria.

Pam. Here's *Charinus*. Your Servant.

Char. Your Servant, *Pamphilus*: I come to you
for Hope, for Health, for Counsel, and Assistance.

Pam. Really I have no Counsel to spare, nor Abun-
dance of Assistance to lend: but what's all this?

Char.

Char. Hodie Uxorem ducis.

Pam. Aiunt.

Char. *Pamphile,*

Si id facis, hodie postremum me vides.

Pam. Quid ita?

Char. Hei mihi!

5

Vereor dicere: huic dic, quaeso, *Byrria*.

Byr. Ego dicam.

Pam. Quid est?

Byr. Sponsam hic tuam amat.

Pam. Nae iste haut mecum sentit: ehodum, dic mihi,
Numquidnam amplius tibi cum illa fuit, *Charine*?

Char. Ah! *Pamphile,*

Nil.

Pam. Quam vellem!

Char. Nunc te, per Amicitiam, per Amorem, obsecro, -
Principio ut ne ducas.

Pam. Dabo equidem Operam.

Char. Set, si id non potest, 10

Aut tibi Nuptiae hae sunt Cordi, —

Pam. Cordi!

Char. Saltem aliquot Dies

Profer, dum proficiscor aliquo, ne videam.

Pam. Audi nunc jam?

Ego, *Charine*, nequitiam Officium liberi esse Homi-
nis puto,

Cum is Nil mereat, postulare id Gratiae adponi sibi.

Nuptias effugere ego istas malo quam tu adipiscier. 15

Char. Reddux'ti Animum.

Pam. Nunc si quid potes aut tu, aut hic *Byrria*,
Facite, fingite, invenite, efficite qui detur tibi:
Ego id agam, qui mihi ne detur.

Char. Sat habeo.

Pam. *Davom* optume

Video; cujus Consilio fretus sum.

Char. At tu, hercle, haut quicquam mihi,
Nisi ea quae Nil Opus sunt sciri. Fugi'n' hinc?

Byr. Ego vero, ac lubens. [Exit *Byrria*. 20

S C E N A

The ANDRIAN. ACT II. 95

Char. You are to be marry'd this Day.

Pam. So they say.

Char. *Pamphilus*, if so, this Day you see the last of me.

Pam. Why so?

Char. Alas! I'm afraid to tell him: pry'thee, *Byrria*, do you inform him.

Byr. I'll tell him.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He's in Love with your Bride that is to be.

Pam. Positively that's more than I am: come, confess, *Charinus*, have you not had Something farther to do with her?

Char. Fy, *Pamphilus*, no, no.

Pam. I wish you had.

Char. In the first Place, I now intreat you, in the Name of Love and Friendship, not to marry.

Pam. Indeed I'll endeavour not.

Char. But, if you cannot grant me this Favour, or if this Marriage is agreeable to your Wishes,——

Pam. My Wishes!

Char. At least defer it some Days, that I may get out of the Way, to avoid the Sight of it.

Pam. Now hear me: I think it unbecoming a Gentleman to make a Merit of no Favour. I desire as much to avoid marrying this Girl as you do to get her.

Char. You've reviv'd me.

Pam. Now, if 'tis in your Pow'r, or in *Byrria*'s here, do all you can, feign, contrive, spare no Pains, that you may have her: I'll do all I can, not to have her.

Char. I'm satisfy'd.

Pam. I see *Davus* in very good Time; whose Advice I depend on.

Char. But you're incapable of offering any Advice that's worth hearing. Will you be gone?

Byr. Yes, and with all my Heart. [*Byrria* goes.]

S C E N E

S C E N A III.

Davos, Charinus, et Pamphilus.

Davos. Di boni, boni quid porto ! Set ubi inveniā
Pamphilum,

Ut Metum, in quo nunc est, adimam, atque expleam
Animum Gaudio ? ———

[Seorsim, illos non videns.]

Char. Laetus est, nescio quid.

Pam. Nihil est : nondum haec rescivit mala.

Dav. Quem ego nunc credo, si jam audierit sibi pa-
ratas Nuptias, — *[Seorsim, illos non videns.]*

Char. Audi'n' tu illum ?

Dav. Toto me Oppido exanimatum quaerere : 5
Set ubi quaeram ? Quo nunc primum intendam ?

[Seorsim, illos non videns.]

Char. Cessas adloqui ?

Dav. Abeo. *[Seorsim, illos non videns.]*

Pam. *Dave*, ades, resiste.

Dav. Quis Homo 'st, qui me ? O ! *Pamphile*,
Te ipsum quaero. Euge, *Charine* ! ambo
opportune : vos volo.

Pam. *Dave*, perii.

Dav. Quin tu hoc audi.

Pam. Interii.

Dav. Quid timeas scio.

Char. Mea quidem, hercle, certe in Dubio Vita 'st.

Dav. Et quid tu scio. 10

Pam. Nuptiae mihi.

Dav. Etsi scio !

Pam. Hodie.

Dav. Obtundis, tametsi intellego.

Id paves, ne ducas tu illam, tu autem ut ducas.

Char. Rem tenes.

Pam. Istuc ipsum.

Dav.

SCENE III.

Davus, Charinus, and Pamphilus.

Davus. Good Gods, what good News am I the Messenger of! But where shall I find *Pamphilus*, that I may ease him of his present Fear, and fill his Heart with Joy? ——— [Aside, not seeing them.]

Char. He's transported with I know not what.

Pam. He has no Cause: he's unacquainted with these Misfortunes.

Dav. Who now, I believe, if he has already hear'd that Preparations are making for his Wedding, — [Aside, not seeing them.]

Char. Do you hear him?

Dav. Is out of Breath in looking for me all about Town: but where shall I look for him? Where shall I first steer my Course? [Aside, not seeing them.]

Char. Do you forbear speaking to him?

Dav. I'll make the best of my Way.

[Aside, not seeing them.]

Pam. Hark y', *Davus*, stay.

Dav. Who's that calls me? O *Pamphilus*, the very Man I look for. *Charinus* too! luckily met: I want ye both.

Pam. *Davus*, I'm undone.

Dav. But hear what I've to say.

Pam. I'm ruin'd.

Dav. I know your Fears.

Char. And verily my Life's but in a doubtful State.

Dav. I know your Concern too.

Pam. I'm to be marry'd.

Dav. As if I did not know it!

Pam. This Day.

Dav. You stun me, tho I know all. You are afraid you shall marry her, you that you shall not.

Char. You are right.

Pam. That's our Case.

Dav. Atque istuc ipsum Nil Pericli est : me vide.

Pam. Obsecro te, quam primum, hoc me libera
miserum Metu.

Dav. Hem,
*Liber*o : tibi Uxorem non dat jam *Chremes*.

Pam. Qui scis ?

Dav. (36) Scies. 15

Tuus Pater me modoprehendit, ait tibi Uxorem dari
Hodie, item alia multa quae nunc non est narrandi
Locus.

Continuo, ad te properans, percurro ad Forum, ut
dicam tibi haec :

Ubi te non invenio, ascendo in quendam ibi excelsum
Locum,

Circumspicio, nusquam es ; ibi forte hujus video *Byr-*
riam ; 20

Rogo ; negat vidisse ; mihi molestum ; quid agam co-
gito ?

Redeunti interea ex ipsa Re mihi incidit Suspicio ; hem,
Paululum Obsoni ; ipse tristis ; de improvviso Nuptiae ;
Non cohaerent.

Pam. Quorsumnam istuc ?

Dav. Ego me continuo ad *Cbremem* ;
Cum illo advenio, Solitudo ante Ostium ; jam id gau-
deo. 25

Char. Recte dicis.

Pam. Perge.

Dav. Maneo ; interea introire Neminem
Video, exire Neminem, Matronam nullam in Aedi-
bus,

Nil ornati, Nil Tumulti ; accessi, intro aspexi.

Pam. Scio :

Magnum Signum !

Dav. Num videntur convenire haec Nuptiis ?

Pam.

36. The vulgar Reading is Scio ; which is bad.
Bentley reads Scies. Scio is no Answer to qui Scis ?
Besides

Dav. And there's no Danger in that your Case : observe me.

Pam. I intreat you to rid me of this Fear as soon as you can.

Dav. Hem, I do't: *Chremes* has no Wife for you.

Pam. How do you know ?

Dav. I'll tell you. Your Father takes Hold of me just now, and tells me you are to be marry'd this Day, with a great Deal more than I've now Time to relate. I immediately run to the Forum in Search of you, to tell you this : I find you not there, I mount a certain Ascent, look about me, but you are not to be seen ; there I chanc'd to spy this Spark's *Byrria* ; I enquire of him ; he denys having seen you ; I'm perplex'd ; I consider what to do ; as I return'd, these Thoughts came into my Head ; hem, very little Provision ; himself in the Dumps ; a Wedding unlook'd for ; these Circumstances don't agree.

Pam. What of this ?

Dav. I hurry directly to *Chremes* ; when I come there, all was hush about the Door ; which pleas'd me.

Char. Well say'd.

Pam. Go on.

Dav. I wait ; in the mean-while I see no one go in or out, no Matron in the House, no Decoration, no Stir ; I approach'd, and peep'd in.

Pam. I don't doubt it : a great Sign this !

Dav. Does this look like a Wedding ?

I 2.

Pam.

Besides Scies is a common Expression in Terence for I'll tell you.

Pam. Non, opinor, *Dave*.

Dav. Opinor, narras? Non recte accipis: 30
Certe Res est: etiam Puerum, inde abiens, conspexi
(37) *Chremi*

Olera et Pisticulos minutos ferre in Coenam, Obolo,
Seni.

Char. Liberatus sum hodie, *Dave*, tua Opera.

Dav. Hac (38) nullus quidem.

Char. Quid ita? Nempe huic prorsus illam non dat.

Dav. Ridiculum Caput!
Quasi necesse sit, si huic non dat, te illam Uxorem
ducere. 35

Nisi vides, nisi Senis Amicos oras, ambis.

Char. Bene mones.
Ibo, etsi, hercle, saepe jam me Spes haec frustrata est.
Vale.

[Exit *Charinus*.]

S C E N A IV.

Pamphilus et Davos.

Pam. Quid igitur sibi volt Pater? Cur simulat?

Dav. Ego dicam tibi.
Si id succenseat nunc, quia non det tibi Uxorem
Chremes,

Ipfus sibi esse injurius videatur, neque id Injuria,
Priusquam tuum, ut sese habeat, Animum ad Nup-
tias perspexerit:

Set

37. *What Sort of Language is* conveni Puerum ferre Olera, *which is the common Reading?* Bentley gives conspexi Puerum ferre: *the Propriety of which is evident to such as know what Language is.* An Obolus was equal to one Penny Farthing one Sixth. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work.

38. Ac.

Pam. Not in my Opinion, *Davus*.

Dav. In your Opinion, say you? You don't take it right: the Thing is certain: besides, as I was coming from thence, I saw *Chremes's* Boy carrying Home three Half-pennyworth of Herbs and small Fish for the old Man's Supper.

Char. I'm this Day set at Liberty by your Means, *Davus*.

Dav. You are never the better for this.

Char. Why so? for he certainly will not let him have her.

Dav. Ridiculous! As if there was a Necessity, because he don't give her to him, that you shou'd marry her. Unless you look about you, unless you address the old Man's Friends, you make a round-about Work.

Char. Your Advice is good. I'll go, tho verily this Hope has often deceiv'd me. Farewel.

[*Charinus* goes.]

SCENE IV.

Pamphilus and *Davus*.

Pam. What wou'd my Father have? Why does he dissemble?

Dav. I'll tell you. If he shou'd be angry now, because *Chremes* will not give you his Daughter, he may justly accuse himself of Injustice to you, not having first consulted your Inclination towards the

I 3

Match:

38. Ac, or at, is entirely superfluous: the Emendation of hac, which Hare gives from Le Clerc, is judicious: hac nullus quidem, that is hac quidem. Opera mea nullus liberatus es, you are never the better for this.

Set si tu negaris ducere, ibi Culpam in te transferet: 5
Tum illae Turbae sient.

Pair.

Quid vis patiar?

Das.

Pater est, *Pamphile*:

Difficile est: tum haec sola est Mulier; dictum ac factum,
invenerit

Aliquam Causam, quamobrem eam Oppido eiciat.

Pam.

Eiciat ! (39)

Day.

Ac cito.

Pam. Cedo igitur quid faciam, *Dave*?

Da-v.

Dic te ducturum.

Pam.

Hem !

Day.

Quid est?

Pam. Egon' dicam?

Dau.

Cur non?

Pam.

Numquam faciam.

Day.

Ne nega.

10

Pam. Suadere noli.

Deav.

Ex ea Re quid fiat vide.

Pam. Ut ab illa excludar, hac concludar.

Дат.

Non ita 'ft :

Nempe hoc sic esse opinor dicturum Patrem,

Ducas volo hodie Uxorem; tu, ducam, inquires:

Cedo quid iurgabit tecum? Hic reddes omnia, 15

Quae nunc sunt certa ei Consilia, incerta ut fient,

Sine omni Periclo; nam hoc haut dubium'ft, quin

Chrems

Tibi non det Gnatam ; nec tu ea Causa minueris

Haec quae facis, ne is mutet suam Sententiam.

Patri

39. *The common Reading is ejiciat in both Places: Faernus gives eiciat. P. eiciat! D. Cito. The Reading which I here give is exactly according to Bentley; which is more agreeable to both the Sense and Measure. The first i in ejicio, rejicio, and some other Words, is often drop'd not only by Plautus, and Terence, but by Writers of the Augustian Age. The 18th Verse of the Prologue to Phormio is not a Trimeter unless we read reicere in*
three

Match: but if you shou'd refuse to marry, he'll lay the Blame on you: then there'll be a Disturbance.

Pam. What wou'd you have me endure?

Dav. He's your Father, *Pamphilus*: 'tis hard: then she's a lone Woman; no sooner say'd than done, he'll find some Pretence to force her out of Town.

Pam. Force her!

Dav. And without Delay.

Pam. Tell me therefore what I shall do?

Dav. Say you'll marry.

Pam. Ah!

Dav. What's the Matter?

Pam. Shall I say so?

Dav. Why not?

Pam. I never will.

Dav. Don't refuse.

Pam. Don't persuade me.

Dav. Consider what will be the Consequence.

Pam. That I shall be forc'd from the one, and confin'd to the other.

Dav. Not so: I really think, 'twill be thus: your Father will say, 'tis my Desire that you'll marry immediately; you'll answer, I will: what Occasion will he have to chide you then? Thus, without any Danger, you'll render incertain all the Resolutions which he has certainly now taken; for this will not admit of a Doubt, that *Chremes* will not give you his Daughter; nor need you, on that Account, desist from your present Purpose, for Fear he shou'd change his

three Syllables; so in the third Eclogue of Virgil we read reice in two, not rejice:

Tityre, pascentes a Flumine reice Capellas.

Of the three manuscript Copyes of our Poet, in the Possession of Dr. Mead, two of them have eiciat; and, what is worthy the Reader's Notice, that which has ejiciat is wrote in the Manner of Prose.

Patri dic velle, ut, cum velit, tibi Jure irasci non
queat : 20

(40) Nam quod tu speres propulsabo facile: Uxorem
his Moribus

Dabit Nemo: inveniet inopem potius quam te cor-
rumpi sinat :

Set si te aequo Animo ferre accipiet, neglegentem fa-
ceris :

Aliam otiosus quaeret : interea aliquid acciderit boni.

Pam. Itan' credis ?

Dav. Haut dubium id quidem' est.

Pam. Vide quo me inducas.

Dav. Quin taces. 25

Pam. Dicam : Puerum autem ne resciscat mihi esse
ex illa Cautio est ;

Nam pollicitus sum suscepturum.

Dav. O ! Facinus audax !

Pam. Hanc Fidem

Sibi me obsecravit, qui se sciret non deserturum, ut
darem.

Dav. Curabitur : set Pater adest : cave te esse tris-
tem sentiat.

S C E N A V.

Simo, Davos, et Pamphilus.

Sim. Reviso quid agant, quidve captent Consili.

[*Seorsim.*

Dav. Hic nunc non dubitat quin te ducturum neges.

Venit meditatus alicunde ex solo Loco ;

Orationem sperat invenisse se,

Qua diff. rat te ; proin tu fac aput te ut fies. 5

Pam. Modo ut possim, *Dave.*

Dav..

40. Mr. Davus talks here as if he did not know
what to say. In my humble Opinion these four Lines are
no Ornaments to the Scene. Here are poor Sentiments
in

his Mind. Tell your Father you're willing, that when he'd be angry with you he can't with Justice: as for what you're in Hopes of, I'll easily put an End to that: Nobody, you think, will give a Wife to one of such Morals: he, rather than suffer you to be spoil'd, will find out a Beggar for you: but, if he perceives you bear it patiently, you'll make him indifferent about it; he'll look for another at his Leisure: in the mean-while some good Luck will happen.

Pam. Think you so?

Dav. No Doubt of it indeed.

Pam. Take Care what you lead me into.

Dav. But you don't say what you'll do.

Pam. I'll consent: but Care must be taken not to let him know that I've a Child by her; for I've promis'd to bring it up.

Dav. Audacious!

Pam. She intreated me to make this Promise, that she might be sure I wou'd not forsake her.

Dav. Care shall be taken: but here's your Father: don't let him perceive you melancholly.

SCENE V.

Simo, Davus, and Pamphilus.

Sim. I'm come again to see what they're doing, or what Counsel they're taking. [*Aside.*]

Dav. He don't doubt now but you'll refuse to marry. He comes plotting from some Corner, and hopes that he has form'd a Speech to confound you; therefore do your best.

Pam. The best I can, *Davus.*

Dav.

in pure Latin; which is more than once the Case in our Poet. The Speech closes better with tibi Jure irasci non queat.

Dav. Crede, inquam, hoc mihi, *Pamphile*;
Numquam hodie tecum conmutaturum Patrem
Unum esse Verbum, si te dices ducere..

S C E N A VI.

Byrria, Simo, Davos, et Pamphilus.

Byr. Herus me, relictis Rebus, iussit *Pamphilum*
Hodie observare, quid ageret de Nuptiis: (41)
Ipsum adeo praesto video cum *Davo*: hoc agam.

Sim. Utrumque adesse video.

[*Seorsim.*

Dav. Hem, serva.

[*Seorsim.*

Sim. *Pamphile.*

Dav. Quasi de improvviso respice ad eum.

[*Pamphilo separatim.*

Pam.

Ehem, Pater.

5

Dav. Probe.

[*Seorsim.*

Sim. Hodie Uxorem ducas, ut dixi, volo.

Byr. Nunc nostrae timeo Parti quid hic respondeat.

[*Seorsim.*

Pam. Neque istic, neque alibi, tibi erit usquam in
me Mora.

Byr.

Hem!

[*Seorsim.*

Dav. Obmutuit:

[*Seorsim.*

Byr. Quid dixit?

[*Seorsim.*

Sim. Facis ut te decet,

Cum istuc quod postulo impetro cum Gratia.

10

Dav. Sum verus.

Byr. Herus, quantum audio, Uxore excidit.

[*Seorsim.*

Sim.

41. In every Edition which I have seen of our Author, *Byrria* says (after quid ageret de Nuptiis) scirem: id propterea nunc hunc venientem sequor: which Verse, as *Bentley* judiciously observes, is certainly spurious; for
as

Dav. Believe me, I say, *Pamphilus*; your Father will not exchange one Word with you this Day, if you say you'll marry.

SCENE VI.

Byrria, Simo, Davus, and Pamphilus.

Byr. My Master commanded me to neglect other Business, that I may be a Spy on *Pamphilus's* Behaviour this Day in Relation to the Wedding: and here I see him with *Davus*: I'll to my Office. [*Aside.*

Sim. I see them both here. [*Aside.*

Dav. Hem, mind.

Sim. *Pamphilus.*

Dav. Look at him as if you was not aware.

[*Aside to Pamphilus.*

Pam. O! Father.

Dav. Very well. [*Aside.*

Sim. 'Tis my Desire, as I told you, that you shou'd marry this Day.

Byr. Now do I fear how his Answer will make for us. [*Aside.*

Pam. I shall be always ready to obey you in this or any Thing.

Byr. Ah! [*Aside.*

Dav. He's dumb-founded. [*Aside.*

Byr. What say'd he? [*Aside.*

Sim. You do as becomes you, seeing that I obtain what I require of you with a good Will.

Dav. I'm right.

Byr. From what I hear, my Master must go without a Wife. [*Aside.*

Sim.

as *Pamphilus* has not disappeared since *Byrria* left the Stage in the second Scene of this Act, he could not say nunc hunc venientem sequor: if we suppose the Line genuine, we must at the same Time suppose *Terence* guilty of a monstrous Absurdity.

108 ANDRIA. ACTUS II.

Sim. I nunc jam intro, ne in Mora, cum Opus sit,
fies.

Pam. Eo.

[*Exit Pamphilus.*]

S C E N A VII.

Byrria, Davos, et Simo.

Byr. Nullane in Re esse cuiquam Homini Fidem!
Verum illud Verbum'ſt, Volgo quod dici solet,
Omnis sibi melius malle esse quam alteri.
Ego, cum illam vidi, Virginem Forma bona
Memini videre; quo aequior sum *Pamphilo*,
Si se illam in Somnis, quam illum, amplecti maluit.
Renuntiabo, ut pro hoc Malo mihi det Malum.

[*Seorsim.*]

[*Exit Byrria.*]

S C E N A VIII.

Davos et Simo.

Dav. Hic nunc me credit aliquam sibi Fallaciam
Portare, et ea me hic restitisse Gratia.

[*Seorsim.*]

Sim. Quid *Davos* narrat?

Dav. Aequae quicquam nunc quidem.

Sim. Nilne? Hem?

Dav. Nil prorsus.

Sim. Atqui expectabam quidem.

Dav. Praeter Spem evenit, sentio; hoc male habet
Virum.

[*Seorsim.*]

Sim. Poti'n' es mihi verum dicere?

Dav. Nihil facilius.

Sim. Num illi molestae quippiam hae sunt Nuptiae,
Propter Hospitali hujusce Consuetudinem?

Dav. Nihil, hercle; aut, si adeo, Bidui est aut
Tridui

Haec Sollicitudo, no'ſti; deinde desinet;
Etenim ipsa eam Rem recta reputavit Via.

Sim. Laudo.

Dav.

Sim. Go in now, that when you're wanted you may be ready.

Pam. I obey you. [Pamphilus goes.]

SCENE VII.

Byrria, Davus, and Simo.

Byr. That no Man can be confided in for any Thing! As the Saying is, every Man for himself. When I saw the Maid I remember I saw a charming Creature; therefore I'm more inclin'd to favour *Pamphilus*, if he had rather sleep in her Arms than my Master shou'd. I'll go and make my Report, that he may give me as good as I bring.

[*Aside.*

[*Byrria goes.*

SCENE VIII.

Davus and Simo.

Dav. Now he thinks that I've some Artifice to put in Practice against him, and that I stay here for that Purpose. [*Aside.*

Sim. What says *Davus*?

Dav. Just the same.

Sim. Nothing? Ha?

Dav. Really Nothing.

Sim. But I expected Something.

Dav. It's happen'd beyond our Expectation, I perceive; this stings him. [*Aside.*

Sim. Can you tell me Truth?

Dav. Nothing more easily.

Sim. Does this Marriage, any Way, trouble him, because of his Intimacy with this Stranger?

Dav. Not in the least by *Herc'les*; or, if it shou'd, 'tis but two or three Days Concern, you know; then 'twill be over; for he has well thought of the Affair.

Sim. I commend him.

K

Dav.

Dav. Dum licitum est ei, dumque Aetas tulit,
Amavit; tum id clam: cavit ne umquam Infamiae
Ea Res sibi esset, ut Virum fortem decet:
Nunc Uxore Opus est, Animum ad Uxorem adpulit. 15

Sim. Subtristis visu' est esse aliquantillum mihi.

Dav. Nil propter hanc; set est quod succenset tibi.

Sim. Quidnam' est?

Dav. Puerile' est.

Sim. Quid id est?

Dav. Nil.

Sim. Quin dic quid est.

Dav. Ait nimium parce facere Sumptum.

Sim. Mene?

Dav. Te.

Vix, inquit, Drachmis est obsonatum (42) decem: 20
Num Filio videtur Uxorem dare?

Quem, inquit, vocabo ad Coenam meorum Aequa-
lium,

Potissimum nunc? Et, quod dicendum hic fiet,

Tu quoque perparce nimium: non laudo.

Sim. Tace.

Dav. Commovi.

[*Seorsim.*

Sim. Ego istaec recte ut fiant videro.

25

[Exit *Davos.*

S C E N A IX.

Simo. Quid hoc est Rei? Quid hic volt Veterator
sibi?

Nam si hic Mali' est quicquam, hem, illic est huic Rei
Caput. [Exit. 2

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS

42. Est obsonatus *is the general Reading: but Bentley gives obsonatum on good Authority.*

An hoc ad eas Res obsonatum' est, obsecro?

Plautus in *Bacc. Act. 1. Sc. 2.*

The

The ANDRIAN. ACT II. 117

Dav. While 'twas fit for him, and agreeable to his Age, he had his Amours; but then privately: he took Care, as a Man of Conduct shou'd, not to disgrace himself thereby: now 'tis necessary for him to marry, he's willing to marry.

Sim. He seem'd a little chagrin'd to me.

Dav. Not because of his Mistress; but he does resent Something from you.

Sim. What is it?

Dav. A Trifle.

Sim. What is that Trifle?

Dav. Nothing.

Sim. But tell me what it is.

Dav. He says you're too sparing in your Expence.

Sim. What I?

Dav. Yes you. There is, says he, scarce twenty Groats-worth of Provision lay'd in: does this look like a Son's Wedding? Which of my Acquaintance, says he, shall I invite to Supper, especially at this Time? And, betwixt you and me, you are too much on the Saving: I don't commend you.

Sim. Hold your Tongue.

Dav. I've mov'd him. [*Aside.*]

Sim. I'll see that these Things shall be as they ought. [*Davus goes.*]

S C E N E IX.

Simo. What's the Meaning of this? What wou'd this old Fox be at? If here's any Harm going forwards, he's at the Head of it.

[*He goes.*]

The End of the Second Act.

K 2

ACT

The Attic Drachma was equal to seven Pence three Farthings of English Money. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Mysis, Simo, Davos, Lesbia, et Glycerium.

Mys. **I**T A, pol, quidem Res est, ut dixisti, *Lesbia*:
Fidelem haut ferme Mulieri invenias Virum.
[*Lesbiae separatim, alios non videns.*
Sim. Ab *Andria*'st Ancilla haec. [*Davo separatim.*

Dav. Quid narras! (43)

Sim. Ita 'st.

Mys. Set hic *Pamphilus* ——— [*Lesbiae separatim.*

Sim. Quid dicit?

Mys. Firmavit Fidem; — [*Lesbiae separatim.*

Sim. Hem!

Dav. Utinam aut hic surdus, aut haec muta facta,
sit. [*Seorsim.* 5

Mys. Nam quod peperisset jussit tolli.

[*Lesbiae separatim.*

Sim. O! Jupiter!

Quid ego audio? Actum 'st, siquidem haec vera prae-
dicat.

Lesb. Bonum Ingenium narras Adulescentis. [*Mysi.*

Mys. Optimum:

Set sequere me intro, ne in Mora illi sis.

[*Lesbiae separatim.*

Lesb. Sequor.

[*Exeunt Mysis et Lesbia.*

SCENA II.

Davos et Simo.

Dav. Quod Remedium nunc huic Malo inveniam?

[*Seorsim.*

Sim.

43. *SIM.* Ab *Andria* est Ancilla haec: quid narras?

DAV. Ita 'st. *This is the common Reading; but thus I divide the Words.* *SIM.* Ab *Andria*'st Ancilla haec.

DAV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Myfis, Simo, Davus, Lesbia, and Glycerium.

Myf. 'TIS indeed as you say'd, *Lesbia*; you can't find a Man that's constant to a Woman.

[*Aside to Lesbia, not seeing the Rest.*

Sim. This Wench belongs to the *Andrian*.

[*Aside to Davus.*

Dav. What say you!

Sim. 'Tis certainly so.

Myf. But this *Pamphilus* ——— [*Aside to Lesbia.*

Sim. What does she say?

Myf. Has kep'd his Word; ——— [*Aside to Lesbia.*

Sim. Ha!

Dav. I wish that either he was deaf, or she dumb.

[*Aside.*

Myf. For he has order'd whatever she's deliver'd of to be brought up. [*Aside to Lesbia.*

Sim. O! *Jupiter*! What do I hear? All's over, if what she says is true.

Lesb. You give him the Character of a sweet temper'd Youth. [*To Myfis.*

Myf. The best in the World: but follow me in, that she may not stay for you. [*Aside to Lesbia.*

Lesb. I follow you.

[*Myfis and Lesbia go.*

SCENE II.

Davus and Simo.

Dav. What Remedy shall I find to this Misfortune?

[*Aside.*

K 3

Sim.

DAV. Quid narras! *SIM.* Ita'ft. Quid narras are *Davus's Words*, and not spoke so much in Interrogation as in Admiration. *Simo* says ita'ft in Confirmation of what he said before. *Exeunt.*

Sim.

Quid hoc?

Adeone est demens ex Peregrina? Jam scio: ah!

Vix tandem sensi stolidus.

[*Seorsim.**Dav.*

Quid hic sensisse ait?

[*Seorsim.**Sim.* Haec primum adfertur mihi ab hoc Fallacia.Hanc simulant parere, quo *Chremetem* absterreant. 5[*Seorsim.**Glyc. Juno, Lucina, fer Opem, serva me, obsecro.**Sim.* Hui, tam cito! Ridiculum! Postquam ante
Ostium

Me audivit stare adproperat. Non sat commode

Divisa sunt Temporibus tibi, *Dave*, haec.*Dav.*

Mihin'?

Sim. Num inmemores Discipuli? (44)*Dav.*

Ego quid narres nescio. 10

Sim. Hiccine me si inparatum in veris Nuptiis
Adortus esset, quos me (45) Ludos redderet!

Nunc hujus Periculo fit; ego in Portu navigo.

[*Seorsim.*

S C E N A III.

*Lesbia, Simo, et Davos.**Lesb.* [Clamat Archyli, quae intus est] Adhuc, *Archylis*, quae adsolent, quaeque oportent,
Signa esse ad Salutem, omnia huic esse video.
Nunc primum fac istaec ut lavet: post deinde
Quod jussi ei dari bibere, et quantum imperavi,
Date: mox ego huc revertar. 5

Per-

44. *The other Reading, which is the vulgar one, non inmemores Discipuli, you're not unmindful of your Scholar, that is Pamphilus, is very weak. Discipuli here are Mysis, Lesbia, Pamphilus, and all those concerned in carrying on the Artifice. Bentley, Leng, and Hare, likewise take this to be the true Reading, and they have it from Donatus.*

45. Quos me Ludos redderet, as Plautus often has Ludos me facitis. Reddere has the same Signification with

The ANDRIAN. Act III. 115

Sim. What's this? Is he mad for a Stranger? Now I perceive what, like a Fool, I've scarcely found out at last. *[Aside.*

Dav. What does he say he has found out? *[Aside.*

Sim. He first plays this Trick upon me. They pretend that she lyes in, in Order to fright *Chremes*.

[Aside.

Glyc. O! help, *Juno, Lucina*, save me, I beseech ye.

Sim. Hy, hy, so nimble! Ridiculous! As soon as she hear'd I was by the Door, she began. You have not contriv'd this Affair well, *Davus*.

Dav. I?

Sim. Don't your Scholars mind their Cues?

Dav. I don't understand you.

Sim. If this Fellow had attack'd me in a real Marriage, and I had been unprovided, what a Laughing-stock he wou'd have made me! Now the Danger's his; I ride in safe Harbour. *[Aside.*

S C E N E III.

Lesbia, Simo, and Davus.

Lesb. *[She calls to Archylis, who is within.]* As yet, *Archylis*, I see all the usual and necessary Signs of Safety upon her. Now first let her wash: then afterwards give her the Drink which I prescrib'd, and as much as I order'd: I'll come again before long.
By

with facere, to render or make-one a Laughing-stock. I do not think reddere mihi Ludos Latin. Bent. Mihi Ludos redderet can not be Latin in the Sense in which the Words have been usually construed in this Place, viz. what Pranks he wou'd have play'd me! If any Latin can be made of the Words, mihi is significant for the Person entertained with a Jest and not for him of whom a Jest is made. In the last Act of Phormio, says Demipho, speaking of Phormio, ut Ludos facit! What a Jest he makes of us!

Per-ecastor, scitus Puer est natus *Pamphilo*:

Deos quaeso ut sit Superstes, quandoquidem ipse est Ingenio bono,

Cumque huic est veritus optumae Adulescenti facere Injuriam. [Exit *Lesbia*.

S C E N A IV.

Simo et Davos.

Sim. Vel hoc quis non credat, qui te no'rit, abs te esse ortum?

Dav. Quidnam id est?

Sim. Non imperabat coram quid Opus facto esset Puerperae;

Set, postquam egressa' est, illis quae sunt intus clamat de Via.

O! *Dave*, ita contemnor abs te? Aut itane tandem idoneus

Tibi videor esse, quem tam aperte fallere incipias Dolis? 5

Saltem accurate, ut metui videar certe si resciverim.

Dav. Certe, hercle, nunc hic se ipse fallit, haut ego. [Seorsim.

Sim. Edixi tibi,

Interminatus sum, ne faceres; num veritus? Quid retulit?

Credon' tibi hoc nunc, perperisse hanc e *Pamphilo*?

Dav. Teneo quid erret, et quid agam habeo. [Seorsim.

Sim. Quid taces? 10

Dav. Quid credas? Quasi non tibi fiet renuntiatum (46) hoc sic fore.

Sim. Mi'n' quicquam?

Dav.

46. The common Reading is quasi non tibi renuntiata sint haec sic fore. Bentley gives quasi non tibi fiet renuntiatum haec sic fore. Renuntiatum certainly, because *Davus* says soon after renuntiatum' est: he would have said renuntiata in this Place if he had in the

By *Castor*, *Pamphilus* has got a fine Boy: I pray to Heav'n that he may live, since he is so worthy a Man, and dreaded injuring this excellent young Creature. [Lefbia goes.]

SCENE IV.

Simo and *Davus*.

Sim. Who, that knows you, wou'd not believe you to be the Author of this?

Dav. Of what?

Sim. She did not give Orders within Doors for what's proper for the lying in Woman; but, as soon as she came out, she bawls to those within. O! *Davus*, am I so much your Scorn? Or do I seem so fit a Person to be impos'd upon so openly? You might have been a little cautious, that I might seem to be fear'd if I shou'd find it out.

Dav. He imposes on himself now, and not I.

[*Aside.*

Sim. I told you, I warn'd you, not to do this: had I any Awe over you? What have you got by it? Have you prevail'd upon me to think that this Woman has made *Pamphilus* a Father now?

Dav. I see his Mistake; I know what to do.

[*Aside.*

Sim. Why don't you speak?

Dav. What will you believe? As if you was not told that this wou'd be so.

Sim. Was any Thing told to me?

Dav.

other; for the last is intended as an emphatical Repetition of the first. I depart from Bentley in reading *nuntiatum hoc*, which is the more familiar Way of speaking; and *Davus* says in his next Speech *ante intell'ex'ti hoc adsimulari*?

Dav. Eho, an tute intellex'ti hoc adsimulari?

Sim.

Inrideor.

Dav. Renuntiatum'est; nam qui tibi istaec incidit.

Suspicio?

Sim. Qui? Quia te noram.

Dav. Quasi tu dicas factum id Consilio meo.

Sim. Certe enim scio.

Dav. Non satis perno'isti me etiam, qualis sim.

Sim.

Sim. Egon' te?

15

Dav. Set si quid narrare occoepe, continuo dari Tibi Verba censes (47); itaque, hercle, Nil jam mut-tire audeo.

Sim. Hoc ego scio unum, Neminem peperisse hic.

Dav.

Intellex'tin'?

Set Nihilo, fecius mox Puerum huc deferent ante-

Ostium:

Id ego jam nunc tibi, Here, renuntio futurum, ut sis

sciens,

20

Ne tu hoc posterius dicas *Davi* factum Consilio aut

Dolis:

Prorsus a Me Opinionem hanc tuam esse amotam volo.

Sim. Unde id scis?

Dav. Audivi, et credo: multa concurrunt simul, Qui Conjecturam hanc nunc facio: jam primum haec

se e *Pamphilo*

Gravidam

47. All the Editions which I have seen, Bentley's excepted, have continuo dari tibi Verba censes. *Sim.* Falso. Nothing can be more out of Character than *Sim.* saying falso here, who quite thro discovers his Opinion of *Davus* to be that of a sharking sly Knave: nor does Donatus reconcile it by saying it is spoke ironically. Bentley reads falso in *Davus's* Speech. I see no Necessity for it in the Verse: dare Verba signify to deceive, impose upon, or equivocate, in several Passages in Plautus and Terence.

The ANDRIAN. ACT III. 119

Dav. O! O! did you yourself discover that this is all a Sham?

Sim. I am made a Scoff.

Dav. You was told of it; for how shou'd you suspect it?

Sim. How? Because I knew you.

Dav. As if you cou'd say 'twas done by my Advice.

Sim. I'm certain of it.

Dav. *Simo*, you don't know me well enough, what Sort of Man I am.

Sim. I not know you?

Dav. If I begin to tell you any Thing, you think I'm going to deceive you; so that I dare not open my Lips.

Sim. This I know, that Nobody's brought to Bed here.

Dav. You've found out that? But nevertheless they'll bring a Child hither soon before the Door: this, Master, I tell you will happen, that you may know it, and that you may not say afterwards 'twas done by *Davus's* Advice or Contrivance: I wou'd fain remove this your ill Opinion of me.

Sim. How do you know that?

Dav. I hear'd it, and believe it: many Circumstances concur, from which I make this Conjecture: first she say'd she was with Child by *Pamphilus*; that
Falshood's

Terence. *In the fourth Act of Rudens, where Trachalio and Gripus are wrangling before Daemones about the Treasure that Gripus drag'd out of the Sea with his Net, Gripus evades giving direct Answers; therefore says Trachalio, Verba dat, he shuffles, or equivocates: and, in the fourth Scene of the first Act of this Play, says Davus, cui Verba dare difficile est, he is not easily imposed upon. These are two Instances out of many of the Signification of Verba dare: falso is needless, and bad when joined with the other.*

Gravidam dixit esse; inventum est falsum: nunc, postquam videt 25

Nuptias Domi adparari, missa' est Ancilla ilico
Obstetricem adcersitum ad eam, et Puerum ut adferret simul:

Hoc ni sit, tu Puerum ut videas, Nil moventur Nuptiae.

Sim. Quid ais? Ubi intellexeras

Id Consilium capere, cur non dix'ti extemplo *Pamphilo?* 30

Dav. Quis igitur eum ab illa abstraxit, nisi ego?

Nam omnes nos quidem

Scimus hanc quam misere amarit: nunc sibi Uxorem expetit.

Postremo id da mihi Negoti: tu tamen idem has Nuptias

Perge facere ita ut facis; et id spero adiuturos Deos.

Sim. Immo, abi intro; ibi me opperire, et quod parato

Opus est para.

[Exit *Davos*.

35

S C E N A V.

Simo. Non inpulit me haec nunc omnino ut crederem;

Atque haut scio an quae dixit sint vera omnia;

Set parvi pendo: illud mi' multo maxumum' est

Quod mihi pollicitu' est ipse Gnatus. Nunc *Cbremen*

Conveniam: orabo Gnato Uxorem; id si impetro, 5

Quando alias malim quam hodie has fieri Nuptias?

Nam Gnatus quod pollicitu' est, haut dubium' est mihi,

Si nolit, quin eum merito possim cogere;

Atque adeo, in ipso Tempore, eccum ipsum *Cbremen*. (48)

S C E N A

48. Faernus says the common Reading, atque adeo in ipso Tempore eccum ipsum obviam, agrees with the Measure and Sense: by Sense, I suppose, he means the grammatical Sense; for I am sure it does not agree with the Context: he was speaking of his Son: says he, if my Son is unwilling to perform his Promise, I may justly compel

Falshood's detected : now, when she sees the Wedding going forwards at Home, a Maid is sent to fetch the Midwife to her, and to bring a Child along with them : unless you see the Child, the Match is not the farther off.

Sim. What say you ? When you discover'd such a Plot, why did not you immediately tell *Pamphilus* ?

Dav. Who drew him from her but I ? We all know how miserably fond of her he was : now he looks out for a Wife : to conclude, leave the Management of this to me : yet do you go on, as you've began, in making up this Match ; and I hope Heaven will favour us.

Sim. Well, go in ; and wait there for me, and get what is requisite to be got ready. [*Davus* goes.]

SCENE V.

Simo. He has not altogether forc'd me to believe all this ; and yet I don't know whether all that he has say'd may not be true ; however I don't lay much Stress upon it : my Son's Promise is of much greater Consequence to me. Now I'll meet *Chremes* : I'll solicit a Wife for my Son ; if I prevail, when can I desire the Wedding to be better than this Day ? For if my Son is unwilling to perform his Promise, doubtless I may justly compel him ; and, lo, just as I want him, here's *Chremes* himself.

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L

SCENE

compel him ; and, lo, just as I want him, here he is : *here who is ? Ipsum can be a Relative only to Pamphilus ; for Nobody else was mentioned ; and Chremes is the Person coming towards him. This Absurdity Bentley was aware of, and therefore gave, according to Donatus, atque adeo, in ipso Tempore, eccum ipsum Chremen.*

S C E N A VI.

*Simo et Chremes.**Sim.* Jubeo *Chremetem*.*Chrem.* O, te ipsum quaerebam.*Sim.* Et ego te.*Chrem.* Optato advenis.Aliquot me adierunt, ex te auditum qui ai'bant hodie
FiliamMeam nubere tuo Gnato: id viso, tun' an illi insa-
niant.*Sim.* Ausculta; paucis et quid te ego velim, et
quod tu quaeris, scies.*Chrem.* Ausculto: loquere quid velis. 5*Sim.* Per te Deos oro, et nostram Amicitiam,
*Chreme,*Quae incepta a parvis cum Aetate adcrevit simul,
Perque unicam Gnatam tuam, et Gnatum meum,
Cujus tibi Potestas summa servandi datur,
Ut me adjuves in hac Re, atque ita, uti Nuptiae 10
Fuerant futurae, fiant.*Chrem.* Ah! ne me obsecra:
Quasi te hoc orando a me impetrare oporteat!
Alium esse censes nunc me atque olim cum dabam?
Si in Rem est utrique ut fiant, adcerfi jube;
Set si ex ea Re plus Mali est quam Commodi 15
Utrique, id oro te, in commune ut consulas,
Quasi illa tua sit, *Pamphilique* ego sim Pater.*Sim.* Immo ita volo, itaque postulo, ut fiat, *Chreme*;
Neque postulem abs te, ni ipsa Res moneat.*Chrem.* Quid est?*Sim.* Iac sunt inter *Glycerium* et Gnatum.*Chrem.* Audio. 20*Sim.* Ita magnae, ut sperem posse avelli.*Chrem.* Fabulae.*Sim.* Profecto sic est.*Chrem.*

SCENE VI.

Simo and Chremes.

Sim. Save you *Chremes*.

Chrem. O, I was looking for you.

Sim. And I for you.

Chrem. We are met just as I wish'd. Some Persons came to me, and told me, that they hear'd you say my Daughter was this Day to be marry'd to your Son: I wou'd know whether you or they are mad.

Sim. Have a little Patience; and you shall soon know what I wou'd have of you, and what you enquire after.

Chrem. I attend: speak what you've a Mind to say.

Sim. I intreat you, *Chremes*, by the Gods, and by our Friendship, which, from our Childhood, has increas'd with our Years, by your only Daughter, and my only Son, the Preservation of whom is chiefly in your Pow'r, that you will assist me in this Affair, and that this Match may go on as it was intended.

Chrem. Don't ask me: as if you shou'd prevail on me by Intreaty! Don't you take me for the same Person that I was when I promis'd her? If 'tis to their mutual Advantage, let it go forwards, let her be sent for; but if 'twill be attended with more Harm than Good to both, I intreat you to consider impartially, as if she was your Daughter, and he my Son.

Sim. Really so I wou'd, so I desire it to be, *Chremes*; nor wou'd I require it of you, if it was not advisable.

Chrem. Well, what is't?

Sim. There's a War betwixt *Glycerium* and my Son.

Chrem. I hear you.

Sim. So great a one, that I'm in Hopes 'twill entirely part them.

Chrem. Mere Tales.

Sim. 'Tis really so.

Chrem. Sic, hercle, ut dicam tibi,
Amantium Irae Amoris Integratio. (49)

Sim. Hem,
Id te oro, ut ante eamus, dum Tempus datur;
Dumque ejus Lubido occlusa' sit Contumeliis, 25
Priusquam harum Scelera et Lacrumae confictae Dolis
Redducunt Animum aegrotum ad Misericordiam,
Uxorem demus. Spero Consuetudine et
Conjugio liberali devinctum, *Chreme*,
Dein facile ex illis sese emersurum Malis. 30

Chrem. Tibi ita hoc videtur; at ego non posse arbitror,
Neque illum hanc perpetuo habere, neque me perpeti.
Sim. Qui scias ergo istuc, nisi Periculum feceris?

Chrem. At istuc Periculum in Filia fieri grave est.

Sim. Nempe Incommoditas denique huc omnis re-
dit, 35
Si eveniat, quod Di prohibeant, Discessio;
At si corrigitur, quot Commoditates vide;
Principio Amico Filium restitueris;
Tibi Generum firmum, et Filiae, invenias, Virum.

Chrem. Quid istic? Si ita istuc Animum indux' ti esse
utile, 40
Nolo tibi ullum Commodum intercludier. (50)

Sim. Merito te semper maxumi feci, *Chreme*.

Chrem. Set quid ais?

Sim. Quid?

Chrem.

49. Some read Reintegratio, some Redintegratio; but Donatus, and after him Leng, Bentley, Hare, and other Editors, give Integratio; which is certainly the right Reading: our Poet uses integrascit in the second Scene of the fourth Act of this Play: all the three Copys, in Dr. Mead's Collection, have Integratio. See concerning the comic Measure in the Dissertation.

50. This Reading is well supported, by Bentley, against the common Reading Nolo

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Chrem. Yes so, as I'll tell you, the Lover's War is a new Birth to Love.

Sim. Ah! I intreat you to let us prevent it, while Opportunity offers; and, while his Passion is shut out by contumelious Usage, let us marry him, before their Wiles and counterfeited Tears soften his sickly Mind. I hope, *Chremes*, that a continued Intimacy, and an easy marry'd State, will extricate him from those Evils at last.

Chrem. So you think; but I don't suppose either that he can be constant to her, or that I can bear it.

Sim. How can you know, unless you make a Tryal?

Chrem. But 'tis hard to make that Tryal on a Daughter.

Sim. The worst Consequence will be, if it shou'd so happen, which Heav'n forbid, a Separation; but, if he's reclaim'd, consider what Advantages will follow; first you'll restore a Son to your Friend, gain a Son in Law to yourself, and a Husband for your Daughter.

Chrem. What's all this? If you're perswaded that 'twill be so commodious, I wou'd not willingly be an Obstruction to any Advantage you can propose.

Sim. I have always had the greatest Value for you, and deservedly, *Chremes*.

Chremes. But what's this you say?

Sim. What is't you ask after?

L. 3

Chrem.

Nolo tibi ullum Commodum in me claudier.

In me claudier can not be proper here, as in te claudier may in the Eunuch, Act 1, Scene 2, where Phaedria asks his Mistress, whether she had ever found his Generosity shut against her? Nuncubi meam Benignitatem sensisti in te claudier? But even here intercludier, without in te, is proper.

Chrem. Qui scis eos nunc discordare inter se?

Sim. Ipse mihi *Davos*, qui intamum est eorum Consiliis, dixit;

Et is mihi suadet Nuptias, quantum queam, ut matu-
rem :

Num censeres faceret, Filium nisi sciret eadem haec velle?
Tute adeo jam ejus Verba audies. Heus, evocate huc

Davom ;

Atque eccum, video ipsum foras exire.

S C E N A VII.

Davos, *Simo*, et *Chremes*.

Dav. Ad te ibam.

Sim. Quidnam est?

Dav. Cur Uxor non adcersitur? Jam advesperascit.

Sim. Audi'n'? [*Chremeti.*

Ego dudum non Nil veritus sum abs te, *Dave*, ne faceres idem,

Quod Volgus Servorum solet, Dolis ut me deluderet,
Propterea quod amat Filius.

Dav. Egon' istuc facerem?

Sim. Credidi ; 5

Idque adeo metuens, vos celavi quod nunc dicam.

Dav. Quid?

Sim. Scies;

Nam propemodum habeo jam Fidem.

Dav. Tandem cognosti qui siem.

Sim. Non fuerant Nuptiae futurae.

Dav. Quid? Non?

Sim. Set ea Gratia

Simulavi, vos ut pertentarem.

Dav. Quid ais?

Sim. Sic Res est.

Dav. Vide?

Numquam istuc ego quivi intellegere: vah Consilium
callidum!

10
Sim.

Chrem. How d'y' know there's a Difference betwixt them now?

Sim. *Davus* himself, who knows all their Secrets, told me; and he persuades me to conclude the Match as soon as I can: do you think he wou'd do so, if he was not sure my Son wou'd have it so? You shall hear what he says. Soho, call *Davus* hither; and lo, here he comes.

S C E N E VII.

Davus, Simo, and Chremes.

Dav. I was coming to you.

Sim. What's the Matter?

Dav. Why is not the Bride sent for? The Night approaches.

Sim. Do you hear? (To *Chremes*.) *Davus*, I was for some Time not a little distrustful of you, lest you shou'd, as Servants generally do, put your Tricks upon me, because of my Son's Amour.

Dav. Cou'd I do so?

Sim. I believ'd so; and therefore, fearing as much, I conceal'd that from you which I'll now tell you.

Dav. What is it?

Sim. You shall know; for I can now almost confide in you.

Dav. At last you've discover'd what Sort of Person I am.

Sim. This Match was not intended.

Dav. What? Not intended?

Sim. But I carry'd on the Pretence on Purpose to try ye.

Dav. What say you?

Sim. So it is.

Dav. See! What it is to be so politic! I never cou'd have found it out.

Sim.

Sim. Hoc audi : ut hinc te introire jussi, opportune hic fit mihi obviam.

Dav. Hem!

Numnam periiimus? [*Seorsim.*

Sim. Narro huic quae tu dudum narra'isti mihi.

Dav. Quidnam audiam? (51) [*Seorsim.*

Sim. Gnatam ut det oro, vixque id exoro.

Dav. Occidi. [*Seorsim.*

Sim. Hem,

Quid dixisti?

Dav. Optume inquam factum.

Sim. Nunc per hunc nulla' est Mora.

Chrem. Domum modo ibo, ut adparentur dicam ;
atque huc renuntio. [*Exit Chremes.* 15

S C E N A VIII.

Simo et Davos.

Sim. Nunc te oro, *Dave*, quoniam solus mi' effectisti has Nuptias, —

Dav. Ego vero solus! [*Seorsim.*

Sim. — corrigere mi' Gnatum porro enitere.

Dav. Faciam, hercle, sedulo.

Sim. Potes nunc; dum Animus inritatus est.

Dav. Quiescas.

Sim. Age igitur: ubi nunc est ipse?

Dav. Mirum ni Domi est.

Sim. Ibo ad eum; atque eadem haec tibi quae dixi dicam itidem illi. 5

[*Exit Simo.*

S C E N A

51. Among the other Reasons which Bentley gives, for preferring quidnam audiam to quidnam audio, I think

Sim. Hear me : when I order'd you to go in from hence, I met this Person very opportunely.

Dav. Ah ! Are we ruin'd ? [*Aside.*

Sim. I acquaint him with what you told me just now.

Dav. What am I going to hear ? [*Aside.*

Sim. I'm intreating him to give his Daughter, and with Difficulty I've prevail'd on him.

Dav. I'm a dead Man. [*Aside.*

Sim. Ah ! What's that you say'd ?

Dav. Excellently manag'd, I say.

Sim. Now there's no Delay on his Side.

Chrem. I'll go directly Home, and order them to be ready ; and then I'll return hither, and inform ye what I've done. [*Chremes goes.*

S C E N E VIII.

Simo and Davus.

Sim. Now I beseech you, *Davus*, since you alone have brought about this Match for me, —

Dav. I alone indeed ! [*Aside.*

Sim. —continue your Endeavours to reclaim my Son.

Dav. By *Herc'les*, I'll do my best.

Sim. You may now, while his Resentment's warm:

Dav. You may be satisfy'd.

Sim. Therefore go about it : where is he now ?

Dav. 'Tis a Wonder if he is not at Home.

Sim. I'll go to him, and tell him what I've been telling you. [*Simo goes.*

S C E N E

think it sufficient that Menander, of whom our Poet a professed Translator, has the same Expression, τὸ ἐν ποτὶ ἀνδρῶν.

S C E N A IX.

Dav.

Nullus sum.

Quid Causae est quin hinc in Pistrinum recta profisciscar Via?

Nihil est Preci Loci relictum; jam perturbavi omnia;
Herum fefelli; in Nuptias conjeci herilem Filium;
Feci hodie ut fierent, insperante hoc, atque invito *Pam-*
philo. Hem! 5

Astutias! quod si quiessem, Nihil evenisset Mali:
Set eccum video ipsum: occidi.

Utinam mihi esset aliquid hic, quo me nunc Praecipitem darem.

S C E N A X.

Pamphilus et Davos.

Pam. Ubi illic est Scelus, qui me perdidit? (52)

Perii; atque hoc confiteor Jure

Mi' obtigisse, quandoquidem tam iners; tam nulli
Consili sum!

Servon' Fortunas meas me commisisse futili!

Ego Pretium ob Stultitiam fero; set inultum id nunquam a me auferet. [*Seorsim.*]

Dav. Posthac incolumem sat scio fore me, nunc si hoc devito Malum. [*Seorsim.* 5]

Pam. Nam quid ego nunc dicam Patri? Negabon' velle me, modo

Qui sum pollicitus ducere? Qua Fiducia id facere audeam?

Nec quid me nunc faciam scio. [*Seorsim.*
Dav.

52. Bentley would substitute *hodie* for *perdidit*, and have the latter understood, as spoke in a *Passion*, like this, in Virgil,

Quos ego—sed Motos praestat componere Fluctus.

I can

SCENE IX.

Davus. I'm an undone Man. What can hinder my being sent directly to Bridewell? There's no Room for Intreaty; I've spoil'd all; I've deceiv'd my Master, and throw'd his Son upon a Marriage; I have brought it about this Day, contrary to the old Man's Expectation, and to *Pamphilus's* Desire. Ah! my Cunning! If I had been quiet, no Harm had happen'd: but here he is: I'm a dead Man. I wish there was a Place near, from which I might break my Neck.

SCENE X.

Pamphilus and Davus.

Pam. Where's the Wretch to whom I owe my Ruin? I am undone; and I confess I deserve as much, heedless Fool that I was! To commit my Fortunes to a babbling Slave! I therefore am rewarded for my Folly; but he shall never escape my Revenge.

[*To himself.*]

Dav. I'm certain I shall be secure hereafter, if I get well off now.

[*To himself.*]

Pam. For what shall I now say to my Father? Shall I refuse a Wife that I just before promis'd to marry? With what Face can I do it? I know not what to do with myself.

[*To himself.*]

Dav.

I can not think perdidit can be spared; and, as it stands, Hare says the r must be drop'd in the Measure, to make the Syllable short: a Licence which I can not account for. I think Bentley's Deviation from the common Division of the Words (PAM. Qui me perdidit? DAV. Perii. PAM. Atque hoc confiteor &c.) is right.

Dav. Nec quid me, atque id ago fedulo.
Dicam aliquid me inventurum, ut huic Malo aliquam
producam Moram. [Seorsim.

Pam. O! [Davum videns.

Dav. Visus sum. [Seorsim.

Pam. Ehodum, bone Vir, quid ais? Vide'n' me
Confiliis tuis 10

Miserum inpeditum esse?

Dav. At jam expediam.

Pam. Expedies?

Dav. Certe, *Pamphile*.

Pam. Nempe ut modo.

Dav. Immo melius, spero.

Pam. O! tibi ego ut credam, *Furcifer*?

Tu Rem inpeditam et perditam restituas? Hem, quo
fretus sim?

Qui me hodie ex tranquillissima Re conjecisti in Nup-
tias!

Annon dixi esse hoc futurum?

Dav. Dix'ti.

Pam. Quid meritu's?

Dav. Crucem: 15

Set sine paululum ad me redeam; jam aliquid dispi-
ciam.

Pam. Hei mihi,

Cum non habeo Spatium ut de te sumam Supplicium,
ut volo!

Namque hoc Tempus praecavere mihi me, haut te
ulcisci, monet.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Charinus, Pamphilus, et Davos.

Char. [Seorsim, illos non videns.

HOC CINE credibile, aut memorabile!

Tanta Vecordia innata cuiquam ut fiet,
Ut Malis gaudeat, atque ex incommodis

Alterius

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Dav. Nor I with myself, tho I'm earnest about it.
I'll say that I've a Scheme in my Head, to put off the
evil Hour. *[To himself.]*

Pam. O! *[Seeing Davus.]*

Dav. He sees me. *[Aside.]*

Pam. So, good Sir, what say you? Do you see
how you've hamper'd me with your Advice?

Dav. But I'll soon free you.

Pam. You free me?

Dav. Verily, *Pamphilus*.

Pam. Yes, as you did just now.

Dav. In a better Manner, I hope.

Pam. O! how can I trust to such a Hang-dog?
Will you restore that which is gone and lost? Alas!
on whom can I rely? On one who has this Day cast
me, from the fairest Situation, on a Marriage! Did I
not tell you this wou'd be the Consequence?

Dav. You did.

Pam. What do you deserve?

Dav. The Gallows: but let me recover myself a
little; and I'll soon find out an Expedient.

Pam. O! that I have not Time to punish you as I
wou'd! My present Condition bids me take Care of
myself, and not to satiate my Revenge on you.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Charinus, Pamphilus, and Davus.

Char. *[To himself, not seeing them.]*

IS this to be believ'd, or related! That any one
shou'd be so possess'd in Nature as to rejoice in
another's Pains, and to make his Advantage of
M another's

Alterius sua ut comparet commoda! Ah!

Idne est verum? Immo id est Genus Hominum pessimum,
5

In denegando modo queis Pudor paulum adest;

Post ubi Tempus Promissa jam perfici,

Tum coacti necessario se aperiunt;

Et timent, et tamen Res premit denegare;

Ibi tum eorum inpuidentissima Oratio est,
10

Quis tu es? Quis mihi es? Cur ego meam tibi? Heus,

Proxumus sum egomet mi': attamen ubi Fides,

Si roges, Nil pudet hic, ubi Opu't; illic ubi

Nil Opu't, ibi verentur:

Set quid agam? Adeamne ad eum, et cum eo Injuriam hanc expostulem?
15

Ingeram Mala multa: atque aliquis dicat, Nil promoveris;

Nil? (53) Molestus certe ei fuero, atque Animo Morem gessero.

Pam. Charine, et me et te inprudens, nisi quid Di respiciunt, perdidisti.

Char. Itane inprudens? Tandem inventa't Causa. Solvistis Fidem.

Pam. Quid ita tandem?

Char. Etiam me Dictis ducere istis postulas? 20

Pam. Quid istuc est?

Char. Postquam me amare dixi, complacita't tibi.

Heu me miserum, qui tuum Animum ex Animo spectavi meo!

Pam. Falsus es.

Char. Non satis tibi esse hoc solidum visum't Gaudium,

Nisi me lactasses amantem, et falsa Spe produceres. Habeas.

Pam.

53. I meet with this Reading in none but Bentley's Edition; which, without farther consulting any Authorities, I abuse, because of the nice Turn of Thought and Express-

another's Disadvantage! Is it true? Surely they are the worst of Men, who are only a little ashamed to deny a Request, but, when the Time of fulfilling their Promise comes, are by Necessity oblig'd to discover themselves; they are afraid, and yet, the Case is such, they are forc'd to deny what before they granted: then this is their shameless Language, who are you? What are you to me? Why must I resign my Right to you? Charity begins at Home: yet, if you ask where is their Honour, they blush not where they ought; but, where there is no Room for Fear, they tremble: but what shall I do? Shall I go to him, and charge him with this injurious Treatment? I'll load him with Reproaches: but some may say, you'll get Nothing thereby: Nothing? Yes surely I shall torment him, and indulge my own Resentment.

Pam. Charinus, unless Heav'n befriends us, I have ruin'd both myself and you by my Imprudence.

Char. By your Imprudence? You've found an Excuse at last. You have forfeited your Honour.

Pam. What at last?

Char. Wou'd you again deceive me with your Speeches?

Pam. What is the Meaning of this?

Char. After I told you that I lov'd her, then she had Charms for you. Alas! that I shou'd view your Heart in the Mirror of my own!

Pam. You are mistaken.

Char. The Fullness of your Joy was not compleat, till you had sooth'd my lovesick Mind, and led me on with Hope, deceitful Hope.—You may take her.

M 2

Pam.

Expression which it gives to the Passage, preferable to the vulgar Reading: Nil promoveris: multum, molestus certe ei fuero.

Pam. Habeam? Ah! nescis quantis in Malis ver-
fer miser, 25
Quantasque hic suis Consiliis mihi confecit Sollicitu-
dines

Meus Carnufex!

Char. Quid istuc tam Mirum, de te si Exemplum
capit?

Pam. Haut istuc dicas, si cogno'ris vel me vel Amo-
rem meum.

Char. Scio, cum Patre altercasti dudum; et is nunc
propterea tibi

Succenset; nec te quivit hodie cogere illam ut du-
ceres. 30

Pam. Immo etiam, quo tu minus scis Aerumnas
meas.

Hae Nuptiae non adparabantur mihi;
Nec postulabat nunc quisquam Uxorem dare:

Char. Scio: tu coactus tua Voluntate es.

Pam. Mane:
Nondum etiam scis ———

Char. Scio equidem illam ducturum esse te. 35

Pam. Cur me enicas? Hoc audi. Numquam de-
stitit

Instare, ut dicerem me ducturum Patri,
Suadere, orare, usque adeo donec perpulit.

Char. Quis Homo istuc?

Pam. Davos.

Char. Davos? (54) Quamobrem?

Pam.

54. *Some read* Quis Homo istuc? PAM. Davos.
CHAR. Davos? PAM. Interturbat omnia. CHAR.
Quamobrem? *Some Editions have* Quis Homo istuc?
PAM. Davos. CHAR. Davos? PAM. Omnia.
CHAR. Quamobrem? *Some give* interturbat *without*
omnia; and some make Pamphilus say Davos intertur-
bat omnia: *to all which bear what Bentley says.*
Some-

Pam. I take her? Alas! thou know'st not what a Wretch I am, into what Miserys and Cares my Villain here has plung'd me by his Counsel!

Char. And where's the Wonder, if you are his Example?

Pam. You wou'd use another Language, was you well acquainted either with me or my Love.

Char. I know some Words pass'd lately betwixt your Father and you; and therefore he's displeas'd with you; nor cou'd he force you to marry her this day.

Pam. 'Tis true, yet little do you know of my Distress. This Match was not prepar'd for me; nor did any one at this Time require me to accept a Bride.

Char. I know it: you are constrain'd by your own Inclination.

Pam. Have Patience: you know not yet ———

Char. I know certainly that you are going to marry her.

Pam. Why do you kill me? Hear me: he never ceas'd to importune, to persuade, to implore, me to tell my Father I wou'd marry, till at Length he prevail'd.

Char. Name the Man who did it?

Pam. *Davus.*

Char. *Davus*? Wherefore?

M 3

Pam.

Somebody formerly wrote Davos interturbat omnia in the Margin of his Book, which afterwards creeped into the Text, and is now extant in most Copyes: some, who thought these Words outran the Measure, began to correct the Reading, according to their particular Judgements. Whether this is only the learned Doctor's Conjecture or not, I can not tell; but I think interturbat omnia may be very well spared.

Pam. Nescio,
Nisi mihi Deos fuisse iratos, qui auscultaverim. 40
Char. Factum est hoc, *Dave?*

Dav. Factum est.

Char. Hem, quid ais, Scelus?

At tibi Di dignum Factis Exitium duint.

Eho, dic mihi, si omnes hunc conjectum in Nuptias
Inimici vellent, quid nisi hoc Consilium darent?

Dav. Deceptus sum, at non defatigatus.

Char. Scio. 45

Dav. Hac non successit, alia adgrediemur Via,
Nisi id putas, quia primo processit parum,
Non jam ad Salutem posse converti hoc Malum.

Pam. Immo etiam; nam satis credo, si advigila-
veris,

Ex unis geminas mihi conficies Nuptias. 50

Dav. Ego, *Pamphile*, hoc tibi pro Servitio debeo,
Conari Manibus, Pedibus, Noctesque et Dies,
Capitis Periculum adire, dum prosum tibi:
Tuum' est, si quid praeter Spem evenit, mi' ignoscere.
Parum succedit quod ago: at facio sedulo. 55
Vel melius tute reperi, me missum face.

Pam. Cupio: restitue quem a me accepisti Locum.

Dav. Faciam.

Pam. At jam hoc Opus est.

Dav. (55) St! concrepuit a *Glycerio* Ostium.

Pam. Nihil ad te.

Dav. Quaero.

Pam. Hem! nuncne demum?

Dav. At jam hoc tibi Inventum dabo.

SCENA

55. *The common Reading is hem, st! mane, concre-*
puit a GLYCERIO Ostium. BENTLEY reads set
concrepuit hinc a GLYCERIO Ostium. I think with
Bentley hem and mane entirely unnecessary; but I can-
not

Pam. I can't tell, unless Heav'n was angry with me because I listen'd to him.

Char. Is this your Work, *Davus*?

Dav. 'Tis mine.

Char. Ah! say you so, Villain?—But may the Gods bring you to the End which you deserve. Tell me, if all his Enemys wou'd have forc'd him on this Match, what other Counsel cou'd they have giv'n?

Dav. I am disappointed, but not dishearten'd.

Char. I know it.

Dav. We have not succeeded in this, let us follow another Method, unless you think, because it turn'd out so ill at first, this Misfortune can not be remedy'd.

Pam. O, yes; for I sincerely believe, if you go about it in Earnest, out of one Wedding you can work me into two.

Dav. This *Pamphilus*, I owe you, to endeavour with all my Pow'r, Night and Day, to risque my Life, to serve you: if any Thing happens contrary to Expectation, 'tis your Part to forgive me. What I do succeeds but ill, yet I do it carefully. Do you contrive better, and dismiss me.

Pam. That I desire: place me in the Situation in which you found me.

Dav. I will.

Pam. But there's a Necessity for it immediately.

Dav. St! I hear *Glycerium's* Door creak.

Pam. That's Nothing to you.

Dav. I'm thinking for you.

Pam. Ah! are you now at last?

Dav. I'll give you a Sample of my Skill presently.

SCENE

not give up st. S. and t are used more than once by Terence as a Sign for Silence, or what we call hush: and this st is frequent in Plautus; and in some Places st is repeated, st, st, as if we should say hush, hush. Two of Dr. Mead's Copys have hem, st. mane.

S C E N A II.

Myfis, Pamphilus, Charinus, et Davos.

Myf. [*Glycerio, quae intus est*] Jam, ubi ubi erit,
inventum tibi curabo, et mecum adductum,
Tuum Pamphilum, modo tu, Anime mi, noli te ma-
cerare.

Pam. Myfis.

Myf. Quis est? Hem, Pamphile, optume te mihi
offers.

Pam.

Quid est?

Myf. Orare jussit, si se ames, Hera, jam ut ad sese
venias:

Videre ait te cupere.

Pam. Vah! perii: hoc Malum integrascit. 5
[*Davo*]

Siccine me atque illam Opera tua nunc miseros solli-
citari!

Nam idcirco adcerfor, Nuptias quod mihi adparari
sensit.

Char. Quibus quidem quam facile potuerat quiesci,
si hic quiescet!

Dav. Age; si hic non insanit satis sua sponte, in-
stiga.

Myf.

Atque, edepol,

Ea Res est, proptereaque nunc misera in Moerore est.

Pam.

Myfis,

10

Per omnis (56) adjuro Deos, numquam eam me de-
ferturum,

Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse Inimicos omneis
Homines.

Hanc

56. The Accusatives plural of many Words, whose Nominatives end in es, Plautus and Terence frequently wrote in is. One of Dr. Mead's Copies have *venientis, abeuntis, Act. 1, Sc. 1, V. 57, of this Play; and so Bentley writes them. This Termination, in the accusative.*

SCENE II.

Myfis, Pamphilus, Charinus, and Davus.

Myf. [To Glycerium, who is within.] Now, wherever he shall happen to be, I'll take Care to find your *Pamphilus* for you, and bring him with me, only do you leave off fretting yourself, my Soul.

Pam. Myfis.

Myf. Who's that? O! *Pamphilus*, happily met.

Pam. What's the Matter?

Myf. My Mistress charg'd me to intreat you, if you love her, to come to her directly: she says she longs to see you.

Pam. Alas! I am undone: these Troubles return fresh upon us.—[To *Davus*.] That she and I, poor Wretches, shou'd thus be plagu'd now by your Means! She has perceiv'd that Preparations are making for the Wedding, and therefore I'm sent for.

Char. From which how secure and quiet might we have been, if he wou'd have been easy!

Dav. Go on; if he is not mad enough of himself, do you make him so.

Myf. And really that is the Cause of her present Complaint, poor Soul.

Pam. Myfis, I call all Heav'n to witness, that I will ne'er forsake her, tho I was sure to make all Men my Enemys. I woo'd her, and I won her: our
Tempers

sative Case plural, is rejected quite thro our Poet by several Editors, ignorantly by most: We have no Reason to doubt that the accusative Cases of some Words were so wrote; and they are as consistent with the Laws of Speech as those in es.

Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt Mores; valeant,

Qui inter nos Discidium volunt: hanc, nisi Mors, mi' adimet Nemo.

Myf. Resipisco.

Pam. Non *Apollinis* magis verum atque hoc Responsum est. 15

Si poterit fieri, ut ne Pater per me stetisse credat, Quo minus hae fierent Nuptiae, volo; set, si id non poterit,

Id faciam, in proclivi quod est, per me stetisse ut credat. Quis videor?

Char. Miser, aequae atque ego.

Dav. Consilium quaero.

Char. Fortis.

Pam. Scio quid conere.

Dav. Hoc ego tibi profecto effectum reddam. 20

Pam. Jam hoc Opus est.

Dav. Quin jam habeo.

Char. Quid est?

Dav. Huic, non tibi, habeo, ne erres.

Char. Sat habeo.

Pam. Quid facies? Cedo.

Dav. Dies mi' hic ut satis sit vereor

Ad agendum: ne vacuum esse me nunc ad narrandum credas:

Proinde hinc vos amolimini; nam mi' Impedimento estis.

Pam. Ego hanc visam. [Pamphilus exit.]

SCENA III.

Davos, Charinus, et Myf.

Dav. Quid tu? Quo hinc te agis?

Char. Verum vis dicam?

Dav. Immo etiam.

Narrationis incipit mihi Initium. (57) *Char.*

57. Incipit Initium is not consistent with the usual Elegance of our Poet; nor is it an Example that should be

The ANDRIAN. ACT IV. 143

Tempers so well agree, that I bid adieu to those who wou'd sow Dissentions betwixt us: Death alone shall part us.

Myf. You revive me.

Pam. *Apollo* never gave a truer Answer. I shou'd be glad to have my Father believe that the Wedding was not put off by me, but, if that can't be, I'll directly let him know I was the Hindrance. How do I look?

Char. As much like a Wretch as myself.

Dav. My Head's at Work.

Char. You are no Coward.

Pam. I know what you wou'd do.

Dav. I'll do this effectually for you.

Pam. But it must be done now.

Dav. Well, I have it now.

Char. What is't?

Dav. 'Tis for him, and not for you, don't mistake.

Char. I'm answer'd.

Pam. Tell me what you'll do?

Dav. I'm afraid this Day is not sufficient for me to do the Business: don't think I've Time now to tell you what 'tis: therefore get ye both away; for ye hinder me.

Pam. I'll pay a Visit to her. [*Pamphilus goes.*]

S C E N E III.

Davus, Charinus, and Myfis.

Dav. What will you do? Where do you go?

Char. Wou'd you have me speak Truth?

Dav. Certainly. He's now preparing for a Tale.

Char.

be followed. In the 7th Scene of the 5th Act, V. 22, the same Sentiment is expressed in a good Stile, Fabulam inceptat.

144 ANDRIA. ACTUS IV.

Char. Quid me fiet?
Dav. Eho, tu impudens, non satis habes, quod tibi
 Dieculam addo,
 Quantum huic promoveo Nuptias?
Char. *Dave*, at tamen——
Dav. Quid ergo?
Char. Ut ducam.
Dav. Ridiculum!
Char. Huc face ad me venias, si quid poteris. 5
Dav. Quid veniam? Nil habeo.
Char. At tamen, si quid——
Dav. Age, veniam.
Char. Si quid,
 Domi ero. [Exit *Charinus*.]

SCENA IV.

Davos et *Myfis*.

Dav. Tu, *Myfis*, dum exeo, parumper opperire hic.
Myf. Quapropter?
Dav. Ita factum est Opus.
Myf. Matura.
Dav. Jam, inquam, hic adero. 2
 [Exit *Davos*.]

SCENA V.

Myfis. Nilne esse proprium cuiquam! Di vestram
 Fidem!
 Summum Bonum esse Herae deputabam hunc *Pam-*
phitum,
 Amicum, Amatorem, Virum in quovis Loco
 Paratum: verum ex eo nunc misera quem capit
 Dolorem! Facile hic plus mali est quam (58) boni: 5
 Set *Davos* exit.

SCENA

58. As I never was able to make any Sense of facile
 hic plus mali est quam illic boni, I chuse to give the
 Passage a Turn, tho contrary to all the Readings which

Char. What will become of me?

Dav. O! you unreasonable Man, are not you contented that I give a Day's Respite, by putting off this Wedding?

Char. *Davus*, but yet——

Dav. What but?

Char. That I may have her.

Dav. Ridiculous!

Char. If you can do any Thing, come to me here.

Dav. What shou'd I come for? I can do Nothing.

Char. Yet, if you can——

Dav. Well, go; I will come.

Char. If any Thing happens, I shall be at Home.

[*Charinus* goes.]

SCENE IV.

Davus and *Myfis*.

Dav. *Myfis*, stay here a little, while I take a Step.

Myf. Why?

Dav. There's a Necessity for it.

Myf. Don't stay.

Dav. I'll be here presently, I say. [*Davus* goes.]

SCENE V.

Myfis. Is no one secure of any Thing! Good Gods! I look'd on this *Pamphilus* as the chief Blessing to my Mistress, as her Friend, her Lover, as a Husband always ready to protect her: but what Sorrow does she, poor Creature, go thro on his Account! Verily there's more Harm in it than Good: but here comes *Davus*.

N

SCENE

I have seen, which makes that proper, with the Omision of one Word, which was not before intelligible. The usual Construction of the Words, as they stand in all Editions,

SCENA VI.

Myfis et Davos.

Myf. Homo, quid istuc obsecro'ſt?
Quo portas Puerum?

Dav. *Myfis*, nunc Opus est tua
Mihi ad hanc Rem exprompta Malitia, atque Astutia.

Myf. Quidnam incepturu's?

Dav. Accipe a me hunc ocius,
Atque ante nostram Januam adpone.

Myf. Obsecro, 5
Humine?

Dav. Ex (59) Ara hinc fume Verbenas tibi,
Atque eas substerne.

Myf. Quamobrem tute non facis?

Dav. Quia, si forte Opus sit ad Herum jurandum
mihi
Non adposuisse, ut liquido possim.

Myf. Intellego :
Nova nunc Religio te istaec incessit cedo? 10

Dav. Move ocius te, ut quid agam porro intellegas.
Proh! *Juppiter!*

Mys. Quid est?

Dauid. Sponsae Pater intervenit:
Repudio Consilium quod primum intenderam.

Myf. Nescio quid narras.

Dav. Ego quoque hinc ab Dextera
Venire me adsimulabo: tu, ut subservias
Orationi, utcumque Opu'it, Verbis vide.

Myf.

Editions, is this, there is more Ill in her Sorrow, or Trouble, (some read Dolorem, some Laborem,) than there is good in his Love: See particularly Camus's Edition for the Use of the Dauphine: which is not only a poor Meaning, and unworthy Terence, but inconsistent with what Myfis had say'd before in the preceding Scenes:

SCENE VI.

Myfis and Davus.

Myf. Pr'ythee, Man, what have you there? Where are you carrying the Child?

Dav. Now, *Myfis*, assist me, with all the ready Malice and Cunning you're Mistress of, for I want them this Instant.

Myf. What are you about?

Dav. Take this from me quickly, and lay him at our Door.

Myf. On the Ground, pr'ythee?

Dav. Take the Herbs from the Altar, (59) and throw under him.

Myf. Why don't you do't yourself?

Dav. Because, if I shou'd have Occasion to swear to my Master that I did not lay it here, I may do it with a safe Conscience.

Myf. I understand you: how came you to be so scrupulous on a sudden?

Dav. Stir yourself quick, that you may know what I have farther to do. O! *Jupiter!*

Myf. What is all this?

Dav. The Bride's Father's coming this Way: I lay aside my first Design.

Myf. I don't know what you talk about.

Dav. I'll pretend to come on the right Hand here: do you take Care to help me out in my Discourse as there's Occasion.

N 2

Myf.

Scenes: I therefore chuse to be singular and intelligible rather than to go with all the Editors and Translators of our Poet and be obscure.

59 Altars were not confined to Temples, in Athens, but erected in the Streets; several Instances of which appear in Plautus, and other antient Authors.

Myf. Ego quid agas Nihil intellego; ſet, ſi quid eſt,
Quod mea Opera Opus ſit vobis, ut tu plus vides,
Manebo, ne quod voſtrum remorer Commodum.

[Exit *Davos*.]

S C E N A VII.

Chremes et *Myſis*.

Chrem. Revertor, poſtquam quae Opus fuere ad
Nuptias

Gnaetae paravi, ut jubeam adcerſi: ſet quid hoc?

Puer hercle'ſt. [*Scorſim.*]——Mulier, tu adpoſuiſti
hunc?

Myf. Ubi illic eſt? [*Scorſim.*]

Chrem. Non mihi reſpondes?

Myf. Nuſquam eſt. Vae miſerae mihi!
Reliquit me Homo, atque abiit. [*Scorſim.* 5

S C E N A VIII.

Davos, *Myſis*, et *Chremes*.

Dav. [*Simulans non videre Chremetem.*] Di vo-
ſtram Fidem!

Quid Turbae apud Forum'ſt! Quid illic Hominum
litigant!

Tum Annona cara'ſt. [*Clare loquitur.*]——

Quid dicam aliud nescio. [*Scorſim.*]

Myf. Cur tu, obſecro, hic me ſolam?

Dav. Hem, quae haec eſt Fabula?

Eho, *Myſis*, Puer hic unde eſt? Quiſve huc adtulit? 5

Myf. Satin' ſanus es, me qui id rogites?

Dav. Quem igitur rogem,
Qui hic Neminem alium videam?

Chrem. Miror unde ſit. [*Scorſim.*]

Dav. Dictura es quod rogo?

Myf. Au!

Dav. Concede ad Dexteram. [*Myſi ſeparatim.*]

Myf. Deliras: non tute ipſe?

Dav.

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Myf. I don't comprehend, in the least, what you're about; but if my Assistance is, any Way, needful, as you know best, I'll stay, that I may not be a Hindrance to any Advantage you propose.

[*Davus* goes.]

SCENE VII.

Chremes and *Myfis*.

Chrem. Now I have prepar'd what's necessary for my Daughter's Wedding, I am come back that I may order her to be sent for: but what's here? A Child by *Herc'les*. [*To himself.*]—Woman, did you lay this here?

Myf. Where's the Man gone? [*Aside.*]

Chrem. Don't you answer me?

Myf. He's not here. O! miserable! The Fellow has left me, and is gone. [*Aside.*]

SCENE VIII.

Davus, *Myfis*, and *Chremes*.

Dav. [*Pretending not to see Chremes.*] Good Gods! What a Rout there is at the Market! What a Hurly-burly the People make there! Besides Provision's dear. [*Loud.*]—I don't know what else to say. [*Aside.*]

Myf. Pr'ythee, why d'y' leave me here alone?

Dav. Hy, hy, what Farce is this? Whence came this Child, *Myfis*? or who brought it here?

Myf. Are you in your Senses, to ask me such a Question?

Dav. Whom shou'd I ask, when I see Nobody else here?

Chrem. I wonder from whence it came. [*Aside.*]

Dav. Will you answer me?

Myf. Ah!

Dav. Come to my right Hand. [*Aside to Myfis.*]

Myf. You are mad: did not you yourself?

150 ANDRIA. ACTUS IV.

Dav. Verbum unum mihi,
Praetereaquam quod te rogo, faxis cave. 10

[*Myfi separatim.*

Myf. Male dicis.

Dav. Unde'ft? [*Clare loquitur.*]—Dic clare.

[*Separatim Myfi.*

Myf. A nobis.

Dav. Ha, ha, he,

Mirum vero, impudenter Mulier fi facit

Meretrix.

Chrem. Ab *Andria* eft haec, quantum intellego.

[*Seorfim.*

Dav. Adeon' videmur vobis effe idonei,
In quibus fic inludatis?

Chrem. Veni in Tempore. [*Seorfim.* 15

Dav. Propera adeo Puerum tollere hinc ab Janua.—

[*Voce mitiore.*]

Mane. Cave quoquam ex iftoc excessis Loco.

Myf. Di te eradicent, ita me miseram territas.

Dav. Tibi dico ego, annon?

Myf. Quid vis?

Dav. At etiam rogas?

Cedo, cujum Puerum hic adposuifti? Dic mihi. 20

Myf. Tu nescis?

Dav. Mitte id quod feio: dic quod rogo.

Myf. Veftri.

Dav. Cujus noftri?

Myf. *Pamphili.*

Dav. Hem! Quid? *Pamphili?*

Myf. Eho, annon eft?

Chrem. Recte ego (60) nempe has fugi Nuptias.

[*Seorfim.*

Dav.

60. *The common Reading is recte ego semper has fugi Nuptias: but how could Terence make Chremes say here he always avoided this Match? In the first Act, Scene I, Verse 73, he makes Simo say CHREMES came of his own Accord to offer his only Daughter, with*

The ANDRIAN. ACT IV. 151

Dav. Take Care, and don't answer to a Tittle more than I ask you. [*Aside to Myfis.*]

Myf. You use me ill.

Dav. Whence came it? [*He speaks loud.*] Answer loud. [*Aside to her.*]

Myf. From us.

Dav. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis a great Wonder truly that a Strumpet shou'd act void of Shame.

Chrem. As far as I can find, this Wench belongs to the *Andrian*. [*Aside.*]

Dav. Do ye take us for proper Persons to play your Tricks with thus?

Chrem. I came in Time. [*Aside.*]

Dav. Make Haste, and take the Child from the Door. — [*Lowering his Voice.*] Don't stir. Take Care, and don't move from that Place.

Myf. A Curse attend you, you terrify me so.

Dav. Do I speak to you, or not?

Myf. What wou'd you have?

Dav. Do you ask? Tell me whose Child you have lay'd here? Answer me.

Myf. Don't you know?

Dav. Don't concern yourself with what I know: tell me what I ask.

Myf. It belongs to you.

Dav. To which of us?

Myf. To *Pamphilus*.

Dav. Ah! What? To *Pamphilus*?

Myf. Why, does it not?

Chrem. I did right to avoid this Match. [*Aside.*
Dav.]

with a large Portion, to his Son: and, *Act 3, Scene 7, Verse 15*, *Chremes* says he will go Home, and order them to be ready: and in the Beginning of this Scene he says he has prepar'd what's necessary for his Daughter's Wedding: with what Propriety therefore could

- Dav.* O! Facinus animadvertendum!
Myf. Quid clamitas?
Dav. Quemne ego heri vidi ad vos adferri Vef-
peri? 25
Myf. O! Hominem audacem!
Dav. Verum: vidi *Cantharam*
Subfarcinatam.
Myf. Dis, pol, habeo Gratias
Cum in pariundo aliquot adfuerunt liberae. (61)
Dav. Nae illa illum haut novit, cujus Causa haec
incipit.
Chremes, si adpositum Puerum ante Aedis viderit, 30
Suam Gnatam non dabit: tanto, hercle, magis dabit.
- Chrem.* Non, hercle, faciet. [Seorsim.
Dav. Nunc adeo, ut tu sis sciens,
Nisi Puerum tollis, jam ego hunc in mediam Viam
Pervolvam, teque ibidem pervolvam in Luto.
Myf. Tu, pol, Homo non es sobrius.
Dav. Fallacia 35
Alia aliam trudit: jam susurrari audio
Civem *Atticam* (62) esse hanc.
Chrem. Hem! [Seorsim.
Dav. Coactus Legibus
Eam Uxorem ducet.
Myf. Eho, obsecro, annon Civis est?
Chrem. Jocularium in Malum insciens paene incidi.
[Seorsim.
Dav.

could he say he had always avoided the Match? Read with Bentley against all, recte ego NEMPE has fugi Nuptias.

61. Tho I translate liberae reputable Women, the Word literally means free Women, Women free of Athens: for none but such as were free were allowed to appear as Witnesses: see towards the End of the first Act of Phormio, where Geta says, Servom Hominem Causam

Dav. O! Abominable!

Myf. What's all this Noise for?

Dav. What Child was it I saw carry'd to your House last Night?

Myf. O! Impudence!

Dav. 'Tis true: I saw *Canthara* with a Bundle under her Coats.

Myf. I thank Heav'n that some reputable (61) Women were at her Labour.

Dav. Indeed she don't know the Person, on whose Account she plays this Game. If the Child is lay'd before his Door, *Chremes*, thinks she, will not give his Daughter: but, by *Herc'les*, he will the sooner for that.

Chrem. But, by *Herc'les*, he will not. [*Aside.*

Dav. Now, to let you know, unless you take away the Child, I'll tumble him directly in the Middle of the Road, and you after him in the Mire.

Myf. The Man's out of his Senses.

Dav. One Sham comes on the Back of another: now I hear them whisper that she's a Citizen of Athens.

Chrem. Ah! [*Aside.*

Dav. That he'll be compel'd by the Laws to marry her.

Myf. Hark y', pr'ythee, is she not a Citizen?

Chrem. I had almost fall'n into a whimsical Sort of a Scrape here unaware.

[*Aside.*

Dav.

Causam orare Leges non sinunt, neque Testimoni Dicitio est, *the Laws don't allow a Servant to plead, nor is his Evidence taken: so in this Sense liberae may properly be called reputable Women, because no other were of Repute.*

62. Among the Laws of Athens was that equitable one, which compelled the Man to marry the Woman, if she was a free Woman, whom he had debauched.

Dav. Quis hic loquitur? O, *Chreme*, per Tempus
advenis. 40

Ausculata.

Chrem. Audiavi jam omnia.

Dav. Anne haec tu omnia?

Chrem. Audiavi, inquam, a Principio.

Dav. Audi'itin', obsecro? Hem!

Scelera! Hanc jam oportet in Cruciatum hinc abripi.

Hic est ille: non te credas *Davom* ludere.

Myf. Me miseram! Nil, pol, falsi dixi, mi Senex. 45

Chrem. Novi omnem Rem. Est *Simo* intus?

Dav. Est. [Exit *Chremes*.]

S C E N A IX.

Myfis et *Davos*.

Myf. Ne me attigas,

Scelestè. Si, pol, *Glycerio* non omnia haec——

Dav. Eho, inepta, nescis quid sit actum.

Myf. Qui sciam?

Dav. Hic Socer est; alio Pacto haut poterat fieri,
Ut sciret haec, quae volumus.

Myf. Praediceres. 5

Dav. Paulum interesse censes, ex Animo omnia,
Ut fert Natura, facias, an de Industria?

S C E N A X.

Crito, *Myfis*, et *Davos*.

Crit. In hac habitasse Platea dictum' est *Chrysidem*,

Quae sibi inhoneste optavit parare hic Divitias,

Potius quam honeste in Patria pauper vivere:

Ejus Morte ea ad me Lege redierunt Bona:

[*Seorsim*, *Neminem videns*.]

Set quos perconter video. Salvete.

Myf. Obsecro,

Quem video? Estne hic *Crito*, Sobrinus *Chrysidis*? 5

Is est.

Crit.

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Dav. Whose Voice is that? O, *Chremes*, you are come in Time. Do but hear.

Chrem. I've hear'd all already.

Dav. All, say you?

Chrem. I've hear'd all, I say, from the Beginning.

Dav. Have you hear'd all? Ha? O! the Roguerys! This Wench ought to be carry'd to Bridewell. This is he: don't think you put upon *Davus*.

Myf. O! wretched! Indeed, old Gentleman, I have spoke Nothing but Truth.

Chrem. I know all. Is *Simo* within?

Dav. He is. [*Chremes* goes.]

S C E N E IX.

Myfis and *Davus*.

Myf. Don't touch me, you villain. If I don't tell *Glycerium* all——

Dav. O! you Fool, you don't know what is done.

Myf. How shou'd I?

Dav. This is the Bride's Father: I had no other Way of leting him know what we wou'd have him know.

Myf. You shou'd have giv'n me Notice.

Dav. Do you think there's but little Difference betwixt your speaking all unprepar'd, as Nature dictates, and your being carefully provided?

S C E N E X.

Crito, *Myfis*, and *Davus*.

Crit. This is the Street, I'm told, where *Chrysis* dwell'd, who chose rather to get Money here in a dishonest Way than to live poor and honest in her own Country: by her Death her Effects are legally mine: [*Aside, not seeing any one.*]—But I see Somebody to enquire of. Save you.

Myf. Pray, who is that I see? Is it not *Crito*, *Chrysis's* Cousin German? 'Tis he.

Crit.

Crit. O! *Myfis*, falve.

Myf. Salvos fis, *Crito*.

Crit. Itan' *Chryfis*? Hem?

Myf. Nos, pol, quidem miseras perdidit.

Crit. Quid vos, quo Pacto, hic? Sati'ne recte?

Myf. Nosne? Sic,

Ut quimus, aiunt, quando, ut volumus, non licet. 10

Crit. Quid *Glycerium*? Jam hic suos Parentes reperit?

Myf. Utinam.

Crit. An nondum etiam? Haut auspicato huc me adtuli;

Nam, pol, si id scissem, numquam huc tetulissem
Pedem:

Semper ei dicta est esse haec atque habita est Soror:

Quae illus fuerunt possidet: nunc me Hospitem 15

Lites sequi, quam id mihi sit facile atque utile,

Aliorum Exempla commonent: simul arbitror

Jam esse aliquem Amicum et Defensorem ei: nam
fere

Grandiuscula jam profecta'st illinc: clamitent

Me Sycophantam, Hereditatem persequi, 20

Mendicum: tum ipsam despoliare non lubet. (63)

Myf. O! optume Hospes! Pol, *Crito*, antiquum obtines.

Crit. Duc me ad eam, quando huc veni, ut videam.

Myf. Maxume.

Dav. Sequar hos: nolo me in Tempore hoc videat Senex. [Seorsim.]

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS

63. Some read licet, some lubet. Lubet certainly; for he had sayer before he could not, because of such and such

Crit. Save you, *Myfis*.

Myf. Save you, *Crito*.

Crit. Is *Chrysis*? Ha?

Myf. She has left us poor Wretches in a sad Condition.

Crit. How, after what Manner, do ye live here? Well enough?

Myf. We? As the Saying is, we do as well as we can, seeing we can not do as we wou'd.

Crit. What does *Glycerium*? Has she found her Parents here yet?

Myf. I wish she had.

Crit. Not yet? I have made an unlucky Journey; for, if I had known that, I had never set a Foot here: she was always reported and look'd upon as her Sister: she's in Possession of what *Chrysis* had; now of what Advantage, and how easy, it wou'd be for me a Stranger to commence and follow a Suit with her, the Examples of other Persons admonish me: besides, I suppose, by this Time, she has some Friend to stand by her: for she was almost a Woman when she went away: People will call me a Sharper, and a Beggar, come in Pursuit of her Inheritance: besides I've no Inclination to strip her of what she has.

Myf. O! thou best of Men! Thou art the same *Crito* thou us'd to be.

Crit. Conduct me to her, that I may see her, since I am come here.

Myf. Certainly.

Das. I'll after them: I wou'd not have the old Man see me now. [Aside.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

O

ACT

such Difficultys: and here he says, if he could, he would not: for which Reason Myfis says O! optume Hospes!

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Chremes et Simo.

Chrem. SATIS, jam satis, *Simo*, spectata erga te
 Amicitia' est mea :
 Satis Periculi incepti adire : orandi jam Finem face ;
 Dum studeo obsequi tibi, paene inlusi Vitam Filiae.

Sim. Immo enim nunc cum maxume abs te postulo
 atque oro, *Chreme*,
 Ut Beneficium, Verbis initum dudum, nunc Re com-
 probes, ———

Chrem. Vide quam iniquus sis prae Studio : dum id⁵
 efficias quod cupis,
 Neque Modum Benignitatis, neque quid me ores, co-
 gitas ;
 Nam, si cogites, remittas jam me onerare Injuriis.

Sim. Quibus ?

Chrem. Ah ! rogitas ? Perpulisti me, Homini ut
 adulescentulo,
 In alio occupato Amore, abhorrenti ab Re uxoria, 10
 Filiam darem, in Seditionem, atque in incertas Nup-
 tias,
 Ejus Labore atque ejus Dolore Gnato ut medicarer tuo :
 Impetrasti, incepti, dum Res tetulit : nunc non fert,
 feras.

Illam hinc Civem esse aiunt : Puer est natus : nos mis-
 sos face.

Sim. Per ego te Deos oro, ut ne illis Animum in-
 ducas credere,
 Quibus id maxume utile est, illum esse quam deterri-¹⁵
 mum.

Nuptiarum Gratia haec sunt ficta atque incepta omnia :
 Ubi ea Causa, quamobrem haec faciunt, erit adempta
 his, desineant.

Chrem. Erras ; cum *Davo* egomet vidi Ancillam
 jurgantem.

Sim.

Scio.

Chrem.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Chremes and Simo.

Chrem. ENOUGH, *Simo*, enough, my Friend-
ship has appear'd towards you : I have
ran Hazard enough : now cease your Intreatys : while
I study'd to oblige you, I almost fool'd away my
Daughter's Life.

Sim. But as I chiefly require of you now, *Chremes*,
and intreat you, to confirm in Fact the Favour which
you promis'd in Words not long since, ———

Chrem. See how unreasonable you are in your Im-
portunity : so that you obtain your Desire, you pre-
scribe no Bounds to my Courtesy, nor consider what
you ask of me ; for, if you wou'd consider, you
wou'd cease to load me with Injurys.

Sim. With what Injurys ?

Chrem. Ah ! do you ask ? You forc'd me to plight
my Daughter to a Youth, in Love with another, and
averse to Marriage, to throw her into a Life of Dis-
cord, and an uncertain State of Matrimony, to cure
your Son at the Expence of her Ease and Quiet : you
prevail'd, I began the Match, while the Case wou'd
permit it : now it will not, you must be easy. They
say she is a Citizen of *Athens* ; and she is brought to
Bed of a Son : leave us now to ourselves.

Sim. By Heav'n I intreat you not to credit those
whose Interest it is that he shou'd be counted as bad as
bad can be. These Things are all devis'd and under-
taken because of the Marriage ; when the Cause is re-
mov'd, for which they do all this, they'll be quiet.

Chrem. You're mistaken ; I myself saw a Maid
quarrelling with *Davus*.

Sim. I know as much.

O 2

Chrem.

Chrem. Vero Voltu, cum ibi me adesse neuter dum
praefenserat. 20

Sim. Credo; et id futurum (64) *Davos* dudum
praedixit mihi;

Et nescio qui tibi sum oblitus hodie, ut volui, dicere.

S C E N A II.

Davos, Chremes, et Simo.

Dav. [*Clamans illis qui intus sunt.*] Animo nunc
jam otioso esse impero, —

Chrem. Hem, *Davom* tibi.

Sim. Unde egreditur!

Dav. Meo Praesidio atque Hospitis. [*Illis qui
intus sunt.*]

Sim. Quid illud mali est?

Dav. Ego commodiorem Hominem, Adventum,
Tempus, non vidi. [*Seorsim, Neminem
videns.*]

Sim. Scelus

Quemnam hic laudat?

Dav. Omnis Res est jam in Vado. [*Seorsim, Ne-
minem videns.*]

Sim. Cesso adloqui?

Dav. Herus est: quid agam? [*Seorsim.*]

Sim. O! salve, bone Vir.

Dav. Ehem, *Simo*, O! noster *Chreme*, 5
Omnia adparata jam sunt intus.

Sim. Curasti probe.

Dav. Ubi voles, adcerse.

Sim. Bene sane: is (65) enimvero hinc nunc abest:
Etiam tu hoc responde, quid istic tibi Negoti' est?

Dav.

64. *The vulgar Reading is*

Credo; et id facturas DAVOS dudum praedixit
mihi;

Et nescio quid tibi sum oblitus hodie, ac volui, dicere.
Read;

Chrem. But in Earnest, when neither of them perceiv'd me to be present there the while.

Sim. I believe it; and *Davus* told me, not long since, that it wou'd be so; and I don't know how I happen'd to forget to tell you of it this Day, as I intended.

SCENE II.

Davus, Chremes, and Simo.

Dav. [*To those within.*] Now I charge your Minds to be at Rest, —

Chrem. Hem, here's *Davus*.

Sim. What House is it which the Fellow comes from!

Dav. By mine, and the Stranger's, Help. [*To those within.*]

Sim. What Mischief is that?

Dav. I never saw a fitter Man, a more seasonable Coming, nor a properer Time. [*Aside, not seeing any one.*]

Sim. Whom does the Rogue commend here?

Dav. All is safe now. [*Aside, seeing Nobody.*]

Sim. Do I refrain from speaking to him?

Dav. My Master's here: what shall I do? [*Aside.*]

Sim. Save you, good Sir.

Dav. O! *Simo*, O! our *Chremes*, ev'ry Thing's ready within.

Sim. You have taken good Care.

Dav. Send for the Bride when you will.

Sim. Very well: but he's absent now: and do you answer this, what Business had you there?

O 3

Dav.

Read, with Bentley, as I have given the Passage; which I doubt not being right.

65. Most of the Editions, which I have seen, have *id. enimvero*: which some interpret for that Reason he,
PALL-

Dav. Mihin'?

Sim. Ita.

Dav. Mihi?

Sim. Tibi ego.

Dav. Modo ego introivi—

Sim. Quasi ego quam dudum rogem.

Dav. Cum tuo Gnato una.

Sim. Anne est intus *Pamphilus*? Crucior miser. 10
Eho, non tu dix'ti esse inter eos Inimicitias, Carnu-
fex?

Dav. Sunt.

Sim. Cur igitur hic est?

Chrem. Quid illum censes? Cum illa litigat.

Dav. Immo vero indignum, *Chreme*, jam Facinus
faxo ex me audies.

Nescio qui Senex modo venit, eillum confidens, et
catus;

Cum Faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis Preti; 15
Tristis Severitas inest in Voltu, atque in Verbis Fides.

Sim. Quidnam adportas?

Dav. Nil equidem, nisi quod illum audiui dicere—

Sim. Quid ait tandem?

Dav. *Glycerium* se scire Civem esse *Atticam*.

Sim. Hem, *Dromo*, *Dromo*.

S C E N A III.

Dromo, *Simo*, *Davos*, et *Chremes*.

Drom. Quid est?

Sim. *Dromo*.

Dav. Audi.

Sim. Verbum si addideris—*Dromo*.

Dav. Audi, obsecro.

Dromo.

PAMPHILUS, is absent: the Editor of the *Dau-*
phine's Edition construes it id enim certe nunc unum de-
sideratur ad Solemnitatem Nuptiarum, that, viz. the
Bride,

Dav. Who, I?

Sim. Yes.

Dav. I?

Sim. Yes, you.

Dav. I went in just now—

Sim. As if I ask'd how long you had been in.

Dav. With your Son.

Sim. What? Is *Pamphilus* there? I'm on the Rack. Did not you say, you Hangdog, that they had quarrel'd?

Dav. So they have.

Sim. Why is he here then?

Chrem. Why think you but to have t'other Scuffle with her?

Dav. But, *Chremes*, I'll tell you a strange Piece of News, unworthy as you may think thereof. An old Man, whom I know not, is just arriv'd here, a cunning bold Fellow; who seems of some Consequence when you look at him; he has a sober grave Countenance, and his Words carry Credit.

Sim. What News have you from him?

Dav. Nothing really, but that I hear'd him say—

Sim. What does he say?

Dav. That he knows *Glycerium* to be a Citizen of Athens.

Sim. Soho, *Dromo*, *Dromo*.

SCENE III.

Dromo, *Simo*, *Davus*, and *Chremes*.

Drom. What's the Matter?

Sim. *Dromo*.

Dav. Hear me.

Sim. If you speak a Word more—*Dromo*.

Dav. I intreat you to hear me.

Dromo.

Bride, is all that is now wanted to solemnize the Marriage. Neither of these is good Sense; and the Relative is not only puts an End to a doubtful Construction, but is what *Simo* is most likely to say here.

Drom. Quid vis?

Sim. Sublimem hunc intro rape, quantum potes.

Drom. Quem?

Sim. *Davom.*

Drom. Quamobrem?

Sim. Quia lubet. Rape, inquam.

Dav. Quid feci?

Sim. Rape.

Dav. Si quicquam invenies me mentitum, occidito.

Sim. Nihil audio.

Ego jam te commotum reddam.

Dav. Tamen etsi hoc verum est?

Sim. Tamen. 5

Cura adservandum vinctum: atque, audi'n'? Quadrupedem constringito.

Age nunc jam. [*Exit Dromo cum Davo.*]

SCENA IV.

Simo et Chremes.

Sim. Ego, pol, hodie, si vivo, tibi
Ostendam quid Herum sit Pericli fallere,
Et illi Patrem.

Chrem. Ah! ne faevi tantopere.

Sim. O! *Chreme,*

Pietatem Gnati! Nonne te miseret mei?

Tantum Laborem capere ob talem Filium! 5

Age, *Pamphile*, exi, *Pamphile*, ecquid te pudet?

[*Clamans Pamphilo, qui cum Glycerio
intus est.*]

SCENA V.

Pamphilus, Simo, et Chremes.

Pam. Quis me volt? Perii, Pater est. [*Seorsim.*]

Sim. Quid ais? Omnium!

Chremes.

Drom. Your Commands?

Sim. Carry this Fellow in, and truss him up as quick as you can.

Drom. Whom?

Sim. *Davus.*

Drom. Why so?

Sim. Because 'tis my Pleasure. Away with him, I say.

Dav. What have I done?

Sim. Away with him.

Dav. If you catch me in a Ly, kill me.

Sim. I hear not a Word. I'll soon try your Patience.

Dav. Notwithstanding this shou'd prove true?

Sim. Yes, notwithstanding. Take Care and keep him bound: and, do you hear? Ty the Beast Neck and Heels. Go now and do't.

[*Dromo goes out with Davus.*]

SCENE IV.

Simo and Chremes.

Sim. By *Pollux*, if I live, I'll this Day shew you the Danger of deceiving a Master, and him what 'tis to deceive a Father.

Chrem. Be not in such a Rage.

Sim. O! *Chremes*, the Duty of a Child! Don't you pity me? To take such Pains for such a Son! Here, *Pamphilus*, come out, are you not asham'd?

[*To Pamphilus within with Glycerium.*]

SCENE V.

Pamphilus, Simo, and Chremes.

Pam. Who is it wants me? I'm undone, 'tis my Father. [*Aside.*]

Sim. What do you say? You worst of—

Chremes.

Chrem.

Ah!

Rem potius ipsam dic, ac mitte male loqui.

Sim. Quasi quicquam in hunc jam gravius dici possiet!Ai'n' tandem Civis *Glycerium*'st?*Pam.*

Ita praedicant.

Sim. Ita praedicant! O! ingentem Confidentiam! 5

Num cogitat quid dicat? Num Facti piget?

Num ejus Color Pudoris Signum usquam indicat?

Adeo inpotenti esse Animo, ut praeter Civium (66)

Morem atque Legem, et sui Voluntatem Patris,

Tamen, hanc habere studeat, cum summo Probro! 10

Pam. Me miserum!*Sim.* Hem, modone id demum sens'ti, *Pamphile*?

Olim istuc, olim, cum ita Animum indux'ti tuum,

Quod cuperes, aliquo Pacto, efficiendum tibi;

Eodem Die istuc Verbum vere in te accidit:

Set quid ego? Cur me excrucio? Cur me macero? 15

Cur meam Senectutem hujus sollicito Amentia?

An ut pro hujus Peccatis ego Supplicium sufferam?

Immo habeat, valeat, vivat cum illa.

Pam.

Mi Pater!

Sim. Quid, mi Pater? Quasi tu hujus indigeas Patris!

Domus, Uxor, Liberi, inventi invito Patre; 20.

Adducti qui illam Civem hinc dicant: viceris.

Pam. Pater, licetne pauca?*Sim.*

Quid dices mihi?

Chrem. Tamen, *Simo*, audi.*Sim.* Egon' audiam? Quid ego audiam,*Chreme*?*Chrem.*

At tamen dicat sine.

Sim.

Age, dicat: sino.

Pam.

66. There was a Law among the Athenians that no Citizen should marry a Stranger, and which excluded

Chrem. Ah! rather open the Affair to him, and don't abuse him.

Sim. As if I cou'd say any Thing too severe to him now! Do you say at last that *Glycerium* is a Citizen?

Pam. So 'tis reported.

Sim. So 'tis reported! O! monstrous Impudence! Does he consider what he says? Is he sorry for what is done? Does his Colour shew any Sign of Shame? That he cou'd be so weak, against the Custom and Law (66) of Citizens, against his Father's Will, nevertheless, to pursue his Desire of having her, to his great Disgrace!

Pam. What a Wretch am I!

Sim. Have you now at last found out that, *Pamphilus*? You shou'd have thought of that before, when your Mind was resolute on obtaining your Desire on any Conditions; then you might justly have say'd so: but what am I doing? Why do I torment myself? Why do I fret myself? Why do I afflict my Age for his Madness? Is it that I may bear the Punishment of his Sins? E'en let him take her, much Good may she do him, let him live with her.

Pam. My Father!

Sim. What, my Father? As if you wanted this Father! You have got a Home, a Wife, and Children, without consulting your Father's Will; and some are produc'd to say she is a Citizen of *Athens*: I yield to you.

Pam. Father, may I speak a Word?

Sim. What wou'd you say to me?

Chrem. However, *Simo*, hear him.

Sim. I hear him? What shall I hear, *Chremes*?

Chrem. However let him speak.

Sim. Well, let him: he has my Leave.

Pam.

cluded such as were not born of two Citizens from all Offices of Trust and Honour. See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

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Pam. Ego me amare hanc fateor : si id peccare est,
fateor id quoque. 25

Tibi, Pater, me dedo : quidvis Oneris inpone : im-
pera :

Vis me Uxorem ducere ? Hanc vis mittere ?

Ut potero, feram ;

Hoc modo te obsecro, ut ne credas a me adlegatum
hunc Senem :

Sine me expurgem, atque illum huc coram adducam.

Sim. Adducas ?

Pam. Sine, Pater.

Chrem. Aequom postulat ; da Veniam.

Pam. Sine te hoc exorem. 30

Sim. Sino [Exit Pamphilus.]

S C E N A VI.

Simo et Chremes.

Sim. Quidvis cupio, dum ne ab hoc me falli com-
periar, *Chreme.*

Chrem. Pro Peccato magno paulum Supplici fatis
est Patri. 2

S C E N A VII.

Crito, Chremes, Simo, et Pamphilus.

Crit. [*Pamphilo.*] Mitte orare : una harum quaevis
Causa me, ut faciam, monet,

Vel tu, vel quod verum est, vel quod ipsi cupio
Glycerio.

Chrem. *Andrium* ego *Critonem* video ? Is certe est.
[Secr^{sim}.]

Crit. Salvos sis, *Chreme.*

Chrem. Quid tu *Athenas* insolens ?

Crit. Evenit : set hiccine'st *Simo* ?

Chrem. Hic est.

Crit. *Simo*, men' quaeris ?

Sim.

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Pam. I confess I love her : if that's an Offence, I confess that too. To you, my Father, I submit myself: lay what Charge you please upon me: command me: wou'd you have me marry? Wou'd you have me turn her off? I'll bear it as I can; only this I intreat of you, not to believe that this old Man's upheld by me; permit me to clear myself, and let me bring him before you.

Sim. You bring him?

Pam. Let me, Father.

Chrem. He asks no more than is reasonable; let him.

Pam. Let me intreat you.

Sim. You have my Leave. [Pamphilus goes.

S C E N E VI.

Simo and Chremes.

Sim. I wou'd consent to any Thing, *Chremes*, while I find myself not impos'd upon by him.

Chrem. A small Punishment is Satisfaction enough to a Father for a great Offence in a Son.

S C E N E VII.

Crito, Chremes, Simo, and Pamphilus.

Crit. [To Pamphilus.] You need not intreat me: either of these Reasons is sufficient Inducement for me to do it, either for your own Sake, for Truth's Sake, or my Regard to *Glycerium*.

Chrem. Is that *Crito* of *Andros* before me? 'Tis certainly he. [Aside.

Crit. Save you, *Chremes*.

Chrem. What brought you to *Athens*, who come here so seldom?

Crit. So it happens: but is this *Simo*?

Chrem. This is he.

Crit. *Simo*, do you want me?

P

Sim.

Sim. Eho, tu *Glycerium* hinc Civem esse ais? 5

Crit. Tu negas?

Sim. Itane huc paratus advenis?

Crit. Qua de Re?

Sim. Rogas?

Tune inpune haec facias? Tune hic Homines Adulescentulos

Inperitos Rerum, eductos libere, in Fraudem inlicis?
Sollicitando, et pollicitando, eorum Animos laestas?

Crit. Sanu'n' es?

Sim. Ac meretricios Amores Nuptiis conglutinas? 10

Pam. Perii: metuo ut substat Hospes. [*Seorfim.*

Chrem. Si, *Simo*, hunc noris satis,
Non ita arbitrere: bonus est hic Vir.

Sim. Hic Vir sit bonus?
Itane adtemperate evenit, hodie in ipsis Nuptiis
Ut veniret, antehac numquam? Est vero huic credendum, *Chreme*!

Pam. Ni metuam Patrem, habeo pro illa Re illum
quod moneam probe. [*Seorfim.* 15

Sim. Sycophanta!

Crit. Hem!

Chrem. Sic, *Crito*, est hic: mitte.

Crit. Videat qui fiet.

Si mihi perget quae volt dicere, ea quae non volt
audiet.

Ego istaec moveo aut curo? Non tu tuum Malum
aequo Animo feres?

Nam ego quae dico, vera an falsa audieris, jam sciri
potest.

Atticus quidam olim, Navi fracta, ad *Andrum* ejec-
tus est, 20

Et istaec una parva Virgo: tum ille egens forte ad-
plicat

Primum ad *Chrysidis* Patrem se.

Sim. Fabulam inceptat.

Chrem.

Sim. Hark y', do you say *Glycerium's* a Citizen of this Place?

Crit. Do you contradict it?

Sim. Do you come so prepar'd hither?

Crit. What about?

Sim. Do you ask? Do you think you shall go on thus with Impunity? Do you trapan young Men here, who are unexperienc'd, and well brought up? Do you feed their Fancys with fair Words and Promises?

Crit. Are you in your Senses?

Sim. And do you tack them to their Whores, do you marry them?

Pam. I'm undone: I fear the Stranger can not bear it. [*Aside.*

Chrem. *Simo*, if you knew this Person well enough, you wou'd not entertain such an Opinion of him: he is a worthy Man.

Sim. He a worthy Man? Cou'd it happen so precisely that he, who was never here before, shou'd come just upon this Match this Day? Very likely truly, *Chremes!*

Pam. Was it not for Fear of my Father, I cou'd help him out in this Affair. [*Aside.*

Sim. A Sycophant!

Crit. Ha! What!

Chrem. 'Tis his Temper, *Crito*: don't heed him.

Crit. Let him look to himself. If he persists in saying what he has a Mind to say, he shall hear what he has no Mind to hear. Do I trouble my Head with these Affairs or care how they go? Can not you bear your Misfortune like a Man? You may soon know whether what I say is true or false. A certain *Athenian*, some Time since, was shipwreck'd, and cast on the Isle of *Andros*, with that young Girl: he then in his Distress apply'd himself first to *Chrysis's* Father.

Sim. He begins a Tale.

Chrem.

Sine.

Crit. Itane vero obturbat?*Chrem.* Perge tu.*Crit.* Is mihi cognatus fuit,Qui cum recepit: ibi ego audiui ex illo sese esse *Atticum*:

Is ibi mortuus est.

Chrem.

Ejus Nomen?

*Crit.*Nomen tam cito? *Phania.**Crem.*

Hem!

25

Perii.

[*Seorsim.**Crit.* Verum, hercle, opinor fuisse *Phaniam*:
hoc certo scio,*Ramnusium* sese ai'bat esse.*Chrem.*O! *Jupiter*![*Seorsim.**Crit.*Eadem haec, *Chreme*,Multi alii in *Andro* audivere.*Chrem.*

Utinam id sit quod spero. Eho, dic mihi

Quid eam tum? Suamne esse ai'bat?

Crit.

Non.

Chrem.

Cujam igitur?

Crit.

Fratris Filiam.

Chrem.

Certe mea'ft.

Crit.

Quid ais?

Sim.

Quid tu ais?

*Pam.*Arrige Auris *Pamphile*. [*Seorsim.* 30*Sim.*

Qui, credis?

*Chrem.**Phania* illic Frater meus fuit.*Sim.*

Noram, et scio.

*Chrem.*Is hinc, Bellum fugiens, meque in *Asiam*
persequens, proficiscitur;Tum illam hic relinquere veritus est: postilla nunc
primum audio

Quid illo sit factum.

*Pam.*Vix sum aput me, ita Animus commo-
tu'it Metu,

Spe, Gaudio, mirando hoc tanto tam repentino Bono!

[*Seorsim.*

35

Sim.

Nae istam Multimodis tuam inveniri gaudeo.

Pam.

Chrem. Let him go on.

Crit. Does he interrupt me so?

Chrem. Do you proceed.

Crit. He was my Relation that entertain'd him : there I hear'd himself say he was an *Athenian* : there he dy'd.

Chrem. His Name?

Crit. His Name so suddenly?—*Phania*.

Chrem. Ah! I am confounded. [*Aside.*

Crit. By *Hercules*, I think it was *Phania* : this I am certain of, he say'd he was of *Rhamnus*.

Chrem. O! *Jove*! [*Aside.*

Crit. *Chremes*, several People in *Andros* then hear'd the same.

Chrem. Wou'd it may be as I wish. Hark y', what did he then say of her? Did he say she was his?

Crit. No.

Chrem. Whose then?

Crit. His Brother's Daughter.

Chrem. She's certainly mine.

Crit. What say you?

Sim. What is it you say?

Pam. Lend both your Ears, *Pamphilus*. [*Aside.*

Sim. How! Do you believe him?

Chrem. That *Phania* was my Brother.

Sim. I know it, and knew him.

Chrem. He, to avoid the War, left this Place, in order to follow me into *Asia*; at which Time he was afraid to leave her here: this is the first of my hearing what became of him since.

Pam. I am scarcely myself, my Mind is so fluctuated with Fear, Hope, and Joy, for this so wonderful, so great, and unexpected, Good! [*Aside.*

Sim. Indeed I rejoice at this ample Discovery of her being your Daughter.

Pam. Credo, Pater.

Chrem. At mihi unus Scrupulus etiam restat, qui me male habet.

Pam. Dignus es,
Cum tua Religione, Odio. Nodum in Scirpo quaeris.

Crit. Quid istuc est?

Chrem. Nomen non convenit.

Crit. Fuit, hercle, huic aliud parvae.

Chrem. Quod, *Crito*?
Numquid meministi?

Crit. Id quaero.

Pam. Egon' hujus Memoriam patiar meae 40
Voluptati obitare, cum egomet possim in hac Re medicari mihi?

Non patiar. [*Seorsim.*]*—*Heus, *Chreme*, quod quaeris
Pasibula'st.

Chrem. Ipsa est.

Crit. Ea est.

Pam. Ex ipsa milies audiui.

Sim. Omnis nos gaudere hoc, *Chreme*,
Te credo credere.

Chrem. Ita me Di ament, credo.

Pam. Quid restat, Pater?

Sim. Jam dudum Res reduxit me ipsa in Gratiam.

Pam. O! lepidum Patrem! 45

De Uxore, ita ut possedi, Nil mutat *Chremes*.

Chrem. Causa optuma est,
Nisi quid Pater ait aliud.

Pam. Nempe id.

Sim. Scilicet.

Chrem. Dos, *Pamphile*, est
Decem Talenta. (67)

Pam. Accipio. *Chrem.*

67. All our own Translators of this Poet have betrayed great Ignorance in their Estimations of antient Sums: and Madam Dacier, and the common Latin Interpreters

Pam. I believe you, Father.

Chrem. But I have one Scruple upon me, that makes me uneasy.

Pam. I cou'd almost hate you, with your Scrupulosity. You are looking for a Knot in a Bulrush.

Crit. What is that?

Chrem. Her Name does not agree.

Crit. Really she went by another when she was a little Girl.

Crem. What was it, *Crito*? Do you remember it?

Crit. I am trying to recollect it.

Pam. Shall I suffer his Memory to be a Bar to my Happyness, when I can ease myself in this Affair? I will not suffer it. [*Aside.*] —Hark y', *Chremes*, the Name you enquire after is *Pasibula*.

Chrem. The same.

Crit. That is it.

Pam. I have hear'd it from herself a thousand Times.

Sim. I believe, *Chremes*, you think we all rejoice at this.

Chrem. As Heav'n shall bless me, I believe so.

Pam. What now is to be done, Father?

Sim. The Affair-itself has already reconcil'd me.

Pam. What an obliging Father you are! *Chremes* has no Objection to my possessing my Wife as I have done.

Chrem. She's with all Reason your own, unless your Father forbids the Bands.

Pam. He consents.

Sim. Certainly.

Chrem. Her Portion, *Pamphilus*, is ten Talents. (67)

Pam. I am contented.

Chrem.

terpreters, seem not to have given themselves much Trouble on this Head: but this Part of antient Learning ought not to be passed slightly over, since the Wealth and
Plenty

Chrem. Propero ad Filiam: eho, mecum, *Crito*;
Nam illam me credo haut nosse.

Sim. Cur non illam huc transferri jubes?

Pam. Recte admones: *Davo* ego istuc dedam jam
Negoti.

Sim. Non potest. 50

Pam. Qui?

Sim. Quia habet aliud magis ex sese et majus.

Pam. Quidnam?

Sim. Vincit'us est.

Pam. Pater, non recte vincit'us est.

Sim. At ita jussi.

Pam. Jube solvi, obsecro.

Sim. Age, fiat.

Pam. At mature.

Sim. Eo intro.

Pam. O! faustum et felicem Diem!

[Exeunt *Simo*, *Chremes*, et *Crito*.]

S C E N A VIII.

Charinus et *Pamphilus*.

Char. Proviso quid agat *Pamphilus*; atque eccum.

[*Seorsim*.]

Pam. [*Seorsim*]. Aliquis forsan me putet

Non

Plenty of a great and famous State are to be discovered from it. The Name of the Talent ought to be preserved in a Translation, as should the Mina, Half-mina, Drachma, and Obolus, for the same Reason for which Terence preserved them, in his Latin Translation of Greek Plays, viz, because the Scene is in Athens, and these are attic Pieces of Money. I have offended in this by giving English Names to all but the Talent: Madam Dacier has used the Names of French Coins in many Places. The common Attic Talent, which is the Talent mentioned thro Terence, contained sixty Minas, as Gronovius (in a Note to the Cistellaria) in his Edition

Chrem. I must hurry to my Daughter: come along with me, *Crito*: for I believe she does not know me.

Sim. Why don't you order her to be remov'd hither?

Pam. Your Advice is good: I'll commit that Charge to *Davus*.

Sim. He can not undertake it.

Pam. Why not?

Sim. Because he has another Affair on his Hands, of greater Concern to himself.

Pam. What's that?

Sim. He's lay'd by the Heels.

Pam. Father, that's not rightly done.

Sim. But I order'd it to be so.

Pam. Pray order him to be releas'd.

Sim. Well, he shall.

Pam. But immediately.

Sim. I am going in.

Pam. O! fortunate and happy Day!

[*Simo, Chremes, and Crito, go.*]

SCENE VIII.

Charinus and Pamphilus.

Char. I am going to see what *Pamphilus* is doing; and here he is. [Aside.]

Pam. [To himself.] Some perhaps may think I do not

tion of Plautus, and other accurate Enquirers, have agreed upon, and on the best Authoritys of the Antients: ten Talents therefore were equal to one thousand nine hundred and thirty seven Pounds ten Shillings of our Money; which we may reasonably suppose a tolerable good Fortune, considering the Price of Provisions then in that Part of Greece; which we may partly make a Judgement of from the Passage, where the Obolus is mentioned, in the third Scene of the second Act of this Play. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work: to which I refer the Reader in every Passage wherein any Sum of Money is hereafter mentioned.

Non putare hoc verum; at mihi nunc sic esse hoc verum liquet:

Ego Deorum Vitam propterea sempiternam esse arbitror,

Quod Voluptates eorum propriae sunt: nam mihi Immortalitas

Parta est, si nulla Aegritudo huic Gaudio intercesserit: 5
Set quem ego mihi potissimum optem, cui nunc haec narrem, dari?

Char. Quid illud Gaudi est? [*Seorsim.*

Pam. *Davom* video; Nemo est, quem mallet, omnium;

Nam hunc scio mea solide solum gavisurum Gaudia.

S C E N A IX.

Davos, Pamphilus, et Charinus.

Dav. *Pamphilus* ubinam hic est?

Pam. Hic est, *Dave.*

Dav. Quis Homo' est?

Pam. Ego sum, *Pamphilus*:

- Nescis quid mihi obtigerit.

Dav. Certe: set quid mihi obtigerit scio.

Pam. Et quidem ego.

Dav. More Hominum evenit, ut quod sim ego nactus mali

Prius rescisceres tu quam ego tibi quod evenit boni.

Pam. Mea *Glycerium* suos Parentes repperit.

Dav. Factum bene.

Char. Hem! [*Seorsim.* 5

Pam. Pater Amicus summus nobis.

Dav. Quis?

Pam. *Chremes.*

Dav. Narras probe.

Pam. Nec Mora ulla est, quin eam Uxorem ducam.

Char. Num ille somniat
Ea quae vigilans voluit?

[*Seorsim.*

Pam. Tum de Puero, *Dave*!

Dav.

not believe my Fortune real ; but so it surely seems to me : hence I suppose the Life of Gods eternal, because their Joys are to themselves peculiar and secure : and Immortality is mine, unless some sad Disaster comes betwixt my Happyness and me : but whom can I desire most to meet, that I may now communicate my Joys ?

Char. What's all this Transport ? [*Aside.*

Pam. I see *Davus* ; whom of all Men I wish to see ; for I know he only will rejoice sincerely at my Happyness.

S C E N E IX.

Davus, Pamphilus, and Charinus.

Dav. Where's this *Pamphilus* ?

Pam. Here he is, *Davus*.

Dav. Who's there ?

Pam. I, *Pamphilus* : you do not know what has happen'd to me.

Dav. No indeed : but I know what has happen'd to myself.

Pam. And so do I.

Dav. It happens, as usual, that my ill Fortune shou'd reach your Ear before your good had reach'd mine.

Pam. My *Glycerium* has found her Parents.

Dav. So much the better.

Char. Ah ! [*Aside.*

Pam. Her Father's our intimate Acquaintance.

Dav. Who is he ?

Pam. *Chremes*.

Dav. Good News.

Pam. And Nothing hinders me marrying her forthwith.

Char. Is he dreaming what he wishes waking ?

Pam. Then as for the Child, *Davus* ! [*Aside.*

Dav.

Dav.

Ah! define:

(68) Solus es quem diligunt Di.

Char.

Salvos sum, si haec vera sunt.

Conloquar.

[Seorsim.]

Pam. Quis Homo' est? *Charine*, in Tempore ipso
mi'advenis. 10

Char. Bene factum.

Pam. Audistin'?

Char. Omnia. Age, me in tuis secundis respice.
Tuus est nunc *Chrêmes*: facturum quae voles scio esse
omnia.Pam. Memini: atque adeo longum' est nos illum ex-
spectare dum exeat:Sequere hac me: intus apud *Glycerium* nunc est. Tu,
Dave, abi Domum,Propere adcerse hinc qui auferat eam. Quid stas?
Quid cessas?

Dav.

Eo.—[*Spectatoribus*.]

15

Ne expectetis dum exeant huc: intus respondebitur:
Intus transigetur si quid est quod restet. Plaudite. (69)

F I N I S.

68. Some read *solus est*, *that is the Child*; but, notwithstanding the *Child* being mentioned in the preceding Speech, I doubt not but *es* is the Word here, as we find it in some Editions: a similar Expression, and on the like Occasion, *Geta* uses to *Antipho* in the last Act of *PHORMIO*. Nam, sine Controversia, 'ab *Dis* solus diligere, *ANTIPHIO*. *Solus es* in one of *Dr. Mead's Manuscripts*.

69. All the antient Copies have *Ω* before *plaudite*, and before *vos valete*, et *plaudite*, in other Plays: which, says *Eugraphius*, are the Words of the Prompter, who, at the End of the Play, lifted up the Curtain, and sayed to the Audience *vos valete*, et *plaudite*. *FAERN*. *Leng*, at the End of every Play, subscribes these Words, *CALLIOPIUS RECENSUI*, and says
Calliopius

The ANDRIAN. ACT V. 181

Dav. Well, say no more: you are the only Favourite of Heaven.

Char. I am a made Man, if this is true. I'll speak to him. [Aside.

Pam. Who's that? *Charinus*, you come to me at a lucky time.

Char. That's well.

Pam. Have you hear'd?

Char. All. Go on, and think of me in your Prosperity. You have *Chremes* to yourself now: I know he'll do any Thing you desire.

Pam. I think of you: but 'tis too long to wait till he comes out: follow me this Way: he is with *Glycerium* within. Do you, *Davus*, go Home, and send Somebody to conduct her hence quickly. Why do you stand? Why don't you stir?

Dav. I am going.—[To the Spectators.] Don't wait their coming out: they'll be marry'd within: what remains to be done will be done within. Your Applause.

The E N D.

Calliopius was the Prompter; and he quotes the same Words of Eugraphius, which I have here quoted from Faernus. If Ω stands for any Thing more than Finis (as some imagine it to be placed there by Transcribers to signify the End) it may be designed for the first Letter of ΩδΩ which is Greek for Cantor; and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, says

— Donec Cantor, vos plaudite, dicat.

Bentley supposes the Cantor in Terence, who sayed plaudite, and vos valete, et plaudite, to have been Flaccus the Musician, who, as soon as the Play was over, layed down his Flutes, and payed his Respect to the Audience, at the same Time intreating their Favour: but Flaccus does not appear certainly to have been a Performer, tho he composed the Music for the Flutes: I should rather
Q
think

think Calliopius to have been the Cantor if there was any Foundation on Antiquity for his Name being at the End of the Plays; but the Name seems fictitious to me by the Etymology thereof, and it being used in this Place. It is indeed at the End of every Play in all the three Manuscripts in Dr. Mead's Collection, excepting Phormio, which is the last Play in the prosaic Copy; and the only Reason for Calliopius recensui not being there is, doubtless, because the Play is imperfect, some few Verses being out at the Conclusion. ω precedes the Farewel in one of the Doctor's Copys, ο in another, and the largest Copy has neither. What is independant of the Action of the Play, as the two last Lines are, may be looked upon as an Epilogue; and I think all that precedes plaudite, after eo, is likely to have been spoke by the same Person, whether Player, Prompter, or Cantor: and I doubt not but those Words with which Plautus takes his Leave of the Audience at the End of his Plays were spoke by one Person, tho we sometimes find Grex (the Company of Comedians) placed over them: the Actors in the Play perhaps stood on the Stage, while a single Player spoke for them all, as at the End of the Captives and other Comedys of Plautus.

As a Multitude of Notes, especially if they are not necessary, either to justify a good Reading, or explode a bad one, to explain a difficult Passage, or to point out a Beauty or Defect not obvious at first Sight, are both burdensome and unedifying, I have studied Brevity to avoid being tedious; and yet I have been longer in my Notes to this Play than to any other, many of the Remarks which I have here made being applicable to Passages in other Plays: and I shall exhibit no Reading but what I can justify, tho I do not subjoin a Note to every Deviation from particular Editions.

HECYRA.

HECYRA.

THE
STEPMOTHER.

H E C Y R A, (1)

ACTA LUDIS MEGALENSIBUS,
SEX. JULIO CAESARE CN. CORNE-
LIO DOLABELLA AEDIL. CURU-
LIB. NON EST PERACTA: MODOS
FECIT FLACCUS CLAUDI TIBIIS
PARIBUS: TOTA GRAECA: ACTA
PRIMO SINE PROLOGO, CN. OCTA-
VIO T. MANLIO COSS. RELATA
EST ITERUM LUDIS FUNERALI-
BUS: NON EST PLACITA. TERTIO
RELATA EST Q. FULVIO L. MAR-
CIO AEDILIB. CURULIB. EGIT L.
AMBIVIUS TURPIO: PLACUIT.

1. Eugraphius says this Play was not wrote originally
by Menander, and that the Greek Author is uncertain,
tho Apollodorus is named by some. No Greek Poet's
Name is prefixed to this Play in any of Dr. Mead's
Copys;

FABULAE

The *STEPMOTHER*, (I)

performed at the Megalesian Games, *Sex. Julius Caesar* and *Cn. Cornelius Dolabella* Curule Aediles: it was not acted quite thro: *Flaccus*, *Claudius's* Freedman, composed the Music for equal Flutes: it is entirely from the Greek: it was acted the first Time without a Prologue, *Cn. Octavius* and *T. Manlius* Consuls. It was acted again at some funeral Games: it did not please. It was performed a third Time, *Q. Fulvius* and *L. Marcius* Curule Aediles. *L. Ambivius Turpio* acted: it pleased.

Copys; but in the Folio Manuscript, at the Beginning, is some Account of Terence and his Writings, in which are these Words, ex APOLLODORO CARICIO Echyra et Phormio. See back, in the Dissertation, concerning this Title.

FABULAE INTERLOCUTORES.

LACHES. }
PHIDIPPUS. } *Vicini et Amici.*
PAMPHILUS, LACHETIS *Filius.*
PARMENO. }
SOSIA. } *PAMPHILI Servi.*
SOSTRATA, LACHETIS *Uxor.*
MYRRHINA, PHIDIPPI *Uxor.*
BACCHIS, PAMPHILI *Meretrix.*
PHILOTIS, *Meretrix.*
SYRA, *Anus.*

Scena ATHENAE:

PERSONS of the PLAY.

LACHES. }
PHIDIPPUS. } Neighbours and Friends.

PAMPHILUS, *LACHES*'s Son.

PARMENO. }
SOSIA. } Servants to *PAMPHILUS*.

SOSTRATA, *LACHES*'s Wife.

MYRRHINA, *PHIDIPPUS*'s Wife.

BACCHIS, *PAMPHILUS*'s Mistress.

PHILOTIS, a Courtesan.

SYRA, an old Woman.

Scene *ATHENS*.

(2) PROLOGUS PRIMUS.

HECYRA est huic Nomen Fabulae, haec cum
data est
Nova, ei novom intervenit (3) Vitium, et Calamitas,
Ut neque spectari neque cognosci potuerit,
Ita Populus Studio stupidus in Funambulo
Animum occuparat! Nunc haec plane est pro nova; 5
Et is qui scripsit hanc, ob eam Rem, noluit
Iterum referre, ut iterum posset vendere:
Alias (4) cognostis ejus; quaeso hanc noscite.

PRO-

2. *These two Prologues are by some blended in one, but most learned and judicious Editors make two of them. Faernus says that in some Copys the Name of L. Ambivius is over them, in great Letters, thus L. AMBIVIUS. PROLOGUS: and the same Distinction is made in the Basilican Copy, in which Faernus tells us the Writings of Terence are wrote as if they were in Prose. Eugraphius says positively that the Prologue was*
spoke

T H E
(2) FIRST PROLOGUE:

TH E *Stepmother*, for so our Play is call'd,
When new it here appear'd, was interrupted.
By a new (3) Folly, and a sad Mischance,
Which hinder'd it from being seen or known,
The People's stupid Mind was so engag'd
On the brisk Dancer bounding on the Rope!
Now as a new one we present it to you ;
And, for that Reason, was our Poet loth
Again to venture to expose it then,
That he again might sell it to the Stage :
Ye've seen with Pleasure other Plays of his ;
Let me intreat you now to favour this.

THE

spoke by Ambivius Turpio. Madam Dacier entitles this the Prologue to the second Representation, and the next the Prologue to the third Representation.

3. By Vitium the Poet means the Rope-dancing which shew'd the Depravity of Taste in the Audience.

4. As this Prologue was not spoke till the Stepmother was revived, the *Andrian*, the *Self-tormentor*, and perhaps other Plays of our Poet, had been acted before this Prologue was spoke.

PROLOGUS SECUNDUS.

ORATOR (5) ad vos venio Ornatu Prologi :
Sinite Exorator sim, eodem ut Jure uti Senem
Liceat, quo Jure sum usus adulescentior,
Novas qui exactas feci ut inveterascerent,
Ne cum Poeta Scriptura evanesceret : 5
In his quas primum *Caecili* didici novas,
Partim sum earum exactus, partim vix steti :
Quia sci'bam dubiam Fortunam esse scaenicam,
Spe incerta, certum mihi Laborem sustuli :
Easdem agere coepi, ut ab eodem alias discerem 10
Novas studiose, ne illum ab Studio abducerem :
Perfeci ut spectarentur ; ubi sunt cognitae,
Placitae sunt ; ita Poetam restitui in Locum,
Prope jam remotum Injuria Advorsari'um,
Ab Studio, atque ab Labore, atque Arte musica : 15

Quod

5. The Word Orator here, as Madam Dacier justly observes, carries the Signification of an Ambassador with it ; and she quotes this well known Verse of Ennius, in which it bears that Sense :

Orator sine Pace redit, Regique refert Rem.

The Business of the Prologue, as our Poet tells us in that to the Andrian, and as appears from all Plautus's Prologues,

T H E
SECOND PROLOGUE.

THE Poet's (5) Envoy, in the Prologue's Dress,
I come; permit me to prevail, and use
The Privilege now old I us'd when young,
Who, by reviving, sav'd new sinking Plays,
That with the Bard his Works might not be loss'd : 5
In some of those which first I study'd new,
By our *Caccilius* wrote, I was repuls'd,
And stood in some, but scarcely stood, my Ground :
I knew the doubtful Fortune of the Stage,
Therefore with doubtful Hope sure Toil sustain'd : 10
I undertook to act the same, that I
From the same Bard other new Plays might learn
With studious Care, and that I might not drive him
Despairing, from his Study, of Success :
They by my Means were seen; and they, when
known, 15
Fail'd not to please; so I restor'd the Bard
Just leaving, thro the Injurys of Foes,
His Study, Labour, and poetic Art:

But

logues, was to relate the Subject of the Play; but here L. Ambivivius is an Ambassador from the Poet to the People, to plead his Cause as an Orator: in the same Manner Eugraphius explains the following Passage in the Prologue to the Self-tormentor :

Oratorem esse voluit me, non Prologum.

Prologus is the Person who speaks, and not that which is spoken.

192 PROLOGUS SECUNDUS.

Quod si (6) Scriptorem sprevissem in Praesentia,
 Et in deterrendo voluisssem Operam sumere,
 Ut in Otio esset, potius quam in Negotio,
 Deterruisssem facile ne alias scriberet.
 Nunc quid petam, mea Causa, aequo Animo atten-
 dite. 20

Hecyram ad vos refero, quam mihi per Silentium
 Numquam agere licitum est, ita eam oppressit Cala-
 mitas!

Eam Calamitatem vestra Intellegentia
 Sedabit, si erit Adjutrix nostrae Industriae:
 Cum primum eam agere coepi, Pugilum Gloria, 25
 (Funambuli eodem accessit Exspectatio,)
 Comitum Conventus, Strepitus, Clamor Mulierum,
 Fecere ut ante Tempus exirem foras.
 Vetere in nova coepi uti Consuetudine,
 In experiundo ut essem; refero denuo; (7) 30
 Primo Actu placeo; cum interea Rumor venit
 Datum iri Gladiatores; Populus convolat,
 Tumultuantur, clamant, pugnant de Loco,
 Ego interea meum non potui tutari Locum.
 Nunc Turba nulla est; Otium, et Silentium, est; 35
 Agendi Tempus mihi datum est: vobis datur
 Potestas condecorandi Ludos scaenicos.
 Nolite finire per vos Artem musicam

Recidere

6. Bentley reads *Scriptorem: Madam Dacier, Leng, Hare, and other Editors, read Scripturam, which is neither Sense nor Grammar: for if Scripturam is the accusative Case to sprevissem it must be to deterrendo, and deterruisssem, and Scriptura must be the Nominative to esset, and scriberet.*

7. From

But had I then the Writer proudly scorn'd,
 And strove from his Endeavours to deter him, 20
 Rather to waste in Idleness his Days,
 I had, and with no Difficulty, so
 Deter'd him, that perhaps he'd wrote no more.
 Now, for my Sake, to my Request attend,
 Attend, and judge with an impartial Mind. 25
 The *Stepmother* again I offer to you,
 Which never yet I cou'd perform in Silence,
 Such the ill Fortune that o'er-rul'd our Play!
 But by your Judgement shall that Care be eas'd,
 If with your Judgement ye will aid our Labours: 30
 When I began it first, the Champion's Glory,
 (At the same time the People too were big
 With Expectation of the Ropedancer,)
 The Croud, the Noise of Men, the Crys of Women,
 Before my Time, compel'd me to withdraw. 35
 On a new Play I try'd an antient Custom;
 I bring it on again (7); in the first Act
 I please; a Rumour in the Meanwhile spreads
 That on the Stage the Gladiators came:
 The People fly, a Tumult soon arises, 40
 And for their Seats they clamour and contend,
 While I unable was to stand my Ground.
 Now no Disturbance reigns; Leisure and Silence
 Favour the Time indulg'd me now to act:
 In you, to whom we sue, is lodg'd the Pow'r 45
 To cherish and adorn dramatic Shews.
 O! suffer not the Muses and their Art,

R

By

7. From hence, and the six following Verses, we may reasonably suppose this to be the second Prologue, and spoke at the second Time of reviving the Play: the first Time it came on the Stage it appears to have been rejected, by the Interposition of other Entertainments, without so much as the first Act being performed: the second Time the first Act was represented with Success, but a Stop was put to any farther Representation.

194 PROLOGUS SECUNDUS.

Recidere ad paucos : facite ut vestra Auctoritas
 Meae Auctoritati Fautrix Adjutrixque sit. 40
 (8) Si numquam avare Pretium statui Arti meae,
 Et eum esse Quaestum in Animum induxi maxumum,
 Quam maxume servire vestris commodis,
 Sinite impetrare me, qui in Tutelam meam
 Studium suum, et se in vestram commisit Fidem, 45
 Ne eum circumventum inique iniqui inrideant.
 Mea Causa Causam accipite, et date Silentium,
 Ut lubeat scribere aliis, mihiq; ut discere
 Novas expediat, posthac Pretio emptas meo.

8. L. Ambivius *uses the same Argument, in the same*
three

HECYRA.

The SECOND PROLOGUE. 195

By your Neglect, to be the Care of few:
Be your Authority the Prop of mine.
If I presumptuously for sordid Gain (8) 50
Did never seem to prize my Art too high,
But made my greatest Gain to profit you,
Let me prevail upon your gen'rous Minds
To guard the Poet (who commits his Works
To my Defence, and throws himself on you,) 55
Against the partial Sneers of partial Men.
Look on this Cause as mine, and silent hear,
That other Poets may not henceforth dread
To write, nor I to study future Plays,
When I have pay'd what I agree to pay. 60

*three Verses, to prevail on the Audience to favour him,
in the Prologue to the Self-tormentor.*

H E C Y R A.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

PHILOTIS et SYRA.

Phil. **P**ER Pol, quam paucos reperias Meretricibus
Fidelis evenire Amatores, *Syra!*
Vel hic *Pamphilus* jurabat quotiens *Bacchidi*,
Quam sancte, ut quivis facile posset credere,
Numquam, illa viva, Uxorem ducturum Domum! 5
Hem!—duxit!

Syr. Ergo propterea te sedulo
Et moneo, et hortor, ne te cujusquam misereat;
Quin spolies, mutiles, laceres, quemquem nacta sis.

Phil. Utin' eximium Neminem habeam?

Syr. Neminem;

Nam Nemo quisquam illorum scito ad te venit, 10
Quin ita paret sese, abs te ut, Blanditiis suis,
Quam minimo Pretio suam Voluptatem expleat:
Hiscine tu, amabo, non contra insidiabere?

Phil. Tamen, pol, eandem Injurium't esse omnibus.

Syr. Injurium autem est ulcisci Adversarios, 15
Aut, qua Via (9) captent te illi, eadem ipsos capi?
Eheu! me miseram! cur non aut istaec mihi
Aetas, et Forma, est, aut tibi haec Sententia?

SCENA II.

Parmeno, Philotis, et Syra.

Par. Senex si quaeret me, modo isse dicito
Ad Portum, percontatum Adventum *Pamphili*.

Audi'n'

9. The Word *Via* is here a Monosyllable, which must
be pronounced like our Word *Way*. Bent. Leng likewise
proposes

The STEPMOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILOTIS and SYRA.

Phil. **A**LAS Syra, how difficult it is for a Woman of Pleasure to find a constant Lover! Even this *Pamphilus*, how often has he sworn to *Bacchis*, and so solemnly, that one cou'd not suspect him, that, in her Life-time, he wou'd never marry! Yet—he is marry'd!

Syr. Therefore for that very Reason I earnestly advise you, and admonish you, to have no Mercy on any of 'em, but fleece 'em, rend 'em, tear 'em, as fast as you can get 'em.

Phil. Wou'd you have me except none?

Syr. None; for none of 'em comes to you with any other Design but to have his Will of you, with his fine Speeches, as cheap as he can: shall not you therefore make Reprisals?

Phil. Yet, by *Pollux*, 'tis unjust to make no Difference.

Syr. But is't unjust to be reveng'd of your Enemys, or to catch them in the same Snare which they lay for you? Alas! Alas! Why have not I that Youth and Beauty, or you this Way of thinking?

SCENE II.

Parmeno, Philotis, and Syra.

Par. If the old Man shou'd ask for me, say I'm just gone to the Water-side, to enquire after *Pamphilus's*

R 3

proposes the same Contraction. The same is made in Via, in the 49th Verse of the 1st Scene of the Heauton-timorumenos, by Bentley and Hare.

Audi'n' quid dicam, *Scirte*? Si quaeret me, uti
 Tum dicas; si non quaeret, nullus (10) dixeris,
 Alias ut uti possim *Causa* hac integra : 5
 Set videon' ego *Philotium*? Unde haec advenit?
Philotis, salve multum.

Phil. O! salve, *Parmeno*.

Syr. Salve, mecastor, *Parmeno*.

Par. Et tu, edepol, *Syra*.

Dic mihi, *Philotis*, ubi te oblecta'isti tamdiu? (11)

Phil. Minime equidem me oblectavi, quae cum
 Milite 10

Corinthum hinc sum profecta inhumanissimo :

Biennium ibi perpetuum misera illum tuli.

Par. Edepol, te *Desiderium Athenarum* arbitror,
Philotium, cepisse saepe, et te tuum
 Consilium contempsisse.

Phil. Non dici potest 15

Quam cupida eram huc redeundi, abeundi a Milite,

Vosque hic videndi, antiqua ut *Consuetudine*

Agitarem inter vos libere *Convivium*;

Nam illi haut licebat, nisi praefinito, loqui

Quae illi placerent.

Par. Haut opinor commode 20

Finem statuisse *Orationi* Militem.

Phil. Set quid hoc *Negoti* est? Modo quae narravit
 mihi

Hic intus *Bacchis*, quod ego numquam credidi

Fore, ut ille, hac viva, posset *Animum* inducere

Uxorem habere?

Par. Habere autem?

Phil. Eho tu, an non habet? 25
Par.

10. This manner of writing, nullus dixeris, is frequent in Plautus. *Asin.* Act 2, nullus venit; and *Cicero* in an *Epistle* to *Atticus* says *Philotimus* nullus venit. Nullus is used in each Place in the same Sense with non. 11. There

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lus's Arrival. Do you hear what I say, *Scirtus*? If he shou'd ask for me, then do you give that Answer; if he makes no Enquiry, say Nothing, that I may have the same Excuse ready another Time:— but is not that *Philotis* I see there? Where does she come from?—*Philotis*, I'm over-joy'd to see you.

Phil. Save you, *Parmeno*.

Syr. Parmeno, save you, my Lad.

Par. And you, *Syra*. Tell me, *Philotis*, where you've entertain'd yourself so long?

Phil. I've had but poor Entertainment, Heav'n knows, since I went from hence to *Corinth*, with my brutish Soldier: I have liv'd under a Harrow with him there these two Years.

Par. Therefore I suppose, *Philotis*, you despis'd your ill Choice, and often wish'd to see *Athens* again.

Phil. It can not be express'd how desirous I was to return hither, to forsake my Soldier, and to see ye all here, that we may lead the same merry Life together we us'd to do; for he so seal'd up my Lips that I dar'd not speak to him without his Leave, and then, to please him, I was oblig'd to say what he wou'd have me.

Par. The Captain, methinks, did not well in laying a Restraint on your Tongue.

Phil. But what's going forwards here? What has *Bacchis* told me within, which I cou'd never have believ'd, that he wou'd think of having a Wife while she's living?

Par. A Wife, say you?

Phil. Why, ay, has he not?

Par.

11. *There is great Delicacy, and worthy Observation, in this Speech and the next. An Inquiry after the Commerce of a Courtesan, and her Answer, could not have been made with more Chastity: this whole Act is very fine, and truly comic.*

Par. Habet; set firmæ hæc vereor ut sint Nuptiæ.

Phil. Ita Di Deæque faxint, si in Rem est *Bacchidis*:
Set qui istuc credam ita esse, dic mihi, *Parmeno*?

Par. Non est Opus prolato: hoc percontarier
Desiste.

Phil. Nempe, ea Causa, ut ne id fiat palam. 30
Ita me Di amabunt, haut propterea te rogo,
Ut hoc proferam, set ut tacita mecum gaudeam.

Par. Numquam tam dices commode, ut Tergum
meum
Tuam in Fidem committam.

Phil. Ah! noli, *Parmeno*.
Quasi tu non multo malis narrare hoc mihi 35
Quam ego, quæ percontor, scire.

Par. Vera hæc prædicat;
Et illud mihi Vitium'it maxumum. [*Seorsim.*

Si mihi Fidem
Das te taciturnam, dicam.

Phil. Ad Ingenium redis.
Fidem do: loquere.

Par. Ausculta.

Phil. Istic sum.

Par. Hanc *Bacchidem*

Amabat, ut cum maxume, tum *Pamphilus*, 40
Cum Pater, Uxorem ut ducat, orare occipit,
Et hæc, communia omnium quæ sunt Patrum,
Senem sese esse, dicere, illum autem esse unicum,
Præsidium velle se Senectuti suæ:

Ille primo se (12) negare; set postquam acrius 45
Pater instat, fecit Animi ut incertus foret,
Pudorin' anne Amori obsequeretur magis.
Tundendo atque Odio denique effecit Senex,
Despondit ei Gnatam hujus Vicini proxumi.

Usque

12. Occipit understood: and another Verb is frequently understood before a Verb of the infinitive Mood in
Plautus

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Par. He has one; but I fear it is a Match that is made to be broke.

Phil. Heaven grant it be so, if it is for the Advantage of *Bacchis*: but tell me, *Parmeno*, how I shall believe it to be so?

Par. There is no Necessity to divulge it: ask no more about it.

Phil. Because, I suppose, it shou'd not be made public. I assure you, as Heaven shall bless me, I do not ask it for the Sake of spreading it, but that I may silently enjoy it to myself.

Par. Your fair Words shall not make me trust my Back to your Secrecy.

Phil. Well, do not, *Parmeno*.—As if you had not a stronger Inclination to tell me than I, who ask you, have to know.

Par. She says true; and that's my greatest Failing. [*Aside.*—Give me your Honour that you'll be secret, and I'll tell you.

Phil. Now you are the same Man you us'd to be. I give you my Honour: speak.

Par. Well, hear.

Phil. I'm attentive.

Par. *Pamphilus's* Passion for *Bacchis* was as strong as it cou'd be, when his Father began to intreat him to marry, and to urge, as Fathers usually do, that himself was in Years, that he was his only Child, and that he hop'd to find in him a Support to his old Age: at first he refus'd; but, after his Father press'd him more vehemently, he began to hesitate, whether he shou'd yield to Duty or to Love. At last the old Man worry'd, and tormented him, into an Assent, and struck up a Match betwixt him and our next Neighbour's Daughter. *Pamphilus* was not grievously concern'd

Plautus and Terence, and sometimes a Noun, as in the 91st Verse of this Scene, *parata*, or *facilis*, is understood.

Usque illud visum est *Pamphilo* neutiquam grave, 50
 Donec jam in ipsis Nuptiis; postquam videt
 Paratas, nec Moram ullam, quin ducat, dari,
 Ibi demum ita aegre tulit, ut ipsam *Bacchidem*,
 Si adesset, credo ibi ejus commiseresceret.

Ubicumque datum erat Spatium Solitudinis, 55
 Ut conloqui mecum una posset, *PARMENO*,
Perii, quid ego egi? In quod me conjeci Malum?

Non potero ferre hoc, PARMENO; perii miser.

Phil. At te Di Deaque perduint, cum isto Odio,
Laches.

Par. Ut ad pauca redeam, Uxorem deducit Do-
 mum. 60

Nocte illa prima Virginem non attigit,
 Quae consecuta est Nox, eam Nihilo magis.

Phil. Quid ais? Cum Virgine una Adulescens cu-
 buerit,

Plus potus, sese illa abstinere ut potuerit?
 Non verisimile dicis: neque verum arbitror. 65

Par. Credo ita videri tibi; nam Nemo ad te venit
 Nisi cupiens tui; ille invitus illam duxerat.

Phil. Quid deinde fit?

Par. Diebus sane pauculis

Post, *Pamphilus* me solum seducit foras,
 Narratque ut Virgo ab se integra etiam tum fiet, 70
 Seque, antequam eam Uxorem duxisset Domum,
 Sperasse eas tolerare posse Nuptias:

Set, quam decre'rim me non posse diutius

Habere, eam Ludibrio haberi, PARMENO,
Quin integram itidem reddam, ut accepi, suis, 75

Neque honestum mihi, neque utile ipsi Virgini, est.

Phil. Pium ac pudicum Ingenium narras *Pamphili*.

Par. Hoc ego proferre incommodum mihi esse arbitror:
Reddi Patri autem, cui tu Nil dicas Viti,

Superbum est; set illam spero, ubi hoc cognoverit, 80
Non posse se mecum esse, abituram denique.

Phil. Quid interea? Ibatne ad *Bacchidem*?

Par.

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cern'd till he found himself on the Point of Marriage ; but when he saw all ready, and no Delay, but marry he must, then he lay'd it so heavily to Heart that I believe *Bacchis* herself, had she been present, wou'd have pity'd him. As soon as he found an Opportunity to open himself to me, *PARMENO*, says he, *I am ruin'd, what have I done? Into what Troubles have I plung'd myself? This is more than I can bear, PARMENO; I am ruin'd, and a Wretch.*

Phil. A Curse attend thee, *Laches*, for tormenting him so.

Par. To be short, he brought his Wife Home. The first Night he did not touch the Maid, and the second he let her alone.

Phil. What a Tale is this? Cou'd a young Fellow, warm with Wine, ly by the Side of a Maid, and keep his Hands off? This sounds like a Romance: I do not credit it.

Par. I believe it seems so to you; for your Visitors come with a good Appetite; but he was an involuntary Guest.

Phil. What follow'd?

Par. Truly, some few Days after, *Pamphilus* takes me out, and in private tells me that she was then as pure a Maid as when she came to him, and that, before he had marry'd and brought her Home, he was in Hopes of making himself easy with the Match: *but, says he, as I find I can live no longer with her, it wou'd be dishonourable in me, and prejudicial to her, to abuse her, and make her the Sport of others, and not return her to her Friends as pure as I receiv'd her.*

Phil. These are Signs of great Virtue and Goodness in *Pamphilus*.

Par. I think it, continues he, *not to my Advantage to publish this: and to return her to her Father, when you can lay no ill to her Charge, is insolent; but I hope, when she sees the Impossibility of living with me, she'll go of her own Accord at last.*

Phil. Well, and what? Did he visit *Bacchis* the
Meanwhile?

Par.

Par.

Cotidie;

Set ut fit, postquam hunc alienum ab sese videt,
Maligna magis, (13) et magis procax, facta ilico est.

Phil. Non, edepol, Mirum.

Par.

Atque ea Res multo maxime

85

Disjunctum illum ab illa: postquam et ipse se,
Et illam, et hanc quae Domi erat, cognovit satis,
Ad Exemplum ambarum Mores earum existumans,
Haec, ita uti liberali esse Ingenio decet,
Pudens, modesta, incommoda, atque Injurias

90

Viri omnis ferre, et tegere Contumelias,
Hic Animus, partim Uxoris Misericordia
Devinctus, partim victus hujus Injuria,
Paulatim elapsu'st *Bacchidi*, atque huc transtulit
Amorem, postquam par Ingenium nactus est:

95

Interea in *Imbro* moritur cognatus Senex
Horunce; ad hos ea rediit Lege Hereditas:
Eo amantem invitum *Pamphilum* extrudit Pater:
Reliquit hic cum Matre Uxorem; nam Senex
Rus abdit sese; huc raro in Urbem com meat.

100

Phil. Quid adhuc habent Infirmitatis Nuptiae?

Par. Nunc audies. Primum hos Dies complusculos
Bene conveniebat sane inter eas: interim
Miris Modis odisse coepit *Sosratam*;
Neque Lites ullae inter eas, Postulatio

105

Numquam.

Phil.

Quid igitur?

Par.

Si quando ad eam accesserat

Confabulatum, fugere e Conspectu ilico,
Videre nolle: denique, ubi non quit pati,
Simulat se a Matre accersi ad

[*Vide Notam 33m.

Rem *divinam; abit:

in EUNUCHUM.

Ubi illic Dies est compluris, accersi jubet;
Dixere Causam nescio quam: iterum jubet,

110

Nemo

13. Maligna magis, et magis procax. BENT. *The common*

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Par. Ev'ry Day; but, as soon as she perceives him giv'n to another, she, like a true Woman, grows more and more froward and untractable.

Phil. By *Pollux*, I don't wonder at it.

Par. And this was the chief Provocation that drove him from her: then after he had examin'd thoroughly into himself, his Mistress, and his Wife at Home, judging of their Manners by Comparison, and finding one of a chaste and modest Disposition, becoming a Gentlewoman, and willing to bear and conceal the Failings and ill Usage of her Husband, his Heart, soft'ning into Compassion for his Wife, and partly overcome by the ill Behaviour of the other, withdrew by Degrees from *Bacchis*, and fix'd where it now is, from an exact Sympathy of Minds: in the Meanwhile an old Relation to our Family dys at *Imbrus*; whose Estate descends by Law to them: *Pamphilus's* Father forces the fond Husband, against his Will, to take a Journey thither; for the old Man keeps close in the Country, and seldom comes to Town.

Phil. But where's the Flaw in the Marriage all this While?

Par. You shall hear immediately. For the first few Days she agreed very well with her Mother in Law: but at last she conceiv'd a strange Antipathy to *Sofrata*; yet they never quarrel'd, nor complain'd of one another.

Phil. What then?

Par. If at any Time her Mother in Law went to talk to her, she immediately avoided her, and wou'd not see her: at last, when she was unable to endure the Place any longer, she pretended to be sent for by her own Mother to attend an
Affair * of Devotion; and away she
goes: after she had been there some
Time, our old Gentlewoman sent for
her; they made some Excuse or other I know not what:

* See the 33d
Note to the
EUNUCH.

S

she

common Reading is maligna multo, et magis procax.

Nemo remisit ; postquam accersit saepius,
 Aegram esse simulant Mulierem ; nostra ilico
 It visere ad eam ; admisit Nemo : hoc ubi Senex
 Rescivit, heri ea Causa Rure huc advenit : 115
 Patrem continuo convenit *Philumena* :

Quid egerint inter se nondum etiam scio ;
 Nisi sane Curae est quorsum eventurum hoc fiet.
 Habes omnem Rem ; pergam quo coepi hoc Iter.

Phil. Et quidem ego ; nam constitui cum quodam
 Hospite 120

Me esse illum conventuram.

Par. Di vortant bene

Quod agas.

Phil. Vale.

Par. Et tu bene vale, *Philotium*.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Laches et Socrata.

Lac. **P**RO De'um atque Hominum Fidem, quod hoc
 Genus est ! Quae haec est Conjunctio !
 Utinam omnes Mulieres eadem aequae studeant, nolintque
 omnia !

Neque declinatam quicquam ab aliarum Ingenio ullam
 reperiatis.

Itaque adeo uno Animo omnes Socrus oderunt Nurus :
 Viris esse adversas aequae Studium est, similis Pertinacia ! 5

In eodemque omnes mihi videntur Ludo doctae Ma-
 litiam ;

Et ei Ludo, si ullus est, Magistram hanc esse satis certo
 scio.

Sof. Me miseram, quae nunc quamobrem accuser
 nescio !

Lac. Hem, tu nescis ?

Sof.

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she sent again, but to no Purpose: after she had sent over and over again, they pretend she's ill; our good Woman goes to pay her a Visit immediately; but no Admission: the old Man, having hear'd this, came to Town Yesterday, for no other Reason: he goes directly to *Philumena's* Father: what they've done together I don't yet know; I'm uneasy for the Event. I have told you all; and now I'll go about my Bus'ness.

Phil. So will I; for I have appointed to meet a certain Chap.

Par. Well, good Luck to You.

Phil. Farewel.

Par. A hearty Farewel to you, *Philotis*.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Laches and Sostrata.

Lac. **G**OOD Gods, what a strange Sort of Creatures are these! What a Conjurat[i]on is this! That all Women shou'd have the same Likings and Aversions! Nor can you find any one among them swerving from the natural Disposition of the Sex. Stepmothers are unanimous in their Hatred to their Daughters in Law: and they are full as obstinate in studying to thwart their Husbands: in short they all seem to me to have been brought up to the Art of Mischiefmaking in one and the same School; and, if there is really such a School, my Wife, I am sure, is Mistress of it.

Sof. What an unhappy Woman am I, to be thus accus'd, and without knowing wherefore?

Lac. Ha! you don't know why, do you?

Sof. Non, ita me Di ament, mi *Laches*,
Itaque una inter nos agere Aetatem liceat.

Lac. Di mala prohibeant. 10

Sof. Meque abs te inmerito esse accusatam postmodo
rescifices.

Lac. Scio.

Te inmerito! An quicquam pro istis Factis dignum te
dici potest,

Quae me, et te, et Familiam, dedecoras, Filio Luctum
paras?

Tum autem, ex Amicis, Inimici ut sint nobis Adfines
facis;

Qui illum decre'runt dignum suos cui Liberos commit-
terent: 15

Tu sola exorere, quae perturbes haec, tua Inprudencia.

Sof. Egon'?

Lac. Tu, inquam, Mulier, quae me omnino La-
pidem, non Hominem, putas.

An, quia Ruri esse crebro soleo, nescire arbitramini

Quo quisque Pacto hic Vitam vestrorum exigit?

Multo melius hic quae fiunt, quam illic ubi sum assi-
due, scio, 20

Ideo quia, ut vos Domi mihi eritis proinde ego ero
Fama foris.

Jampridem equidem audiui cepisse Odium tui *Philu-
menam*;

Minimeque adeo mirum; et, ni id fecisset, magis mi-
rum foret:

Set non credidi adeo ut etiam totam hanc odisset Do-
mum;

Quod si scissem, illa hic maneret potius, tu hinc isse
foras: 25

At vide quam inmerito Aegritudo haec oritur nū' abs
te, *Sofrata*:

Rus habitatum abii, concedens vobis, et Rei serviens,

Sumptus vestros Otiumque ut nostra Res posset pati,

Meo Labori haut parcens, praeter Aequom atque Aeta-
tem meam:

Non te pro his curasse Rebus, ne quid aegre esset mihi?

Sof.

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Sof. No, as I hope to be sav'd, my *Laches*, as I hope to live long together.

Lac. Heaven shield me.

Sof. You'll discover hereafter that I'm wrongfully accus'd by you.

Lac. Wrongfully! I say wrongfully too! After such a Behaviour are any Words too severe for you? For you, who disgrace me, yourself, and your Family, and who lay up Affliction for your Child? Besides, you make Enemys of our Friends and Relations, who had so good an Opinion of our Son as to give him their Daughter: who but you started up to create a Disturbance by your Imprudence.

Sof. What, I?

Lac. You, Woman, I say, who take me for a Stone and not a Man. Do you think, because I'm frequently in the Country, that I do not know how ye all lead your Lives here? I know what's doing here much better than at the Place where I am daily, and for this Reason, because your Conduct at Home affects my Character abroad. I hear'd long ago indeed that *Philumena* hated you; which is not the least to be wonder'd at; but 'twou'd be very surprizing if she lov'd you: however, I did not believe that she hated this whole House on your Account; which if I had known, she shou'd have stay'd, and you have walk'd out. Consider, *Softrata*, how undeservedly I am thus tormented by you: I went to live in the Country, in Complaisance to you, and at the same Time taking Care of my Affairs that I may support you in your Expences and your Idleness, fatiguing myself more than is fit for my Age and Condition: ought you not to have look'd after these Things so as to have freed me from all Uneasyness on this Account?

Sof. Non mea Opera, neque, pol, Culpa, evenit.

Lac.

Immo maxume:

Sola hic fuisti; in te omnis haeret Culpa sola, *Sofrata*:
Quae hic erant curares, cum ego vos Curis solvi ceteris.
Cum Poella Anum suscepisse Inimicitias non pudet?
Illius dicere Culpa factum?

Sof. Haec equidem dico, mi *Laches*. 35

Lac. Gaudeo, ita me Di ament, Gnati Causa; nam
de te quidem

Satis scio; peccando Detrimenti Nil fieri potest.

Sof. Qui scis, an ea Causa, mi Vir, me odisse ad-
fimalaverit,

Ut cum Matre plus una esset?

Lac. Quid ais? Non Signi hoc sat est,

Quod heri Nemo voleit visentem ad eam te intro ad-
mittere? 40

Sof. (14) Eam laetam oppido tum esse aiebant; eo
ad eam non admitta ium.

Lac. Tuos esse ego illi Mores Morbum magis quam
ullam aliam Rem arbitror;

Et merito adeo; nam vestram nulla est, quin Gna-
tum velit

Dacere Uxorem; et, quae vobis placita est, Conditio
datur;

Ubi duxere Impulsa vestro, vestro Impulsa easdem exi-
gant. 45

SCENA II.

Philippus, Laches, et Sofrata.

Phil. [*Philippus clamat, de Via, Filiae quae intus*
est.] Eui scio ego, *Philumena*, meum Jus esse
ut te cogam

Quae

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Sof. By *Pollux*, this did not happen by my Means; I am in no Fault.

Lac. Yes but you are, and very much: you was the only one here; all the Blame is in you, *Sostrata*: you shou'd have minded your Family here as you ought, while I eas'd you of every other Care. Are not you asham'd, you old Fool you, to quarrel with a Girl? You'il say, I suppose, 'twas her Fault.

Sof. Indeed, my *Laches*, I do not say so.

Lac. As I hope for Mercy, I am glad of that for my Son's Sake: for I know enough of you; no Fault that you can commit can set you in a worse Light than you are in already.

Sof. How do you know, Husband, but she pretended to hate me, that she might be more with her Mother?

Lac. What do you say? Was it not plain enough, when Nobody wou'd let you in Yesterday when you went to see her?

Sof. They say'd she was very faint then; that's the Reason why I cou'd not see her.

Lac. I suppose your Behaviour to her is more her Disease than any Thing else; which is very likely; for ye all press your Sons to marry; and ye make your own Conditions; and after they are marry'd by your Importunity, by your Importunity they send their Wives away again.

S C E N E II.

Phidippus, Laches, and Sostrata.

Phid. [*Phidippus, when he comes out, speaks to his Daughter within.*] Tho, *Philumena*, I have a Right
to

it is entirely insignificant, and bad, here. Eam agrees as well with the Measure, and better with the Sense.

Quae ego imperem facere, ego tamen, patrio Animo
victus, faciam

Ut tibi concedam; neque tuae Libidini advorsabor.

Lac. Atque eccum *Phidippum* optume video: ex
hoc jam scibo quid sit.

Phidippe, etsi ego meis me omnibus scio esse adprime
obsequentem,

Set non adeo ut mea Facilitas corrumpat illorum Ani-
mos;

Quod tu si idem faceres, magis Rem in vestram et
nostram id esset:

Nunc video in illarum esse te Potestate.

Phid.

Heia vero!

Lac. Adii te heri de Filia: ut veni, itidem incer-
tum ami'sti.

Haut ita decet, si perpetuam hanc vis esse Adfinita-
tatem,

Celare te Iras. Si quid est Peccatum a nobis, profer,
Aut ea resellendo, aut purgando, vobis corrigemus,
Te Judice ipso. Sin ea est retinendi Causa apud vos
Quia aegra est, te mihi Injuriam facere arbitror, *Phi-*
dippe,

Si metuis satis ut meae Domi curetur diligenter: 15

At, ita me Di ament, haut tibi hoc concedo, etsi illi
Pater es,

Ut tu illam salvam magis velis; id adeo Gnati Causa;
Quem ego intellexi illam haut minus quam se ipsum
magni facere:

Neque adeo, clam te (15) est quam esse eum laturum
graviter, credam,

Hoc si rescierit: eo Domum studeo haec, priusquam
ille, ut redeat. 20

Phid. *Laches*, et Diligentiam vestram et Benigni-
tatem

Novi; et quae dicis, omnia esse, ut dicis, Animum
induco;

Et

15. *The vulgar Reading is neque adeo clam me est: but, as Bentley says, what is non clam me est credam?*

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to insist on your Obedience to my Commands, yet the Fondness of a Father makes me give you your Way; and I will not oppose your Inclination.

Lac. O! here's *Phidippus* very luckily: I shall now inform myself of him about this Affair. Tho, *Phidippus*, I know myself to be particularly indulgent to my Family, yet I am not so to such a Degree as to suffer the Easyness of my Temper to corrupt their Minds; and if you wou'd follow the same Course, it wou'd be better on both our Sides: but I perceive now that they have you under them.

Phid. So, so!

Lac. I came to you yesterday on Account of your Daughter: and you sent me away as wise as I came. You ought not to conceal your Resentment, if you wish this Alliance to continue. If we are guilty of any Misbehaviour, tell us so plainly, that we may either clear or defend ourselves to ye, and I desire no Judge but yourself. If her Illness is the Cause of your detaining her, I think you wrong me, *Phidippus*, if you suspect our Tenderness over her. As I hope to be sav'd, I do not believe you wish her better than I do, tho you are her Father; and indeed I say this for my Son's Sake; who, I understand, has as great a Value for her as he has for himself: nor can I suppose you are ignorant how ill he'll take it, if he shou'd know this: therefore I wou'd fain have her go back before he comes Home.

Phid. *Laches*, I have no Reason to doubt your Care and Esteem; and I am inclin'd to believe all to be as you

dam? *TERENCE* would scarcely make *Laches* say that he believed his own Mind was no Secret to him. Non clam te est certainly.

Et te hoc mi' cupio credere, illam ad vos redire studeo,
Si facere possim ullo Modo.

Lac. Quae Res te id facere prohibet?
Eho, numquidnam accusat Virum?

Phid. Minime; nam postquam attendi 25
Magis, et Vi coepi cogere ut rediret, sancte adjurat
Non posse aput vos, *Pamphilo* se absente, perdurare.
Aliud fortasse aliis Viti est; ego sum Animo leni
natus;

Non possum advorsari meis.

Lac.

Hem, *Sostrata*!

Sof.

Heu, me miseram!

Lac. Certumne est istuc?

[*Phidippo.*

Phip. Nunc quidem ut videtur: set numquid vis? 30
Nam est quod me transire ad Forum jam oportet.

Lac.

Eo tecum una.

[*Exeunt Phidippus et Laches.*

S C E N A III.

Sostrata. Edepol, nae nos sumus inique aequae om-
nes invisae Viris,
Propter paucas, quae omnes faciunt dignae ut vide-
amur Malo:
Nam, ita me Di ament, quod me accusat Vir nunc,
sum extra Noxiam:
Set non facile est expurgatu, ita Animum induxerunt
Socrus
Omnis esse iniquas: haut, pol, me quidem, nam num-
quam secus
Habui illam, ac si ex me esset nata; nec qui hoc mihi 5
eveniat scio:
Nisi, pol, Filium Multimodis jam exspecto, ut redeat
Domum.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS

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you say; and I wou'd have you think that I earnestly endeavour to have her return to ye, if I can by any Means bring it about.

Lac. What hinders you? Tell me, does she lay any Blame on her Husband?

Phid. Not the least; for, when I grew more pressing, and began to force her to return, she solemnly protested she cou'd not bear the House in *Pamphilus's* Absence. Some other Men perhaps have other Failings; I am naturally of an easy Disposition; I can not thwart my Family.

Lac. Ah! *Sostrata*!

Sof. What an unhappy Woman am I!

Lac. Is that your Resolution? [To *Phidippus*.

Phid. It is, as our Affairs now stand: but have you any Thing farther to offer? My Business calls me to Market.

Lac. I'll go with you.

[*Phidippus* and *Laches* go.]

S C E N E III.

Sostrata. By the Temple of *Pollux*, the Faults of some few bad Women unjustly make us all alike obnoxious to our Husbands, and set us, without Exception, in the same odious Light. I appeal to Heaven for my Innocence of what my Husband now accuses me of: but it is a hard Matter to clear oneself, they are possess'd of such a Notion of all Stepmothers being severe: Heaven knows I am none of those; for I always behav'd to her as if she was born of my own Body; nor can I conceive how this happens to me: but I'm in great Expectation of my Son's Return on many Accounts.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Pamphilus et Parmeno.

Pam. NEMINI plura ego acerba credo esse ex
 Amore Homini umquam oblata
 Quam mihi: heu me infelicem! Haccine ego Vitam
 parsi perdere?

Haccine Causa ego eram tantopere cupidus redeundi
 Domum?

Cui quanto fuerat praeftibilius ubivis Gentium agere
 Aetatem

Quam huc redire, atque haec ita esse miserum me re-
 sciscere?

Nam omnibus nobis, quibus est alicunde aliquis ob-
 jectus Labos,

Omne quod est interea Tempus, priusquam id rescitum
 est, Lucro est.

Par. At sic, citius qui te expedias his Aerumnis,
 reperiās.

Si non rediisses, haec * Irae factae essent (* Vide
 multo ampliores: Notam 26.)

Set nunc Adventum tuum ambas, *Pamphile*, scio re-
 verituras:

Rem cognosces; Iram expedies; rursus in Gratiam
 restitues;

Levia sunt, quae tu pergravia esse in Animum induxisti
 tuum.

Pam. Quid consolare me? An quisquam usquam
 Gentium est aequae miser?

Priusquam hanc Uxorem duxi, habebam alibi Ani-
 mum Amori deditum:

Jam in hac Re, ut taceam, cuius facile est scitu,
 quam fuerim miser;

Tamen nunquam ausus sum recusare eam, quam mihi
 obtrudit Pater.

Vix me illinc abstraxi, atque inpeditum in ea expedivi
 Animum meum,

Vixque huc contuleram, hem! nova Res orta est, porro
 ab hac quae me abstrahat.

Tum

A C T. III. S C E N E I.

Pamphilus and Parmeno.

Pam. **I** BELIEVE Nobody ever met with more Anxiety in their Amours than myself: what an unhappy Wretch I am! Have I been so tender of my Life for this? Was I for this so desirous of returning home? How much better wou'd it have been for me to have pass'd my Days in any Part of the World than to have return'd hither, and to be thus miserable in finding Things as they are? Whatever Misfortune is ready to attend us, all the Time, in which we are keep'd from the Knowledge of it, we may reckon so much Gain.

Par. But you'll soon find a Way to put an End to these Plagues. If you had not return'd, these Feuds had very much increas'd: but now, *Pamphilus*, I'm sure they will be both aw'd by your Presence: you'll know the whole Affair; you'll heal Dissentions; you'll reconcile them to each other; in short, the Case is not so grievous as you represent it to yourself, but quite otherwise.

Pam. Why do you propose any Comfort to me? Is there on Earth a Wretch like me? Before I marry'd this Woman my Heart was fix'd elsewhere: now, tho I myself am silent, any one may easily perceive how unhappy I have been in this Affair; yet I never presum'd to refuse her, whom my Father forc'd upon me. I had scarcely withdrawn myself from the other, and freed my Heart entangled in her Toils, I had but just devoted myself to this, when, lo! a new Concern arises, and draws me too from her. I suppose I shall
T find

Tum aut Matrem ex ea Re, me, aut Uxorem, in
Culpa inventurum arbitror ;

Quod cum ita esse invenero, quid restat, nisi porro ut
fiam miser ? 20

Nam Matris ferre Injurias me, *Parmeno*, Pietas jubet ;
Tum Uxori obnoxius sum ; ita olim suo me Ingenio
pertulit,

Tot meas Injurias quae numquam in ullo patefecit
Loco :

Set magnum, nescio quid, necesse est evenisse, *Parmeno*,
Unde Ira inter eas intercessit, quae tam permanfit
diu. 25

Par. At quidem, hercle, parvom, si vis vero ve-
ram Rationem exsequi :

Non maxumas, quae maxumae sunt interdum Irae,
Injurias

Faciunt ; nam saepe est, quibus in Rebus alius ne ira-
tus quidem est,

Cum de eadem Causa est iracundus factus inimicissimus.

Pueri inter sese quas pro levibus Noxiis Iras gerunt ? 30

Quapropter ? Quia enim, qui eos gubernat Animus
(16) infirmum gerunt.

Itidem illae Mulieres sunt, ferme ut Pueri, levi (17)
Sententia :

Fortasse unum aliquod Verbum inter eas Iram hanc
conciverit.

Pam. Abi, *Parmeno*, intro, ac me venisse nuntia.

Par. Hem ? Quid hoc est ? [*Clamorem audiens.*

Pam. Tace.

Par. Trepidari sentio, et cursari rursus prorsum.
Agedum ad Fores ; 35

Accede propius. Hem ! sensistin' ?

Pam.

16. *Notwithstanding so great an Authority, I should write* Animum infirmum gerunt qui eos gubernat, *and not* Animus.

17. *Levi is here a Monosyllable, as novo is in another Place ; which are to be pronounced* Lewi, nowo, *in*

find a guilty Mother or a guilty Wife; and, which-ever happens to be so, what will prevent my being wretched still? For Duty, *Parmeno*, commands me to bear the Failings of a Mother; then I offend my Wife; the Sweetness of whose Temper made her patient beneath so many Wrongs from me, of which she has never yet complain'd, or told, to any: but something extraordinary, *Parmeno*, I know not what, must have happen'd, to set them at Variance and so long.

Par. By *Hercules*, there's no great Matter in it, if you'll but make a right Use of your Reason: very great Differences sometimes produce no very ill Consequences; for it often happens, that the same Provocation, which makes one your greatest Enemy, will not raise another's Resentment. What Malice do Boys bear towards one another on slight Offences? And why? Because they bear but a small Portion of Reason about them, to govern them. Women are just the same, they've just the same Conduct, with Boys: one poor single Word perhaps made this dismal Rupture betwixt them.

Pam. Go in, *Parmeno*, and tell them of my Arrival.

Par. Ah! What's all this? [*Hearing a Noise.*

Pam. Hold your Tongue.

Par. I perceive a Bustling, and Running backwards and forwards. Go towards the Door; nearer. Ah! don't you perceive?

T 2

Pam.

in one Syllable each. Bent. At this Rate the Latin Tongue would not have much Advantage, in Sound, over the Welsh, or Dutch. Levi, nova, novos, and novam, are all in the Prologue to Phormio, and end so many Verses, and are therefore two Syllables each, the Feet being Iambic.

Pam. Noli fabularier.

Pro *Juppiter!* Clamorem audio!

Par. Tute loqueris, me vetas.

Myr. Tace, obsecro, mea Gnata.

[*Myrrhina* loquitur intus.

Pam. Matris Vox visa'it *Philumena*.

Nullus sum.

Par. Qui dum?

Pam. Perii.

Par. Quamobrem?

Pam. Nescio quod magnum Malum

Profecto, *Parmeno*, me celas. (18)

Par. Uxorem *Philumenam* 40

Pavitare, nescio quid, dixerunt: id si forte est, nescio.

Pam. Interii: cur id mihi non dix'ti?

Par. Quia non poteram una omnia.

Pam. Quid Morbi est?

Par. Nescio.

Pam. Quid? Nemon' Medicum adduxit?

Par. Nescio.

Pam. Cesso hinc ire intro, ut hoc quamprimum,
quicquid est, certo sciam?

Quonam Modo, *Philumena* mea, nunc te offendam
adfectam? 45

Nam, si Periculum in te ullum inest, perisse me una
haut dubium est. [Exit *Pamphilus*.

S C E N A II.

Par. Non Usus Facto est mihi nunc hunc intro sequi;
Nam invisos omnis nos esse illis sentio:

Heri Nemo voluit *Sofratam* intromittere:

Si

18. Celant is the common Reading. Bentley and Hare read celas; the Propriety of which appears from the three following Speeches: besides, Pamphilus has not yet

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Pam. Hold your Prating. O! *Jupiter*, I hear a strange Noise!

Par. You talk yourself, tho you bid me not.

Myr. Silence, I beseech thee, Child.

[*Myrrhina* speaks within.]

Pam. That seems to be *Philumena's* Mother's Voice. I'm not myself.

Par. How so?

Pam. I am undone.

Par. Why?

Pam. Really, *Parmeno*, I do not know what dreadful Misfortune it is which you (18) conceal from me here.

Par. They say'd your Wife *Philumena* was under some Affliction, what I can't tell: I don't know whether that's it.

Pam. I am ruin'd: why did not you tell me so before?

Par. Because I cou'd not tell you all at once.

Pam. What's her Complaint?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. Why? Has she no Physician?

Par. I can not tell.

Pam. Do I delay going in, that, whatever it is, I may be out of Doubt as soon as possible? In what Condition, my *Philumena*, shall I find you now? If you are in any Danger, my Life is certainly at Stake.

[*Pamphilus* goes]

S C E N E II.

Par. My following him in now will be of no Use; for I perceive they had rather have our Room than our Company: Nobody wou'd let *Sostrata* in yesterday: if

T 3

her

yet been at Home since his Return; how therefore should he accuse his Family of concealing any Thing? Most of the old printed Editions have *celas*.

Si forte Morbus amplior factus fiet,
 Quod sane nolim, maxime Heri Causa mei, 5
 Servom ilico introisse dicent *Sofratae*,
 Aliquid tulisse comminiscuntur Mali,
 (Capiti atque Aetati (19) illorum,) Morbus qui auctus fiet:
 Hera in Crimen veniet, ego vero in magnum Malum.

S C E N A III.

Sofrata et Parmeno.

Sof. Nescio quid jamdudum audio hic tumultuari
 misera.

Male metuo, ne *Philumena* magis Morbus adgraveſcat;
 Quid te, *Aesculapi*, et te, (20) *Salus*, ne quid sit hu-
 jus, oro.

Nunc ad eam visam. [*Secusim*, *Parmenonem non videns.*]

Par. Heus, *Sofrata*.

Sof. Hem!

Par. Iterum istinc exclude're.

Sof. Ehem, *Parmeno*, tun' hic eras? Perii; quid fa-
 ciam misera? 5

Non visam Uxorem *Pamphili*, cum in Proximo hic sit
 aegra?

Par. Non visas, nec mittas quidem visendi Causa
 quemquam:

Nam qui amat, cui Odio ipſus est, bis facere stulte ducō;
 Laborem inanem ipſus capit, et illi Molestiam adfert:
 Tum Filius tuus introiit videre, ut venit, quid agat. 10

Sof. Quid ais? An venit *Pamphilus*?

Par. Venit.

Sof. Dis Gratiam habeo.

Hem, istoc Verbo Animus mi' rediit, et Cura ex Corde
 excessit.

Par.

19. Aetas here is the same with Vita, as in other
 Passages of our Poet, and in other Authors: but there is

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her Illness shou'd happen to increase, as I wou'd not have it, but more for my Master's Sake than any Body's else, they would immediately say *Sostrata's* Man came in, and fancy that he brought some ill Luck with him, to make her worse; (but be the Peril on their own Heads,) then my Mistress wou'd be blam'd, and I shou'd suffer for it.

S C E N E III.

Sostrata and Parmeno.

Sof. Alas! I cannot imagine what's the Meaning of this Noise here. I am uneasy for Fear *Philumena* shou'd be worse; which *Aesculapius*, and (20) *Health*, forbid! I'll go see how she does.

[*To herself, not seeing Parmeno.*

Par. Hem! *Sostrata.*

Sof. Who's that?

Par. You'll have the Doors shut against you again there.

Sof. Ah! *Parmeno*, are you here? I'm undone; what shall I do in this unhappy Case? Shall *Pamphilus's* Wife be ill at the next Door here, and I not visit her?

Par. Don't go to see her, nor send any one to ask how she does: for, in my Opinion, 'tis a double Folly in any Man to love one that hates him; his Labour is vain, and he is but troublesome: besides, your Son went in to see how she does as soon as he came.

Sof. What say you? Is *Pamphilus* come?

Par. Yes.

Sof. I thank Heaven. That Word has brought me to my Senses, and eas'd my Heart of my Care.

Par.

no Necessity for a Translation of it in this Place: I think it tautologous in the Original.

20. *Health is here invoked as a Deity, according to the Custom of the Antients.*

Par. Jam ea te Causa maxume nunc huc introire nolo ;
 Nam, si remittent quippiam *Philumena* Dolores,
 Omnem Rem narrabit, scio, continuo, sola soli, 15
 Quae inter vos intervenerit, unde ortum est Initium Irae:
 Atque eccum video ipsum egredi : quam tristis !

S C E N A IV.

Sofrata, Pamphilus, et Parmeno.

Sof. O ! mi Gnate !

Pam. Mea Mater, salve.

Sof. Gaudeo venisse salvom. Salvan^r

Philumena est ?

Pam. Meliuscula est.

Sof. Utinam istuc ita Di faxint :

Quid tu igitur lacrimas ? Aut quid es tam tristis ?

Pam. (21) Recte, Mater.

Sof. Quid fuit Tumulti ? Dic mihi, an Dolor repente
 invasit ?

Pam. Ita factum est.

5

Sof. Quid Morbi est ?

Pam. Febris.

Sof.

21. Most of the Translators and Interpreters, which I have seen, of our Poet, give this Passage a Meaning quite repugnant to the real one. Camus's Interpretation of recte, Mater, is Nihil est, Mater. Says Madam DACIER Rien, ma Mere, and then gives a Note to justify her wrong Construction ; which Echarde has followed in his Translation and his Remark, tho he does not name the French Lady to whom he is indebted for his Error. In the 7th Scene of the last Act of the Andrian, when Simo says Davus is layed by the Heels, says PAMPHILUS non recte vinctu' est, 'tis not rightly done, or 'tis done without Reason or Cause ; to which the old Gentleman gives a pleasant Turn by punning on the Word recte : and, in the last Scene of this Play, says BACCHIS to PAMPHILUS, recte ama'isti, PAMPHILE, Uxorem tuam : You've not lov'd

Par. Now, for that very Reason, I wou'd not have you enter the Door; for, if *Philumena's* Pains are abated, I know she'll immediately tell him, as they're alone, ev'ry Thing that happen'd betwixt ye, and the Occasion of your Disagreement: and, lo! here he comes: but how he's cast down!

S C E N E IV.

Sostrata, Pamphilus, and Parmeno.

Sof. O! my Son!

Pam. Mother, I am glad to see you.

Sof. I am glad to see you safe return'd. Is *Philumena* in a fair Way to recover?

Pam. She's better.

Sof. Pray Heav'n it may be so: why ~~wherefore~~ ^{therefore} do you weep? Or why are you so sad?

Pam. (21) Not without Reason, Mother.

Sof. What was that Hurry about? Tell me, was she taken ill suddenly?

Pam. She was.

Sof. What's her Distemper.

Pam. A Fever.

Sof.

low'd your Wife without Reason, Pamphilus. Says Thrafo, in the fourth Act of the EUNUCH, primum Aedis expugnabo, first I'll storm the Castle; to which Gnatho answers recte, as an obsequious Commendation of his Judgement. The same Manner of Expression we find likewise in Aristophanes: in the 2d Act of his AXAGURS one asks if Euripides is within; to which the Servant answers he is, and he is not: how can he be within, and not within, says the other; to whom the Servant replies οὐδὲν, which is recte, very well, or reasonably: then he goes on to explain himself: his Mind, says he, is abroad in Search of Verses: but he is within. That recte can have no doubtful Meaning here, and that it carries no other Sense than what I have given it, appears from what follows in the Text: but I fear I have been too long on an Explanation that is obvious to every judicious Eye.

Sof. Cotidiana?

Pam.

Ita aiunt.

I fodes intro, consequar jam te, mea Mater.

Sof.

Fiat.

[Exit *Sofrata*.

S C E N A V.

Pamphilus et Parmeno.

Pam. Tu Pueris curre, *Parmeno*, obviam, atque iis Onera adjuta.

Par. Quid? Non sciunt ipsi Viam, Domum qua redeant?

Pam.

Cessas?

[Exit *Parmeno*. 2

S C E N A VI.

Pamphilus. Nequeo mearum Rerum Initium ullum-
invenire idoneum,

Unde exordiar narrare, quae nec opinanti accidunt,
Partim quae perspexi his Oculis, partim quae accepi
Auribus;

Qua me propter exanimatum citius eduxi foras:
Nam modo intro me ut corripui timidus, alio suspicans
Morbo me visurum adfectam, ac sensi esse, Uxorem,
hei mihi!

Postquam me aspexere Ancillae advenisse, ilico omnes
simul

Laetae exclamant, *venit*, id quod me repente aspexe-
rant:

Set continuo Voltum earum sensi inmutari omnium,
Quia tam incommode illis Fors obtulerat Adventum
meum: 10

Una illarum interea propere praecucurrit, nuntians
Me venisse; ego, ejus videndi cupidus, recta consequor:
Postquam intro adveni, extemplo ejus Morbum cognovi
miser;

Nam neque, ut celari posset, Tempus Spatium ullum
dabat;

Neque Voce alia, ac Res monebat, ipsa poterat con-
queri: 15

Postquam

Sof. Is it quotidian?

Pam. So they say. Pray go in, Mother, I'll follow you presently.

Sof. I will.

[*Sofrata* goes.]

S C E N E V.

Pamphilus and *Parmeno*.

Pam. *Parmeno*, do you run and meet the Lads, and help them along with their Baggage.

Par. What? Don't they know the Way Home?

Pam. Why don't you go?

[*Parmeno* goes.]

S C E N E VI.

Pamphilus. I know not from what Passage of my Life to date the Misfortunes which have unexpectedly happen'd to me, of which these Eyes beheld a Part, and Part these Ears receiv'd; which drove me soon dispirited away: for, as I timorously and abruptly enter'd the House, expecting to have seen my Wife labouring under a different Malady from that in which I found her, alas! soon as the Maids beheld my Entrance, all, with a Face of Joy and one Accord, forthwith cry'd out, *he's come!* Such was their Cry when suddenly they saw me: but I immediately perceiv'd a Change in all their Countenances, because my accidental Coming was so unseasonable to them: meanwhile one of them ran with the News of my Approach; I directly follow, full of Desire to see her: soon as I enter'd, I discover'd her Distemper and my own Wretchedness; for there was not Time for her to conceal her Case; nor cou'd she complain with any other Voice than that which betray'd her Condition: which

Postquam aspexi, o! Facinus indignum! inquam, et
corripui ilico

Me inde lacrumans, incredibili Re atque atroci percitus!
Mater consequitur; jam ut Limen exirem, ad Genua
accidit,

Lacrumans misera! Miseritum est! Profecto hoc sic
est, ut puto;

Omnibus nobis ut Res dant sese, (22) ita magni atque
humiles sumus. 20

Hanc habere Orationem mecum Principio institit.

O! mi Pamphile, abs te quamobrem haec abierit, Cau-
sam vides:

Nam Vitium est oblatum Virgini olim ab nescio quo improbo:
Nunc huc confugit, te atque alios Partum ut celaret suum:
Set, cum Orata ejus reminiscor, nequeo quin lacrumem
miser. 25

Quaeque Fors, Fortuna, est, inquit, nobis quae te hodie
obtulit,

Per eam te obsecramus ambae, si Jus, si Fas, est, uti
Adversa ejus, per te, tecta tacitaeque aput omnis fient.
Si umquam erga te Animo esse amico sensisti eam, mi
Pamphile,

Sine Labore hanc Gratiam, te, ut sibi des pro illa, nunc
rogat: 30

Caeterum de redducenda, id facias quod in Rem sit tuam.
Parturire eam, neque gravidam esse ex te, solus conscius:
Nam aiunt tecum (23) post duobus concubuisse Mensibus;
Tum, postquam ad te venit, Mensis agitur hic jam septimus:
Quod te scire ipsa indicat Res. Nunc, si potis est, Pam-
phile, 35

Maxume volo, doque Operam, ut clam eveniat Partus
Patrem, Atque

22. This is no great Discovery.

23. Bentley's Construction of this Passage is as fol-
lows: post duobus Mensibus he makes two Months after
the Rape; and the Meaning of the next Verse is this;
seven Months are now passed since the wedding Night;
nine Months therefore from the Time of the Rape, seven
since the Wedding. Thus far Bentley. I wonder how
the

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which when I beheld, unworthy Act! I cry'd, and forthwith flung myself from thence in Tears, indignant at a Deed so barbarous and incredible! Her Mother follows me; just as I came to the Door, she threw herself at my Knees, lamenting miserably! It was a mournful Sight! 'Tis really as I think; we are all elated or depress'd, (22) as our Affairs turn out. She address'd herself to me in these Words.—O! my Pamphilus, you see the Cause that drove her from you: some unknown Ravisher long since compel'd the Maid: here she now seeks her Refuge, to conceal her Shame from you and from the World. Alas! when I call to Mind her Intreatys, I can not refrain from Tears. Whatever Chance, or Fortune, continues she, brought you this Day to us, by that we both implore you, if it is just, if lawful, that this her Misfortune may, thro you, remain to all a Secret unreveal'd. If ever, my Pamphilus, you perceiv'd her to behave with Affection towards you, she now entreats you to grant this Favour willingly in Return: as for your taking her back, do in that as suits your own Convenience. You alone are conscious of her Labour, and that the Child is not your own: for they say she was a Stranger to your Bed (23) two Months after Marriage; but seven Months are pass'd then since you've known her: that you are sensible of which the Affair itself declares. Now, Pamphilus, I heartily wish, and I will use my utmost Endeavours, that her Labour may be a Secret to her Father, and to every one else; but if

U

that

the learned Doctor should take this to be the Construction, when the Father of the young Lady, in the second Scene of the next Act, says, in plain Terms, they had been marry'd nine Months: what, says he to his Wife, cou'd be your Reason for desiring so earnestly to conceal her Labour from us all, especially as she's safely deliver'd, and has gone her full Time? By aiant we must understand Philumena and her female Confidants.

*Atque adeo omnis ; set si fieri id non potest, quin sentiant,
Dicam abortum esse: scio Nemini aliter suspectum fore ;
Quin, quod verisimile est, ex te recte eum natum putent :
Continuo exponetur : hic tibi Nihil est quicquam incommo-
di ; et* 40

Illi miserae indigne factam Injuriam contexeris.

Pollicitus sum ; et servare in eo certum est, quod dixi,
Fidem :

Nam de redducenda, id vero neutiquam honestum esse
arbitror,

Nec faciam, etsi Amor me graviter, Consuetudoque
ejus, tenet.

Lacrumo, quae posthac futura est Vita, cum in Men-
tem venit, 45

Solitudoque. O ! Fortuna, ut numquam es perpetuo
bona !

Set jam prior Amor me ad hanc Rem exercitatum red-
didit,

Quem ego tum Consilio missum feci ; idem nunc huic
Operam dabo.

Adest *Parmeno* cum Pueris : hunc minime est Opus

In hac Re adesse ; nam olim soli credidi 50

Ea me abstinuisse, in Principio, cum data est.

Vereor, si Clamorem ejus hic crebro exaudiat,

Ne parturire intellegat. Aliquo mihi est

Hinc ablegandus, dum parit *Philumena*.

S C E N A VII.

Parmeno, Sofia, et Pamphilus.

Par. Ain'tu tibi hoc incommodum evenisse Iter ?

So. Non, hercle, Verbis, *Parmeno*, dici potest
Tantum quam, Re ipsa, navigare incommodum est.

Par. Itane est ?

So. O ! fortunate, nescis quid mali
Praeterieris, qui numquam es ingressus Mare : 5
Nam alias ut mittam Misérias, unam hanc vide ;
Dies triginta, aut plus eo, in Navi fui,
Cum interea semper Mortem exspectabam miser,
Ita usque advorsa Tempestate usi sumus.

Par.

that can not be, and they happen to find it out, I'll say 'tis an untimely Birth: I know Nobody will suspect it to be otherwise; but they will think, as it seems likely, that you are the Father of it: it shall be immediately expos'd: here can be no Disadvantage to you; and you will screen the Wrongs unworthily offer'd to this poor Creature. I promis'd; and I'm resolv'd to stand to what I say'd: as for taking her back, that I think no Way to my Honour, nor will I do it, tho much my Love and her former Conversation still engage me. I weep to think of my future Life and solitary Hours. O! Fortune, that thy Smiles are never lasting! But my former Love has inur'd me to this, which by Reflection then I banish'd from me; I'll try to be the same, and conquer this.—*Parmeno* and the Lads approach: he must not be present in this Affair; for he's the only Person to whom I trusted the Secret of my not touching her when first she was my Wife. I am afraid, if he shou'd hear her frequent Crys, he'll discover her to be in Labour. I must send him somewhere from hence, till *Philumena's* deliver'd.

SCENE VII.

Parmeno, Sofia, and Pamphilus.

Par. So, you say you had a bad Voy'ge, do you?

So. By *Herc'les*, *Parmeno*, the Hardships of a seafaring Life can't be express'd.

Par. Say you so?

So. You're a lucky Fellow; you don't know what Evils you've escap'd, by never having been at Sea: not to mention other Plagues, consider this one; I was a-board thirty Days, or longer, and in Fear of Death ev'ry Moment, we had such continual Storms against us.

Par. Odiosum!

So. Haut clam me est: denique, hercle, aufugerim
Potius quam redeam, si eo mi' redeundum sciam. 11

Par. Olim quidem te Causae inpelebant leves,
Quod nunc minitare facere, ut faceres, *Sofia*:
Set *Pamphilum* ipsum video stare ante Ostium:
Ite intro: ego hunc adibo, si quid me velit. 15
[Exeunt *Sofia* Servique alii.]

S C E N A VIII.

Parmeno et *Pamphilus*.

Par. Here, etiam nunc tu hic stas?

Pam. Equidem te exspecto.

Par. Quid est?

Pam. In Arcem transcurso Opus est.

Par. Cui Homini?

Pam. Tibi.

Par. In Arcem? Quid eo?

Pam. *Callidemidem* Hospitem

Myconium, qui mecum una advectu'st, conveni.

Par. Perii. Vovisse hunc dicam, si salvos Domum 5
Redisset umquam, ut me ambulando rumperet.

[*Seorsim.*]

Pam. Quid cessas?

Par. Quid vis dicam? An conveniam modo?

Pam. Imo, quod constitui, me hodie conventurum
eum

Non posse, ne frustra illic exspectet. Vola.

Par. At non novi Hominis Faciem.

Pam. At faciam ut noveris: 10

Magnus, rubicundus, crispus, crassus, caesius.

Par. Cadaverosa (24) Facie Di illum perduint.

Quid, si non veniet? Maneamne usque ad Vesperum?

Pam.

24. The late Editions of our Poet, and indeed Faernus,
and long before him Donatus, join cadaverosa Facie to
Pamphilus's

Par. Very disagreeable!

So. I am no Stranger to those Things: by *Herc'les*, I'd run away, if I thought I was to go again.

Par. Formerly indeed, *Sofia*, a slight Occasion made you do what you now threaten only:—but I see *Pamphilus* standing before the Door: get ye in: I'll step up to him, to see if he wants me.

[*Sofia* and other Servants go.

S C E N E VIII.

Parmeno and *Pamphilus*.

Par. Are you here still, Master?

Pam. Yes, and waiting for you.

Par. What's your Will?

Pam. Somebody must run to the Tow'r.

Par. Who must?

Pam. You must.

Par. To the Tow'r? What to do there?

Pam. To meet *Callidemides*, my Landlord at *Mycone*, who came over with me.

Par. I am a dead Man. I dare say he made a Vow, if he shou'd return safe Home, to walk me off my Legs. [Aside.

Pam. Why do you loiter?

Par. What wou'd you have me say to him? Or am I only to meet him?

Pam. You must bid him not wait for me there to no Purpose, for I cannot meet him now as I appointed. Fly.

Par. But I don't know him if I see him.

Pam. But I'll inform you how to know him: he's a huge, red-fac'd, frizled-crown'd, fat, grey-ey'd, Fellow.

Par. The Devil take him, with his ghastly (24) Phiz. Suppose he does not come? Must I wait till Night for him?

U 3

Pam.

Pamphilus's Speech: Madam Dacier and other Translators make it a terrible Phiz: but I believe cadaverosa will not.

Pam. Maneto: curre.

Par. Non queo, ita defessus sum. [Exit *Parmeno*.

S C E N A IX.

Pam. Ille abiit.—Quid agam infelix? Prorsus nescio
Quo Pacto hoc celem, quod me oravit *Myrrhina*,
Suae Gnatae Partum: nam me miseret Mulieris.
Quod potero faciam, tamen ut Pietatem colam:
Nam me Parenti potius quam Amori obsequi 5
Oportet: at eccum *Phidippum*, et Patrem,
Video: horsum pergunt: quid dicam hisce incertus sum.

S C E N A X.

Laches, *Phidippus*, et *Pamphilus*.

Lac. Dix'tin' dudum illam dixisse se exspectare Fi-
lium? [Phidippo, Pamphilum *non videns*.

Phid. Factum.

Lac. Venisse aiunt; redeat.

Pam. Quam Causam dicam Patri,
Quamobrem non redducam, nescio. [Seorsim.

Lac. Quem ego hic audiui loqui?

Pam. Certum obfirmare est Viam me, quam decrevi
persequi. [Seorsim.

Lac. Ipsus est de quo hoc agebam tecum.

Pam. Salve, mi Pater. 5

Lac. Gnate mi, salve.

Phid. Bene factum te advenisse, *Pamphile*;
Et adeo, quod maximum' est, salvom atque validum.

Pam. Creditur.

Lac.

*not bear that Construction: Bentley, to avoid this Con-
tradiction in so short a Description, proposes lentiginosa,
that is pimplefaced, for cadaverosa; which is certainly
better in Pamphilus's Speech: but, as cadaverosa is like-
ly to be Terence's Word, I chuse to use it, and put it into
Parmeno's*

Pam. Wait I say : make Haste.

Par. That I can't do, I'm so jaded. [*Parmeno goes.*]

S C E N E IX.

Pam. He is gone.—What shall I do in this unhappy Situation? I am quite at a Loss how to oblige *Myrrhina* in this, how to conceal her Daughter's Lying-in : I pity the Woman. I'll do what I can, consistent with my Duty : for Obedience to a Parent ought to be prefer'd to my Love : but, lo ! here's *Phidippus*, and my Father : they are coming this Way : I do not know what I shall say to them.

S C E N E X.

Laches, Phidippus, and Pamphilus.

Lac. Did not you say just now that she told you she waited for my Son's coming Home ? [*To Phidippus, not seeing Pamphilus.*]

Phid. Yes, I did.

Lac. Well, they say he's come ; let her go back.

Pam. I don't know what Excuse to make to my Father for not taking her again. [*Aside.*]

Lac. Whose Voice is that I hear'd here ?

Pam. I am resolv'd to keep to what I propos'd.

[*Aside.*]

Lac. Here's the very Person I was talking of to you.

Pam. Heav'n blefs my Father.

Lac. And you, my Boy.

Phid. 'Tis well you're come Home, *Pamphilus* ; and I am glad to see you look so well and hearty.

Pam. I don't doubt it.

Lac.

Parmeno's Mouth, who may be supposed to speak it ironically, after his Master's fierce Description of his Myconian Host : and I find it, in Parmeno's Speech, in Erasmus's and several old Editions of our Poet, but in the nominative Case with Facies.

Lac. Advenis modo?

Pam. Admodum.

Lac. Cedo, quid reliquit *Phania*

Confobrinus noster?

Pam. Sane, hercle, Homo Voluptati obsequens
Fuit, dum vixit; et qui sic sunt, haut multum Here-
dem juvant: 10

Sibi vero hanc Laudem reliquit, *vixit, dum vixit, bene.*

Lac. Tum tu igitur Nihil adtulisti huc una plus
Sententia?

Pam. Quicquid est id, quod reliquit, profuit.

Lac. Immo obfuit;

Nam illum vivom et salvom vellem.

Phid. Inpune optare istuc licet;

Ille reviviscet jam numquam; et tamen utrum malis
scio. [Scorsim. 15

Lac. Heri *Philumenam* ad se adcersi hic jussit.
(*Pamphilo.*)

— Dic jussisse te. [Separatim *Phidippo.*

Phid. Noli fodere. [Separatim *Lacheti.*] — Jussi.
[*Clare.*

Lac. Set eam jam remittet.

Phid. Scilicet.

Pam. Omnem Rem scio, ut sit gesta: adveniens au-
divi modo.

Lac. At istos invidos Di perdant, qui haec libenter
nuntiant.

Pam. Ego me scio cavisse, ne ulla merito Contumelia
Fieri a vobis posset; idque, si nunc memorare hic ve-
lim, 21

Quam fideli Animo et benigno in illam et clementi
fui,

Vere possum; ni te ex ipsa haec magis velim resciscere;
Namque eo Pacto maxime aput te meo erit Ingenio.
Fides,

Cum illa, quae in me nunc iniqua est, aequa de me
dixerit: 25

Neque mea Culpa hoc Discidium evenisse, id testor
Deos:

Set

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Lac. Are you but just come?

Pam. Just now.

Lac. Well, what has our Cousin *Phania* left us?

Pam. In Troth, he follow'd his Pleasures too much while he was alive; and such People don't enrich their Heirs: however he left this Commendation behind him, *while he liv'd, he liv'd well.*

Lac. So you've brought Nothing Home but that single Sentence, have you?

Pam. Whatever he has left, we are no Losers by him.

Lac. But we are; therefore I wish he was alive and well.

Phid. That you may safely do; for your Wishes will not bring him to Life; yet I know which you wou'd have him be. [*Aside.*

Lac. He order'd *Philumena* to be sent for to his House yesterday. [To *Pamphilus*—] Say you order'd her. [*Aside to Phidippus.*

Phid. Don't punch your Hand into me, [To *Laches*.]—I did so. [*Aloud.*

Lac. But now he'll send her back.

Phid. Ay, to be sure.

Pam. I know the whole Affair, and how it's manag'd: I was inform'd just now, as soon as I arriv'd.

Lac. A Vengeance on them, for a Parcel of spiteful Wretches, who were so very ready with their News.

Pam. I am conscious that I have always took Care not to deserve your Reproaches: and I cou'd truly tell, if I was at this Time so inclin'd, with what a faithful, easy, and a tender, Heart, I have behav'd to her; but I had rather you shou'd hear that from her; for I shall thereby obtain the more Credit with you, when you hear a just Account of me from her who now behaves unjustly to me: and I call the Gods to witness that this Parting was thro no Fault of mine: but since she

Set quando esse indignam sese deputat Matri meae,
 Cui concedat, cujusque Mores toleret sua Modestia,
 Neque alio Pacto componi potest inter eas Gratia,
 Segreganda aut Mater a me est, *Phidippe*, aut *Philu-*
mena; 30
 Nunc me Pietas Matris potius Commodum suadet sequi.

Lac. Pamphile, haut invito ad Aures Sermo mihi
 accessit tuus,
 Cum te postputasse Res omnes, prae Parente, intellego.
 Verum vide, ne impulsus Ira prave insistas, *Pamphile*.

Pam. (25) Quibus Iris impulsus nunc in illam ini-
 quus sim, 35
 Quae numquam quicquam erga me commerita' est, Pater,
 Quae nollem, et saepe meritam quod vellem scio?
 Amoque, et laudo, et vehementer desidero;
 Nam fuisse erga me miro Ingenio expertus sum:
 Illique exopto ut reliquam Vitam exigat 40
 Cum eo Viro, me qui sit fortunatior,
 Quandoquidem illam a me distrahit Necessitas.

Phid. Tibi id in Manu est, ne fiat.

Lac. Si sanus fies,
 Jube illam redire.

Pam. Non est Consilium, Pater:
 Matris servibo Commodis.

Lac. Quo abis? Mane, 45
 Mane, inquam; quo abis? [*Exit Pamphilus.*]

S C E N A XI.

Phidippus et Laches.

Phid. Quae haec est Pertinacia?

Lac. Dixin', *Phidippe*, hanc Rem aegre laturum
 esse eum?

Quamobrem te orabam Filiam ut remitteres.

Phid.

25. The Beginning of this Speech, compared with the
 25th Verse above, is enough to puzzle the old Gentlemen
 to.

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she looks on herself so much above my Mother, to whom she ought to submit, and whose Humour her Modesty shou'd have taught her to bear, and as there's no working a Reconciliation betwixt them on any other Terms, I find, *Phidippus*, I must forsake my Mother or *Philumena*; and Duty now persuades me to consult my Mother's Peace.

Lac. Pamphilus, your Words do not displease me, when I hear you prefer your Duty to a Parent to all other Considerations. However, *Pamphilus*, see that you do not let your Resentment carry you too far.

Pam. (25) What Resentment, Father, can make me now unjust to her, whose Behaviour never contradicted my Will, and who, to my Knowledge, has often deserv'd well of me? She has my Love, my Praise, and warm Desires; for I have often experienc'd her wonderful good Nature towards me: and I wish she may spend the Remainder of her Life with a more fortunate Husband than myself, since Necessity now rends her from me.

Phid. 'Tis in your Pow'r to prevent it.

Lac. If you are in your Senses, order her back.

Pam. That is not my Intent, Father: I shall pursue my Mother's Interest.

Lac. Where are you going? Stay, stay, I say; where are you going? [Pamphilus goes.]

S C E N E XI.

Phidippus and *Laches*.

Phid. What Obstinacy's this?

Lac. Did not I tell you, *Phidippus*, that he wou'd take this Affair ill? For which Reason I intreated you to send your Daughter back.

Phid.

to find out his Meaning: the Audience indeed can reconcile the Passages, with some Allowance; but he should not talk in Riddles to his two Fathers.

Phid. Non credidi, edepol, adeo inhumanum fore;
 Itan' is nunc sibi me supplicaturum putat? 5
 Si est, ut velit reducere Uxorem, licet;
 Sin alio est Animo, renumeret Dotem huc, eat.

Lac. Ecce autem tu quoque proterve iracundus es.

Phid. Percontumax redisti huc nobis, *Pamphile*.

Lac. Decedet Ira haec, etsi merito iratus est. 10

Phid. Quia paulum vobis accessit Pecuniae,
 Sublati Animi sunt.

Lac. Etiam mecum litigas?

Phid. Deliberet, renuntietque hodie mihi,
 Velitne an non, ut alii, si huic non est, fiet.

Lac. Phidippe, ades, audi paucis.

[*Exit Phidippus.*]

SCENA XII.

Lac. Abiit. — Quid mea?
 Postremo, inter se transigant ipsi, ut lubet,
 Quando nec Gnatus neque hic mi' quicquam obtem-
 perant;
 Quae dico parvi pendunt. Porto hoc Jurgium
 Ad Uxorem, cujus haec sunt Consilio omnia: 5
 Atque in eam hoc omne, quod mihi aegre'lt, evomam.

Finis Aëtus Tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Myrrhina. **P**ER II; quid agam? Quo me vortam?
 Quid Viro meo respondebo
 Misera? Nam audivisse Vocem Pueri visu'lt vagientis,
 Ita corripuit derepente tacitus sese ad Filiam:

Quod

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Phid. By the Temple of *Pollux*, I did not think he cou'd be such a Brute: does he imagine now that I'll make my Court to him? If he'll take his Wife Home, let him; if he wo'n't, let him pay back her Portion, and away with him.

Lac. Do but see how testy you are too.

Phid. Methinks, *Pamphilus*, you've return'd in a very sturdy Mood.

Lac. This Anger of his will go off, tho I can not say it is without Cause.

Phid. You hold up your Heads very high, because ye've a little Money come to ye.

Lac. Do you quarrel with me too?

Phid. Let him consider, and declare his Mind this very Day to me, whether he will have her or not, that, if he will not, another may.

Lac. Come hither, *Phidippus*, hear me a little.

[*Phidippus* goes.]

S C E N E XII.

Lac. He's gone.—What is it to me? In short, let them make an End of it among themselves, as they think fit, since neither my Son nor he will take my Advice; they look upon what I say as Nothing. I'll carry this Quarrel to my Wife, who was the Occasion of all this: I'll throw it all on her, because it sits uneasy upon me.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Myrrhina. I'M ruin'd; what shall I do? Which Way shall I turn myself? What Answer shall I poor Wretch give my Husband? For he seem'd to hear the Child's Voice when it cry'd, he flung himself into my Daughter's Room so suddenly without speaking a

X

Word:

Quod si rescierit peperisse eam, id qua Causa clam me
habuisse

Dicam, non, edepol, scio:

Set Ostium concepuit: credo ipsum exire ad me: nul-
la sum. 5

S C E N A II.

Phidippus et Myrrhina.

Phid. Uxor, ubi me ad Filiam ire sensit, se eduxit
foras:

Atque eccam video. Quid ais, *Myrrhina*? Heus, tibi
dico.

Myr. Mihine, mi Vir?

Phid. Vir ego tuus sim? Tu Virum me, aut Ho-
minem, deputas adeo esse?

Nam si utrumvis horum, Mulier, umquam tibi visus
forem,

Non sic Ludibrio tuis Factis habitus essem.

Myr. Quibus?

Phid. At rogitas?

Peperit Filia: hem! taces? Ex quo? 5

Myr. Istuc Patrem rogare est aequom? —
Perii. [*Seorsim.*] — Ex quo censes, nisi ex illo, cui data
est nuptum, obsecro?

Phid. Credo; neque adeo arbitrari Patris est aliter;
set demiror

Quid sit, quamobrem tantopere omnis nos celare vo-
lueris

Partum, praesertim cum et recte, et Tempore suo,
pepererit. 10

Adeon' pervicaci esse Animo, ut Puerum praeoptares
perire,

Ex quo firmiorem inter nos fore Amicitiam posthac
scires,

Potius quam, advorsum Animi tui Lubidinem, esset
cum illo nupta!

Ego etiam illorum esse hanc Culpam credidi, quae te
est penes.

Myr.

Word: if he shou'd discover her being brought to Bed, I can not tell verily what Excuse I shall make for concealing it: but the Door creaks: I believe he's coming out to me: I'm an undone Woman.

S C E N E II.

Phidippus and Myrrhina.

Phid. As soon as my Wife saw me go to my Daughter, she jog'd out of Doors: and here she is I see. What have you to say for yourself, *Myrrhina*? Hark y', I speak to you.

Myr. To me, Husband?

Phid. I your Husband? Do you look upon me as a Husband, or so much as a Man? For if you had ever taken me for either of them, Woman, you had not made me such an insignificant Tool as you have by your Pranks.

Myr. By what Pranks?

Phid. Have you the Confidence to ask me? Your Daughter's brought to Bed here: hah! you are silent upon it, are you? Whom is it by?

Myr. Is that a fit Question for a Father to ask?— I am undone. [*Aside.*]—Whom do you think it is by, but by her lawful Husband, I pray now?

Phid. I do not doubt it; nor shou'd a Father suppose otherwise; but I am surpris'd at what cou'd be your Reason for desiring so earnestly to conceal her Labour from us all, especially as she is safely deliver'd, and has gone her full Time. That any one cou'd be so stubborn as to study the Destruction of the Child, (which you might be sure wou'd cement the Alliance of our Familys the stronger,) rather than the Match shou'd continue, because you are set against it! I us'd to think them in Fault, but now I see it is you.

X 2

Myr.

Myr. Misera sum.

Pbid. Utinam sciam ita esse istuc: set nunc mihi in Mentem venit, 15

Ex hac Re quod locuta es olim, cum illum Generum cepimus:

Nam negabas nuptam posse Filiam tuam te pati
Cum eo qui Meretricem amaret, qui pernoctaret foris.

Myr. Quamvis Causam hunc suspicari, quam ipsam veram, mavolo. [*Seorsim.*

Pbid. Multo prius scivi, quam tu, illum habere Amicam, *Myrrhina*; 20

Verum id Vitium numquam decrevi esse ego Adulescentiae;

Nam id omnibus innatum est: at, pol, jam aderit, se quoque etiam cum oderit:

Set, ut olim te ostendisti eandem esse, Nihil cessavisti usque adhuc,

Ut Filiam ab eo abduceres, neu, quod ego egissem, esset ratum.

Id, nunc Res Indicium haec facit, quo Pacto factum volueris. 25

Myr. Adeon' me esse pervicacem censes, cui Mater siem,

Ut eo essem Animo, si ex Usu esset nostro hoc Matrimonium?

Pbid. Tun' prospicere, aut judicare, nostram in Rem quod sit, potes?

Audi'sti ex aliquo, fortasse, qui vidisse eum diceret Exeuntem, aut introeuntem ad Amicam: quid tum postea, 30

Si modeste ac raro hoc fecit? Nonne dissimulare nos Magis humanum est, quam dare Operam id scire, qui nos oderit?

Nam si is posset ab ea sese derepente avellere,
Quacum tot consueffet Annos, non eum Hominem ducerem,

Nec Virum satis firmum Gnatae.

Myr. Mitte Adulescentem, obsecro, 35

Et quae me peccasse ais. Abi, solum solus conveni;
Roga,

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Myr. I am an unhappy Woman.

Phid. Wou'd I was sure of that: but I call to Mind now what you say'd some Time ago about this Affair, when we accepted him for a Son in Law: you cou'd by no Means suffer your Daughter to be marry'd to one that had a Mistress, and who lay out o'Nights.

Myr. I had rather he shou'd suspect any Cause but the true one. [*Afide.*

Phid. I knew before you did, *Myrrhina*, that he had a Mistress; but I never imputed that as a Crime to young Men; for 'tis natural to them all: but the Time will soon come when he'll hate e'en himself for it: however you have taken Care to act the same Part you us'd, to this very Moment, that you might draw your Daughter from him, lest what I had done shou'd hold good. Now this very Thing plainly discovers how you wou'd have it.

Myr. Do you take me, who am her Mother, to be so basely obstinate, if this is an advantageous Match to us?

Phid. Are you able to foresee, or to judge, what is to our Advantage? You have hear'd Somebody say, perhaps, that he saw him going to, or coming from, his Mistress: what then, if he did it modestly and seldom? Is it not better for us to take no Notice than to endeavour to know that which will make him hate us? If he cou'd suddenly withdraw himself from her, with whom he had been intimate so many Years, I shou'd not look upon him as a Man, nor as a Husband likely to be constant to my Daughter.

Myr. No more, I pray, of the young Man, nor of my Faults, as you are pleas'd to call them. Go and meet him by yourselves, ask him whether he'll

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Roga, velitne an non Uxorem ; si est, ut dicat velle se,
Redde ; sin est autem, ut nolit, recte ego consului meae.

Phid. Siquidem ille ipse non volt, et tu sens'ti esse
in eo, *Myrrhina*,

Peccatum, aderam, cujus Consilio fuerat ea par prospici :
Quamobrem incendor Ira, te esse ausam facere haec
Injussu meo. 41

Interdico ne extulisse extra Aedis Puerum usquam velis :
Set ego stultior, meis Dictis parere hanc qui postulem !
Ibo intro, atque edicam Servis, ne quoquam efferri
finant. [Exit.

S C E N A III.

Myr. Nullam, pol, credo Mulierem me miseriorem
vivere ;

Nam ut hic laturus hoc sit, si ipsam Rem, ut fiet, re-
sciverit,

Non, edepol, clam me est, cum hoc, quod levius est,
tam Animo iracundo tulit :

Nec, qua Via sententia ejus possit mutari, scio.

Hoc mihi unum ex plurimis Miseriis relliquom fuerat
Malum, 5

Si Puerum ut tollam cogit, cujus nos qui sit nescimus
Pater :

Nam, cum compressa est Gnata, Forma in Tenebris
nosci non quita est ;

Neque detractum ei tum quicquam est, qui post posset
nosci qui fiet :

Ipse eripuit Vi, in Digito quem habuit, Virgini abiens
Annulum : 9

Simul vereor *Pamphilum*, ne Orata nostra nequeat diutius
Celare, cum sciet alienum Puerum tolli pro suo. [Exit.

S C E N A IV.

Sofrata et Pamphilus.

Sof. Non clam me est, Gnate mi, tibi me esse sus-
pectam, Uxorem tuam

Propter

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take his Wife or not ; if he says he will, let him ; but if he will not, then I have consulted the Good of my Child.

Phid. Supposing he will not, and you perceiv'd the Fault to be in him, *Myrrhina*, I was present, by whose Judgement it was fit those Things shou'd have been examin'd : I am therefore provok'd to Anger, that you shou'd presume to act thus without my Orders. I strictly charge you that the Child be not carry'd from under this Roof : but what a Fool am I, to require Obedience from her ! I'll go in, and command my Servants not to suffer it to be carry'd out. [*He goes.*

S C E N E III.

Myr. Verily I do not believe there is a more wretched Woman living than I am ; for I know too well how he'll bear it, when he finds out how the Matter really is, since he is so enrag'd at little or Nothing : nor can I tell how to change his Mind. If he shou'd force me to bring up a Child, whose Father we know Nothing of, that wou'd be a singular Misfortune at last out of a Multitude : for, when my Daughter was ravish'd, 'twas dark, and the Person cou'd not possibly be known ; nor did she take any Thing from him, by which he might afterwards be discover'd : he forc'd a Ring from her Finger when he left her : I am also afraid that *Pamphilus* will no longer keep our Secrets, when he hears that another Man's Child is brought up for his. [*She goes.*

S C E N E IV.

Sostrata and *Pamphilus*.

Sof. I know, Son, you suspect that my Humours drove your Wife from hence, I know you do, tho
you

Propter meos Mores hinc abisse, etsi ea dissimulas sedulo:
Verum, ita me Di ament, itaque obtingant ex te quae
exopto mihi,

Ut numquam sciens commerui, merito ut caperet Odi-
um illam mei:

Teque antequam me amare rebar, ei Rei firma'sti Fi-
dem;

Nam mihi intus tuus Pater narravit modo, quo Pacto⁵
me habueris

Praepositam Amori tuo. Nunc tibi me certum est con-
tra Gratiam

Referre, ut aput me Praemium esse positum Pietati
scias.

Mi *Pamphile*, hoc et vobis, et meae, commodum, Fa-
mae, arbitror,

Ego Rus abituram hinc cum tuo me esse certo decrevi
Patre,

Ne mea Praesentia obstet, neu Causa ulla restet relliqua,
Quin tua *Philumena* ad te redeat.

Pam. Quaeso, quid istuc Consili est?

Illius Stultitia victa, ex Urbe tu Rus habitatum migres?

Haut facies: neque sinam, ut qui nobis, Mater, Ma-
ledictum velit,

Mea Pertinacia esse dicat factum, haut tua Modestia:
Tum tuas Amicas te et Cognatas deferere, et festos Dies,
Mea Causa nolo.

Sof. Nil, pol, jam istaec (26) mihi Res Vo-
luptatis ferunt:

Dum Aetatis Tempus tulit, perfuncta satis sum: Sa-
tias jam tenet

Studiorum

26. Faernus observes on this Passage that the antient Latins used istaec for the feminine plural as well as singular: I doubt not but they did; but it is a great Imperfection in Language: we find likewise in several Passages haec for hae, but as neither istaec, nor haec, in the plural, is by the Concurrence of all the Editors of our Poet preserved in any one particular Place, I have often rejected them for istae and hae. In this Place I preserve

you are so cautious of owning it : but may I never see Heaven, nor obtain that of you which I wish, if ever I knowingly deserv'd her Hatred : and, as I suppos'd before that you lov'd me, you have now confirm'd my Belief of it ; for your Father told me within just now how you prefer'd me to your Love. Now I am resolv'd to return the Favour, that you may see what a Value I set upon your Duty. As I take it to be to your Advantage and my Credit, *Pamphilus*, I have positively resolv'd to go from hence with your Father into the Country, that my Presence may be no Hindrance to you, and that there may be no Room for an Excuse for *Philumena* not to return to you.

Pam. Pray, do you consider what it is you resolve ? Shall her Folly drive you from Town to the Country ? By no Means : I will not give our Enemys an Opportunity to say, 'twas done thro my Obstinacy and not your Condescension : besides, I am unwilling you shou'd leave your Friends and Relations, and pleasant Days, on my Account.

Sof. Those Pleasures, by *Pollux*, are over with me now : I had my Fill of them in my Youth ; I am quite sick of them now : my greatest Concern at this
Time

preserve istaec, not on the bare Authority of Faernus ; for in all Dr. Mead's three Copys the Pronoun plural ends in c here: two Copys have istec without the p ; and the other, the Folio Copy, has istaec without Res. Leng proposes Nihil in this Verse, and not Nil, and that Voluptatis should be but three Syllables, and pronounced Vluptatis: surely the easy and familiar Contraction of Nihil into Nil is preferable to such a barbarous and guttural Contraction of Voluptatis.

Studiorum istorum : haec mihi nunc Cura est maxuma,
ut ne cui mea

Longinquitas Aetatis obftet, Mortemve exspectet meam.
Hic video me esse invisam inmerito ; Tempus est con-
cedere ; 21

Sic optume, ut ego opinor, omnis Causas praecidam
omnibus ;

Et me hac Suspicionem exsolvam, et illis Morem gesserō.
Sine me, obsecro, hoc effugere, Volgus quod male
audit Mulierum.

Pam. Quam fortunatus ceteris sum Rebus, absque
una hac foret, 25

Hanc Matrem habens talem, illam autem Uxorem !

Sof. Obsecro, mi *Pamphile*,
Non tute incommodam Rem, ut quaeque est, in Ani-
mum induces pati,

Si cetera ita sunt, ut vis, itaque ut esse ego illa existumo ?
Mi Gnate, da Veniam hanc mihi, reduce illam.

Pam. Vae misero mihi !

Sof. Et mihi quidem : nam haec Res non minus me
male habet quam te, Gnate mi. 30

SCENA V.

Laches, Sostrata, et Pamphilus.

Lac. Quem cum istoc Sermonem habueris, procul
hinc stans, accepi, Uxor.

Istuc est sapere qui, ubicunque Opus sit, Animum pos-
sis flectere,

Quod sit faciendum post fortasse, idem hoc nunc si
feceris.

Sof. Fors fuat, pol.

Lac. Abi Rus ergo hinc : ibi ego te, et tu me
feres.

Sof. Spero, ecastor.

Lac. I ergo intro, et compone quae tecum simul
ferantur. Dixi. 5

Sof. Ita, ut jubes, faciam. [Exit *Sostrata*.

SCENA

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Time is to take Care that my old Age may not be burdensome to any one, or that Nobody may wish for my Death. I find, tho I do not deserve it, that I am unwelcome here; 'tis Time therefore to go; which is the best Way, in my Opinion, to disarm them of all their Objections; and I shall clear myself of this Suspicion, and let them follow their own Humours. Let me, I beseech you, avoid the Censure which Women generally ly under.

Pam. Was it not for this one Affair, how happy am I in ev'ry Thing else, having such a Mother, and such a Wife!

Sof. Pr'ythee, *Pamphilus*, can not you prevail on yourself to bear one Inconvenience, as it may happen, if other Things are as you wou'd have them, and as I take them to be? Indulge me in this, my Son, take her Home again.

Pam. How unhappy am I!

Sof. And so am I indeed: for this Affair, my Son, afflicts me as much as it does you.

S C E N E V.

Laches, Sostrata, and Pamphilus.

Lac. I have hear'd what you say'd to him, Wife, as I stood at a Distance here. 'Tis wise to be able to humble yourself when there's Occasion, and to do that now which you may be oblig'd to do hereafter.

Sof. It may be so perhaps.

Lac. Therefore go into the Country: there I'll bear with you, and you shall bear with me.

Sof. I hope so indeed.

Lac. Go in therefore, and get ev'ry Thing ready that you are to take with you. I am determin'd.

Sof. I'll do as you've order'd. [*Sostrata goes.*]

S C E N E

S C E N A VI.

*Pamphilus et Laches.**Pam.* Pater!*Lac.* Quid vis, *Pamphile*?*Pam.* Hinc abire Matrem? Minime.*Lac.* Quid ita istuc vis?*Pam.* Quia de Uxore incertus sum etiam, quid sim facturus.*Lac.* Quid est?

Quid vis facere nisi reducere?

Pam. Equidem cupio, et vix contineor;
Set non minuam meum Consilium: ex Usu quod est,
id persequar; 5

Credo ea Gratia concordēs, si non redducam, fore.

Lac. Nescias: verum tua refert Nihil, utrum illae
fecerint,
Quando haec aberit. Odiosa haec est Aetas Adule-
scentulis;E Medio aequom excedere est: postremo, nos jam
FabulaSumus, *PAMPHILE*, *Senex atque Anus*: 10
Set video *Phidippum* egredi per Tempus; accedamus.

S C E N A VII.

*Laches, Phidippus. et Pamphilus.**Phid.* [*Filiae quae intus est.*] Tibi quoque, edepol,
sum iratus, *Philumena*,Graviter quidem; nam, hercle, abs te factum est tur-
piter;Etsi tibi Causa est de hac Re; Mater te inpulit:
Huic vero nulla est.*Lac.* Opportune te mihi,
Phidippe, in ipso Tempore, ostendis.*Phid.* Quid est?*Pam.* Quid respondebo his? Aut quo Pacto hoc
operiam? 5[*Seorsim.*
Lac.

SCENE VI.

Pamphilus and Laches.

Pam. Father!

Lac. What wou'd'st thou have, *Pamphilus*?

Pam. Is my Mother to go from hence? By no means.

Lac. Why so?

Pam. Because I am not resolv'd what to do in Relation to my Wife.

Lac. What's that? What shou'd you do but take her Home again?

Pam. I wish I cou'd, and can scarce resist it; but I'll not depart from my Resolution: I'll pursue what seems most advantageous; I therefore believe they'll agree better at a Distance, if I don't take her again.

Lac. You can not tell that: but it signifys Nothing to you, whether they do or not, when she is gone from ye. We are of an Age no Way agreeable to young People; therefore it is fit we shou'd go from among ye: in short, *Pamphilus*, we are now become a Saying, *the old Man and the old Woman*:—but I see *Phidippus* coming out in a good Time; let us go to him.

SCENE VII.

Laches, Phidippus, and Pamphilus.

Phid. [*To his Daughter within.*] Indeed, *Philumena*, I am very angry with you too; for really you have done very ill; tho you have some Excuse for what you've done; your Mother forc'd you to it: but she has no Excuse.

Lac. Well met, *Phidippus*, I wanted to see you.

Phid. What's the Matter?

Pam. What Answer shall I give them? Or how shall I conceal this?

[*Aside.*

Y

Lac.

Lac. Dic Filiae Rus concessuram hinc *Sofstratam*,
Ne revereatur minus jam quo redeat Domum.

Phid. Ah!

Nullam de his Rebus Culpam commeruit tua :

A *Myrrhina* haec sunt, mea Uxore, exorta omnia. 10

Pam. Mutatio fit. [*Seorsim.*

Phid. Ea nos perturbat, *Lache.*

Pam. Dum ne reducam, turbet (27) porro quam
velit. [*Seorsim.*

Phid. Ego, *Pamphile*, esse inter nos, si fieri potest,
Adfinitatem hanc sane perpetuam volo:

Sin est, ut aliter tua fiet Sententia, 15

Accipias Puerum.

Pam. Sensit peperisse : occidi. [*Seorsim.*

Lac. Puerum! Quem Puerum?

Phid. Natus est nobis Nepos ;

Nam abducta a vobis praegnas fuerat Filia ;

Nec fuisse praegnatem umquam ante hunc scivi Diem.

Lac. Bene, ita me Di ament, nuntias! Et gaudeo
Natum illum, et illam salvam : set quid Mulieris 21

Uxorem habes? Aut quibus moratam Moribus?

Nosne hoc celatos tamdiu? Nequeo satis,

Quam hoc mihi videtur Factum prave, proloqui.

Phid. Non tibi illud Factum minus placet quam mi-
hi, *Lache.* 25

Pam. Etiam si dudum fuerat ambiguum hoc mihi,
Nunc non est, cum eam consequitur alienus Puer.

[*Seorsim.*

Lac. Nulla tibi, *Pamphile*, hic jam Consultatio est.

Pam. Perii!

[*Seorsim.*

Lac.

27. Turbent in all the Editions but Bentley's: tur-
bet certainly: she has made all this Disturbance, says
Laches ;

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Lac. Tell your Daughter that *Sostrata's* going into the Country, so she need not be afraid to return Home.

Phid. Ah! your Wife has been in no Fault in this Affair: *Myrrhina*, my Wife, has been the Occasion of all this.

Pam. The Wind's chang'd. [Aside:

Phid. She has made this Disturbance among us, *Laches*.

Pam. Let her (27) make what Disturbance she will, so I do not take my Wife Home again. [Aside.

Phid. *Pamphilus*, I wou'd fain perpetuate this Alliance in our Familys: but, if you are otherwise inclin'd, take the Child however.

Pam. He knows of her being brought to Bed: I am undone. [Aside.

Lac. The Child! What Child?

Phid. We have a Grandson come into the World; for my Daughter was near her Time when she came from your House; and I did not know a Word of her being with Child till this Day.

Lac. Good News, as Heaven shall bless me! I am glad that he's born, and the Mother's well: but what a strange Sort of a Woman is your Wife, what an odd Temper she is of, to keep this from us so long? I can not express what an ill Look this has in my Eye.

Phid. I am no more pleas'd with it than you are, *Laches*.

Pam. Supposing I was not quite resolv'd before, whether I wou'd take her back or not, I am now determin'd not, since another Man's Child's to come with her. [Aside.

Lac. *Pamphilus*, you are not at Liberty here to chuse now.

Pam. Undone!

[Aside.
Lac.

Y 2

Laches; let her, says *Pamphilus* aside, so I keep my Wife away.

Lac. Hunc videre saepe optabamus Diem,
Cum ex te esset aliquis, qui te appellaret Patrem: 30
Evenit, habeo Gratiam Dis.

Pam. Nullus sum. [*Seorsim.*

Lac. Reduc Uxorem, ac noli advorsari mihi.

Pam. Pater, si ex me illa Liberos vellet sibi,
Aut se esse mecum nuptam, satis certo scio,
Non clam me haberet, quod celasse intellego. 35
Nunc cum ejus alienum esse a me Animum sentiam,
Neque conventurum inter nos posthac arbitror,
Quamobrem reducam?

Lac. Mater quod suavit sua
Adulescens Mulier fecit: mirandumne id est?
Cense'n' te posse reperire ullam Mulierem 40
Quae careat Culpa? An qui non delinquant Viri?

Phid. Vosmet videte jam, *Lache*, et tu *Pamphile*,
Remissan' Opus sit vobis, redduan' Domum:
Uxor quid faciat in Manu non est mea:
Neutra in Re vobis Difficultas a me erit; 45
Set quid faciemus Puero?

Lac. Ridicule rogas!
Quicquid futurum est, huic reddas suum scilicet,
Ut alamus nostrum.

Pam. Quem ipse neclexit Pater
Ego alam?

Lac. Quid dix'ti? Eho, an non alemus,
Pamphile?

Prodemus, qualeso, potius? Quae haec Amentia est?
Enimvero prorsus jam tacere non queo; 51
Nam cogis ea, quae nolo, ut, praesente hoc, loquar.
Ignarum ceuses tuarum Lacrumarum esse me?
Aut quid sit id quod sollicitere ad hunc Modum?
Primum hanc ubi dix'ti Causam, te, propter tuam 55
Matrem non posse habere hanc Uxorem Domi,
Pollicita est ea se concessuram ex Aedibus:
Nunc, postquam ademptam hanc quoque tibi Causam
vides,

Puer quia clam te est natus, nactus alteram es.
Erras, tui Animi si me esse ignarum putas. 60
Aliquando tandem huc Animum ut adducas tuum,
Quam

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Lac. We have often wish'd to see this Day, when you shou'd have one to call you Father: it is come now, Heaven be thank'd.

Pam. I am an undone Man. [*Aside.*

Lac. Take your Wife Home, and do not thwart me.

Pam. If she had a Mind to have had Children by me, or to be my Wife, I very well know she wou'd not have conceal'd that from me which I perceive she has. Now I find that her Heart is not with me, and that there can be no right Understanding betwixt us, why shou'd I take her Home?

Lac. The young Woman did as her Mother persuaded her: is that to be wonder'd at? Do you think you can find a Woman without any Failing? And what Men are without Faults?

Phid. Do you, *Laches*, and *Pamphilus*, consider whether it will be better for ye to leave her or take her: I can't answer for the Behaviour of my Wife: do which you will, I'll be no Hindrance: but what shall we do with the Child?

Lac. What a ridiculous Question is that! Whatever happens, give him his Child, that we may bring it up as our own.

Pam. Shall I bring up a Child which the Father takes no Notice of?

Lac. What's that you say'd? What, shall we not bring it up, *Pamphilus*? Shall we expose it rather? What Frenzy is this? Really I am not able to hold any longer; for you force me to say what I wou'd not willingly before him. Do you think I do not know the Reason of your Tears? Or what it is you are so troubled about in this Manner? When you first pretended that you cou'd not keep your Wife at Home, because of your Mother, she promis'd to go from ye: now you see this Excuse will not do, you have got another, because the Child's born without your Knowledge. You mistake, if you think I can not see into this. What a long While did I indulge

Quam longum Spatium amandi Amicam tibi dedi?
 Sumptus, quos fecisti in eam, quam Animo aequo tuli!
 Egi, atque oravi, tecum, Uxorem ut duceres:
 Tempus dixi esse: Impulsa duxisti meo. 65
 Quae tum, obsecutus mihi, fecisti ut decuerat..
 Nunc Animum rursum ad Meretricem indux'ti tuum:
 Cui tu obsecutus, facis huic adeo Injuriam:
 Nam in eandem Vitam te revolutum denuo
 Video esse.

Pam. Mene?

Lac. Te ipsum; et facis Injuriam. 70

Configis falsas Causas ad Discordiam,
 Ut cum illa vivas, Testem hanc cum abs te amoveris:
 Sensitque adeo Uxor; nam ei Causa alia quae fuit,
 Quamobrem abs te abiret?

Phid. Plane hic divinat; nam id est. [*Seorsim.*]

Pam. Dabo Jusjurandum, Nihil esse istorum, tibi.

Lac. Ah! 75

Reduc Uxorem, aut quamobrem non Opus fit cedo.

Pam. Non est nunc Tempus.

Lac. Puerum accipias; nam is quidem
 In Culpa non est: post de Matre videro.

Pam. Omnibus Modis miser sum; nec quid agam
 scio,

Tot me nunc Rebus miserum concludit Pater. 80

Abibo hinc, praesens quando promoveo parum:

Nam Puerum Injussu, credo, non tollet meo,

Praesertim in ea Re cum sit mihi Adjutrix Socrus.

[*Seorsim.*]

[*Exit Pamphilus.*]

Lac. Fugis? Hem, nec quicquam certi respondes
 mihi?

S C E N A VIII.

Laches et Phidippus.

Lac. Nam tibi videtur esse apud sese? Sine.
 Puerum, *Phidippe*, mihi cedo; ego alam.

Phid.

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you in your Amour, that you might at last incline another Way? At what an Expence did you keep your Mistress, all which I bore patiently! I press'd you, and intreated you to marry: I urg'd the Necessity of it, that it was Time you shou'd: by my Importunity you did marry. What you did then, in Obedience to me, became you. Now your Mind runs after your Whore again: and, while you are in with her, you injure your Wife: I see you have at last relaps'd into the same Course of Life.

Pam. Who, I?

Lac. Yes you; and you do basely. You feign Pretences to make a Difference, that you may herd with her, when you have remov'd this Witness of her Wrongs from you: your Wife has observ'd as much; for what other Reason cou'd she have for leaving you?

Phid. He has certainly guess'd right; for that's it. [*Aside.*]

Pam. I'll give you my Oath, that you have not nam'd the Reason.

Lac. Fy, fy! Take Home your Wife, or tell us why you shou'd not.

Pam. This is not a proper Time.

Lac. Take the Child, for surely he is not in Fault: I'll consider about the Mother afterwards.

Pam. I am ev'ry Way unhappy; nor know I what to do, my Father bears so miserably upon me. I'll walk off, since my Presence does not much good: I believe he will not bring up the Child without my Consent, especially as my Mother in Law will assist me in that Point. [*Aside.*] [*Pamphilus goes.*]

Lac. Do you run away? Hem, will you not give me a positive Answer?

S C E N E VIII.

Laches and Phidippus.

Lac. Do you think he's in his Senses? Let him go. Let me have the Child, *Phidippus*; I'll bring him up.

Phid.

*Phid.**Maxume.*

Non Mirum fecit Uxor mea, si hoc aegre tulit :
 Amarae Mulieres sunt; non facile haec ferunt:
 Propterea haec Ira est; nam ipsa narravit mihi; 5
 Id ego, hoc praesente, tibi nolueram dicere:
 Neque illi credebam primo; nunc vero palam est;
 Nam omnino abhorrere Animum huic video Nuptiis.

Lac. Quid ergo agam, *Phidippe*? Quid das Consili?

Phid. Quid agas? Meretricem hanc primum adeundam censeo: 10

Oremus, accusemus, gravius denique
 Minitemur, si cum illo habuerit Rem postea.

Lac. Faciam ut mones.—Eho, Puer, curre ad
Bacchidem hanc

Vicinam nostram; huc evoca Verbis meis: [*Puero.*
 At te oro porro, in hac Re Adjutor sis mihi. [*Phidippo.*

Phid.

Ah!

15

Jamdudum dixi, idemque nunc dico, *Lache*,
 Manere Adfinitatem hanc inter nos volo,
 Si ullo Modo est ut possit, quod spero fore:
 Set visne adesse me una dum istam convenis?

Lac. Immo, vero abi, aliquam Puero Nutricem
 para. [*Exit Phidippus.* 20

S C E N A IX.

Bacchis et Laches.

Bac. Non hoc de Nihilo est quod *Laches* me nunc
 conventam esse expetit;
 Nec, pol, me multum fallit, quin, quod suspicor, sit
 quod velit. [*Seorsim.*

Lac. Videndum est ne minus propter Iram hanc
 impetrem quam possem,
 Aut ne quid faciam plus quod me minus fecisse fatius
 sit.

Adgrediar. [*Seorsim.*—*Bacchis*, salve. 5

Bac. Salve, *Lache*.

Lac.

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Phid. Certainly.—'Tis no Wonder, if my Wife took this ill : Women will resent ; they do not bear these Things easily : that is what provok'd her ; for she herself told me as much ; but I was unwilling to tell you so before him : I did not believe her at first ; but now it is plain ; for I see he has a down-right Aversion to Matrimony.

Lac. What therefore shall I do, *Phidippus*? What is your Advice?

Phid. What shall you do? I think it adviseable first that we shou'd see his Mistress : let us intreat her, accuse her, and threaten her grievously, if she has any Thing to do with him hereafter.

Lac. I'll follow your Advice.—Here, Boy, run to this *Bacchis* our Neighbour ; and desire her, in my Name, to come hither : [*To his Boy.*] but I beseech you to lend me your Assistance in this Affair.

[*To Phidippus.*]

Phid. Ah! I told you long ago, and I repeat it now, *Laches*, I wou'd fain have this Alliance betwixt us continue, if it can by any Means be fix'd, as I hope it may be:—but wou'd you have me be with you when you meet her?

Lac. Yes, but go first, and get a Nurse for the Child.

[*Phidippus* goes.]

S C E N E IX.

Bacchis and *Laches*.

Bac. *Laches* does not desire a Meeting with me for Nothing now ; and I am much deceiv'd, if I do not suspect what he wants with me.

[*Aside.*]

Lac. I must take Care that I do not obtain less by my Anger than otherwise I might, or that I do not more than may appear afterwards necessary to have been done.—I'll accost her. [*Aside.*]—Save you *Bacchis*.

Bac. You also, *Laches*.

Lac.

Lac. Credo, edepol, te Nonnihil mirari, *Bacchis*,
Quid sit, quapropter te huc foras Puerum evocare jussi.

Bac. Ego, pol, quoque etiam timida sum, cum
venit mi' in Mentem quae sim,
Ne Nomen mihi Quaestus obset: nam Mores facile
tutor.

Lac. Si vera dicis, Nihil tibi est a me Pericli, Mu-
lier; 10
Nam jam Aetate ea sum, ut non fiet Peccato mihi ig-
nosci aequom;

Quo magis omnis Res cautius, ne temere faciam, ad-
curo:

Nam si facis, facturave es, bonas quod par est facere,
Inscitum offerre Injuriam tibi inmerenti iniquom est.

Bac. Est magna, ecastor, Gratia de istac Re quam
tibi habeam; 15

Nam, qui post factam Injuriam se expurget, parum
mihi profit:

Set quid istuc est?

Lac. Meum receptas Filium ad te *Pamphilum*.

Bac. Ah!

Lac. Sine dicam.—Uxorem hanc priusquam duxit,
vostum Amorem pertuli.—

Mane; nondum etiam dixi id quod volui.—Hic nunc
Uxorem habet,

Quaere alium tibi firmiorem, dum tibi Tempus consu-
lendi est; 20

Nam neque ille hoc Animo erit Aetatem, neque, pol,
tu eadem istac Aetate.

Bac. Quis id ait?

Lac. Socrus.

Bac. Mene?

Lac. Teipsam: et Filiam abduxit suam,
Puerumque, ob eam Rem, clam voluit, natus qui est,
extinguere.

Bac. Aliud si scirem, qui firmare meam apud vos
possem Fidem,

Sanctius quam Jusjurandum, id pollicerer tibi, *Lache*,
Me segregatum habuisse, Uxorem ut duxit, a me
Pamphilum. 26

Lac.

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Lac. I believe, *Bacchis*, you wonder, and not a little, why I sent for you hither.

Bac. I must confess, when I consider my Profession, I am afraid lest that may prejudice you against me: but as for my Conduct, that I can justify.

Lac. If you tell Truth, you are in no Danger from me, Woman: for I am of an Age that makes it unpardonable in me to commit an Offence; for which Reason I weigh ev'ry Thing well that I undertake, that I may do Nothing rashly: therefore if what you now do, or shall hereafter do, is consistent with Honour, it wou'd be unjust, if I shou'd indiscreetly offer you any Injury and you not deserve it.

Bac. I return you many Thanks for this Civility; for an Excuse after an Injury done can be of no Service: but what's your Business?

Lac. You receive my Son *Pamphilus's* Visits.

Bac. Ah!

Lac. Let me go on.—Before he marry'd, I bore with his Intrigue with you.—Have Patience; I have not yet done.—Now he has a Wife, do you look out, in good Time, for another who may be more constant to you; for he will not continue in the same Mind, nor will you always be of the same Age you are now of.

Bac. Who tells you this?

Lac. His Mother in Law.

Bac. That I receive him?

Lac. Yes, you: and she has taken her Daughter from him, and, for the same Reason, wou'd have privately destroy'd the Child that is born.

Bac. If I knew any Thing more binding than an Oath, to gain Credit with you, I wou'd use it, *Laches*, to assure you that *Pamphilus* and I have been parted ever since he marry'd.

Lac.

Lac. Lepida es : set sci'n' quid volo potius, fodes,
facias ?

Bac. Quid vis, cedo ?

Lac. Eas ad Mulieres huc intro, atque istuc Jusju-
randum idem

Polliciare illis : exple Animum iis, teque hoc Crimine
expedi.

Bac. Faciam : quod, pol, si esset alia ex hoc Quae-
stu, haut faceret, scio, 30

Ut de tali Causa nuptae Mulieri se ostenderet ;

Set nolo esse falsa Fama Gnatum suspectum tuum,

Nec leviozem vobis, quibus est minime aequom, vi-
derier

Inmerito ; nam meritus de me est, quod queam, illi
ut commodem.

Lac. Facilem benevolumque Lingua tua jam tibi me
reddidit ; 35

Nam non sunt solae arbitratae haec, ego quoque hoc
etiam credidi.

Nunc, cum ego te esse praeter nostram Opinionem
comperi,

Fac, eadem ut sis porro : nostra utere Amicitia ut voles :
Aliter si facias—reprimam me, ne aegre quicquam
ex me audias :

Verum hoc te moneo unum, qualis sim Amicus, aut
quid possiem, 40

Potius quam Inimicus, Periculum facias. (28)

S C E N A X.

Phidippus, Laches, et Bacchis.

Phid. [Loquitur Nutrici quam adducit secum.
Nihil aput me tibi

Deseri patiar ; quin, quod Opus sit, benigne prae-
beatur ;

Set,

28. In some Editions Bacchis answers here faciam se-
dulo : but Faernus, a diligent Searcher into the antient
Copys of our Poet, says few of them have this Answer :
it

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Lac. There's a good Lads: but do you know what more I wou'd have of you?

Bac. Pray, tell me what?

Lac. Go in to the Women here, and offer them the same Oath: satisfy them, and clear yourself of this Charge.

Bac. I will: but, by *Pollux*, I know there is not one of my Occupation besides that wou'd appear before a marry'd Woman in such a Case; but I wou'd not have your Son ly under an unjust Suspicion on a false Report, nor that he shou'd, without Cause, seem more inconstant than ye ought to think him; for he deserves any good Office that I can do him.

Lac. Your Words have already gain'd my good Will towards you; for not only they, but I also, believ'd this. Now since I have found you to be better than we thought you, endeavour to preserve that Opinion: use our Friendship as you think fit: but if otherwise—however I'll forbear, that you may hear Nothing unkindly from me: but I give you this one Advice, that you wou'd rather strive to experience what a Friend I can be than an Enemy. (28)

S C E N E X.

Phidippus, Laches, and Bacchis.

Phid. [*Speaking to a Nurse that he brings with him.*]
You shall find no Want of any Thing from me; for you shall freely have what is necessary; but, when
Z you

it is in neither of Dr. Mead's Copys: and, as it is necessary neither to the Sense nor Measure, I omit it, as Leng, Bentley, and Hare, have done before me.

Set, cum tu satura atque ebria eris, Puer ut satur sit facito.

Lac. Noster Socer, video, venit; Puero Nutricem adducit.

Phidippe, *Bacchis* dejerat per sancte—

Phid. Haecine ea est?

Lac. Haec est. 5

Phid. Nec, pol, istae metuunt Deos: nec has respicere Deos opinor.

Bac. Ancillas dedo; quo lubet Cruciatu, per me, exquire:

Haec Res hic agitur: me facere, *Pamphilo* ut redeat Uxor,

Oportet; quod si perficio, non poenitet me Famae Solam fecisse id, quod aliae Meretrices facere fugitant.

Lac. *Phidippe*, nostras Mulieres suspectas fuisse falso Nobis Re in ipsa invenimus; porro hanc nunc experiamur: 10

Nam si compererit Crimini tua se Uxor falso credidisse, Missam Iram faciet: sin autem est ob eam Rem iratus Gnatus,

Quod peperit Uxor clam, id leve est; cito ab eo haec Ira abscedet. 15

Profecto in hac Re Nihil Mali est quod sit Diffidio dignum.

Phid. Velim quidem, hercle.

Lac. Exquire: adest: quod satis sit, faciet ipsa.

Phid. Quid mihi istaec narras? An quia non tute ipse dudum audi sti

De hac Re Animus ut sit, *Laches*? Illis modo explete Animum.

Lac. Quaeso, edepol, *Bacchis*, quod mihi es pollicita tute ut serves. 20

Bac. Ob eam Rem vi'n' ergo introeam?

Lac. I, atque exple Animum iis, ut credant.

Bac. Eo, etsi scio, pol, iis fore meum Conspectum invisum hodie;

Nam

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you have eat and drank your Fill yourself, take Care that the Child has enough.

Lac. The Father of the Wife I see is coming this Way, with a Nurse for the Child.—*Phidippus, Bacchis* solemnly protests——

Phid. Is this she?

Lac. Yes, this is she.

Phid. Women of this Sort have not the Fear of the Gods much in them; nor do I suppose the Gods care much for them.

Bac. I deliver my Maids to you; force them to a Confession by what Means you please, you have my Leave: the Affair is here depending: if I can bring about a Reconciliation betwixt *Pamphilus* and his Wife, I ought: and, if I accomplish it, I shall not repent of having done that which other Courtisans wou'd have refus'd to do.

Lac. We see *Phidippus*, that we have unjustly suspected our Wives in this Affair: let us now try what this Woman will prove: for, if your Wife discovers that she has credited a false Accusation, she will be appeas'd: and if my Son continues angry with his Wife for concealing her Labour from him, that is but a Trifle; his Anger on that Account will soon be over. In short, there is Nothing really so bad in this Affair as to deserve a Divorce.

Phid. Indeed I hope not.

Lac. Examine her: here she is: she'll satisfy you.

Phid. Why this to me? Is it because I have not told you my Mind on this Affair, *Laches*? Let her only satisfy them.

Lac. I intreat you, *Bacchis*, that you will perform what you promis'd me.

Bac. Wou'd you therefore have me go in on that Account?

Lac. Yes, go, and convince them.

Bac. I am going, tho I am sure my Presence will be this Day odious to them; for a Wife is a sure Enemy

Nam nupta Meretrici Hostis est, a Viro ubi segregata est.

Lac. At haec Amicae erunt, ubi quamobrem advenis resciscent.

Phid. At easdem Amicas fore tibi promitto, Rem ubi cognorint: 25

Nam illas Errore, et te simul Suspicionem, exsolves.

Bac. Perii, pudet *Philumenae* me. Sequimini me intro ambae. — [Ancillis.

[Exeunt *Phidippus*, et *Bacchis* cum Ancillis.

SCENA XI.

Lac. Quid est quod mihi malim quam quod huic intellego evenire,

Ut Gratiam ineat sine suo Dispendio, et mihi profit?

Nam, si est ut haec nunc *Pamphilum* vere ab se segregarit,

Scit sibi Nobilitatem ex eo, et Rem natam, et Gloriam, esse:

Referet Gratiam ei, unaque nos Opera Amicos junget. 5

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Parmeno. **E**DEPOL, nae meam Herus esse Operam deputat parvi Preti,

Qui ob Rem nullam misit, frustra ubi totum desedi Diem,

Myconium Hospitem dum exspecto in Arce *Callidemidem*: Itaque ineptus hodie dum illic sedeo, ut quisque venerat, Accedebam; Adulescens, dic dum, quaeso, es tu *Myconius*? 5

Non sum: at *Callidemides*? Non. Hospitem ecquem *Pamphilum*

Hic

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my to a Mistress, especially when she and her Husband are parted.

Lac. But they will be your Friends, when they know the Reason of your coming.

Phid. Yes, I'll engage they shall, when they are acquainted with the Business you come about: for you will at once free them of their Error, and yourself from the Suspicion you ly under.

Bac. I am almost dead, I am so agham'd to see *Phid. lumena*. Do ye both come in after me. — [*To her Maids.*
[*Phidippus, Bacchis, and her Maids, go.*

S C E N E XI.

Lac. What can I desire more than has happen'd to this Woman, that she shou'd gain Favour at no Expence, and be of Advantage to me? For, if it is as she says that *Pamphilus* and she are really parted, she knows it is to her Reputation, her Interest, and her Glory: she obliges him in Return, and, by this Act, makes us unanimously her Friends.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Parmeno. **B**Y *Pollux*, my Master does not think my Labour worth much, or he wou'd not have sent me to sit a whole Day for Nothing at the Tow'r, under Pretence of waiting for *Callidemides* his *Myconian* Landlord: while I sat there all Day like a Fool, when any one came by, I went up to him; pray, says I, young Man, are you a *Myconian*? Not I, quoth he: but are not you *Callidemides*? No, says he. Have not you a Guest here one *Pamphilus*? All cry'd,

Hic habes? Omnes negabant: neque eum quemquam
esse arbitror.

Denique, hercle, jam pudebat, abii: set quid, *Bac-*
chidem

Ab nostro Adfine exeuntem, video? Quid huic hic est
Rei?

S C E N A II.

Bacchis et Parmeno.

Bac. *Parmeno*, opportune te offers; propere curre
ad *Pamphilum*.

Par. Quid eo?

Bac. Dic me orare ut veniat.

Par. Ad te?

Bac. Immo, ad *Philumenam*.

Par. Quid Rei est?

Bac. Tua quod Nil refert, percontari disinas.

Par. Nihil aliud dicam?

Bac. Etiam, cognosse Anulum illum *Myrrhinam*
Gnatae suae fuisse, quem ipse olim mihi dederat.

Par. Scio. 5

Tantumne est?

Bac. Tantum. Aderit continuo, hoc ubi ex te
audi'erit:

Set cessas?

Par. Minime equidem; nam hodie mihi Potestas
haut data est,

Ita cursando, atque ambulando, totum hunc contrivi
Diem. [Exit *Parmeno*.

S C E N A III.

Bac. Quantam obtuli Adventu meo *Laetitiam*
Pamphilo hodie!

Quot commodas Res adtuli! Quot autem ademi Curas!
Gnatum ei restituo, qui pene harum ipsiusque Opera
periit:

Uxorem, quam nunquam est ratus posthac se habitu-
rum, reddo.

Qua

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no: in short, I do not think there is any such Person. By *Hercles*, I was so ashamed at last, I came away: but what do I see, *Bacchis* coming out of our Kinsman's? What has she to do there?

S C E N E II.

Bacchis and *Parmeno*.

Bac. *Parmeno*, you come in a very lucky Time: run as fast as you can to *Pamphilus*.

Par. For what?

Bac. Tell him I intreat him to come hither.

Par. To you?

Bac. To me, to *Philumena*.

Par. What to do?

Bac. Nothing to you, do not ask Questions.

Par. Is that all I am to say?

Bac. Tell him likewise that *Myrrhina* claim'd that Ring as her Daughter's, which he formerly gave me.

Par. I understand you. Is that all?

Bac. That's all. He will soon be here, after he has hear'd that: but do you loiter?

Par. Not much truly; for this Day affords no Opportunity, the whole Time has been so spent in running, and trotting, up and down. [*Parmeno* goes.]

S C E N E III.

Bac. What Joy have I this Day brought to *Pamphilus* by coming here! How many Advantages have I heap'd upon him! And what Cares have I freed him from! I secure his Son to him, who was on the Brink of Destruction by his and their Conduct: I restore his Wife to him, whom he thought never more to inhabit with. I clear'd him of the Suspicion which he lay under

Qua Re suspectus suo Patri et *Phidippo* fuit, exsolvi. 5
 Hic adeo his Rebus Anulus fuit Initium inveniundis:
 Nam memini, abhinc Menses decem fere, ad me, Nocte
 te prima,

Confugere anhelantem Domum, sine Comite, Vini
 (29) plenum,

Cum hoc Anulo. Extimui ilico: mi *Pamphile*, in-
 quam, amabo,

Quid es exanimatus, obsecro? Aut unde Anulum
 istum nactus? 10

Dic mihi. Ille alias Res agere se simulare. Postquam
 video

Nescio quid suspicariet, magis coepi instare ut dicat.
 Homo se fatetur Vi in Via, nescio quam, compressisse,
 Dicitque se illi Anulum, dum luctat, detraxisse;
 Eum haec cognovit *Myrrhina*, in Digito modo me ha-
 bente: 15

Rogat unde sit; narro omnia haec; inde est Cognitio
 facta,

Philumenam esse compressam ab eo, et Filium inde
 hunc natum.

Haec tot propter me Gaudia illi contigisse laetor,
 Etsi hoc Meretrices aliae nolunt; neque enim est in
 Rem nostram

Ut quisquam Amator Nuptiis laetetur: verum, ecastor,
 Numquam Animum, Quaesti Gratia, ad malas ad-
 ducam Partis. 21

Ego, dum illi licitum est, usa sum benigno, et lepido,
 et comi.

Incommode mihi Nuptiis evenit, factum fateor:
 At, pol, me fecisse arbitror ne id merito mihi eveniret:
 Multa ex quo fuerint Commoda, ejus Incommoda
 aequom est ferre. 25

S C E N A

29. I suppose this is the best Excuse the Poet could
 make for the young Gentleman's being guilty of Felony and
 a Rape at one Time. In this Speech the Incident is re-
 lated

under with his Father and *Phidippus*. This Ring was the first Opening of this History: for I remember, about ten Months ago, just at Night, he came running, almost out of Breath, to me, with this Ring, without any one with him, and quite (29) drunk. I immediately began to be afraid: my dear *Pamphilus*, says I, pray tell me why you are in such Confusion? Where had you that Ring? Tell me. He shuffled it off to Something else. When I perceiv'd I did not know what very suspicious, I began to be more pressing upon him to tell me. My Man confesses at last that in the Way he ravish'd a young Woman, whom he knew not, and that, as he struggled with her, he forc'd a Ring from her; which this *Myrrhina* within here knew, when she saw it on my Finger: she asks me where I had it; I tell her ev'ry Particular; from which *Philumena* appears to be the Person ravish'd by him, and this Son the Fruit of his Labour. I am rejoic'd that so many happy Circumstances attend him by my Means, tho no other Courtesan wou'd have acted as I have; for it is not to our Interest that any Gallant shou'd be fond of Matrimony: but, by the Temple of *Castor*, I can never prevail on myself to do any Ill for Lucre. While it was lawful for him to be so, I found him kind, pleasant, and courteous. I acknowledge that this Match is to my Disadvantage; but, by *Pollux*, I do not think I have done any Thing to deserve it: however it is no more than just that I shou'd bear some Inconveniences for his Sake, from whom I have had many Advantages.

SCENE

lated on which the Catastrophe of the Play turns; which Incident is a very barbarous one, and attended with more than one Absurdity, tho it is the Occasion of an agreeable Discovery.

S C E N A IV.

Pamphilus, Parmeno, et Bacchis.

Pam. Vide, mi *Parmeno*, etiam sodes, ut mi' haec
certa et clara adtuleris,
Ne me in breve conjicias Tempus, Gaudio hoc falso
frui.

Par. Visum est.

Pam. Certen'?

Par. Certe.

Pam. Deus sum, si hoc ita est.

Par. Verum reperies.

Pam. Manedum, sodes. Timeo ne aliud credam,
atque aliud nunties.

Par. Maneo.

Pam. Sic te dixisse opinor, invenisse *Myrrhinam* &
Bacchidem suum Anulum habere.

Par. Factum.

Pam. Eum quem olim ei dedi:
Eaque hoc mihi te nuntiare jussit: itane est factum?

Par. Ita inquam.

Pam. Quis me est fortunatior? Venustatisque adeo
plenior?
Egone te pro hoc Nuntio quid donem? Quid? Quid?
Nescio.

Par. At ego scio?

Pam. Quid?

Par. Nihil enim; 10
Nam neque in Nuntio, neque in me ipso, tibi boni
quid sit scio.

Pam. Egon' te, qui ab Orco mortuum me reducem
in Lucem feceris,
Sinam sine Munere a me abire? Ah! nimium me in-
gratum putas:

Set *Bacchidem* eccam video stare ante Ostium:
Me exspectat, credo: adibo.

Bac. Salve, *Pamphile*. 15

Pam. O! *Bacchis*! O! mea *Bacchis*! Servatrix mea!

Bac. Bene factum; et volupe'st.

Pam.

SCENE IV.

Pamphilus, Parmeno, and Bacchis.

Pam. Take Care, *Parmeno*, I beseech you, that you prove all this to me beyond Exception: and do not throw me on a false and momentary Joy.

Par. 'Tis evident.

Pam. Certainly?

Par. Certainly.

Pam. If so, I am a God.

Par. You'll find it true.

Pam. Pr'ythee, attend awhile. I am afraid you are telling me one Thing, while I believe another.

Par. I am all Attention.

Pam. This, I think, is what you say'd, that *Myrrhina* discover'd her Ring on the Finger of *Bacchis*.

Par. She did.

Pam. That which I formerly gave her: and she order'd you to tell me this: is it so?

Par. Yes, I assure you.

Pam. Who is more fortunate than I am? What Mortal's happier than myself? How shall I reward you for this Message? How? How? I know not.

Par. But I know.

Pam. How?

Par. With Nothing; for I do not see what Benefit you have in my Message or me.

Pam. Shall I, whom you have just restor'd from Death to Life, suffer you to go unrewarded by me? Ah! you think me too ingrateful:—but, lo! I see *Bacchis* standing before the Door: I believe she waits for me: I'll go to her.

Bac. Save you, *Pamphilus*.

Pam. O! *Bacchis*! O! my *Bacchis*! My Preserver!

Bac. All's well; and I rejoice at it.

Pam.

Pam. Factis, ut credam, facis;
Antiquamque adeo tuam Venustatem obtines,
Ut Voluptati (30) Obitus, Sermo, Adventus tuus,
quocumque adveneris,
Semper fit.

Bac. Ac tu, ecastor, Morem antiquum atque
Ingenium obtines, 20
Ut unus omnium Homo te vivat nusquam quisquam
blandior.

Pam. Ha, ha, ha, tun' mihi istuc?

Bac. Recte ama'sti, *Pamphile*, Uxorem tuam:
Nam nuraquam ante hunc Diem meis Oculis eam,
quod nossem, videram:

Perliberalis vrsa 'st.

Pam. Dic verum.

Bac. Ita me Di ament, *Pamphile*.

Pam. Dic mihi harum Rerum numquid dix'ti jam
Patri?

Bac.

Nil.

Pam. Neque Opus est. 25
Adeo muttito. Placet non fieri hoc itidem ut in Co-
moediis,
Omnia omnes ubi resciscunt: hic, quos fuerat par re-
sciscere,
Sciunt; quos non autem aequom' st scire, neque resciscunt, neque scient.

Bac. Immo etiam, qui hoc occultari facilius credas,
dabo.

Myrrhina ita *Phidippo* dixit Jurijurando meo 30
Se Fidem habuisse, et propterea te sibi purgatum.

Pam.

Optume' st:

Speroque hanc Rem esse eventuram nobis ex Sententia.

Par.

30. Says DONATUS, inter Obitum atque Adventum hoc interest, quod Obitus est quem Casus affert, Adventus quem Voluntas et destinatus Locus. Betwixt Obitus and Adventus is this Difference, Obitus is an accidental Meeting, and Adventus is that which is voluntarily

The STEPMOTHER. ACT V. 277

Pam. Your Actions convince me of that; and you so well preserve your former cheerful and graceful Temper, that where-ever you come, whether by Chance (30) or Assignment, Delight always attends your Presence, and dwells upon your Tongue.

Bac. And you in Manners and Disposition are so much the same, that you are the most obliging of your Sex.

Pam. Ha, ha, ha, say you that to me?

Bac. You have not lov'd your Wife without Reason, *Pamphilus*: I never saw her, till this Day, to know her; she seems to be a fine well-bred Woman.

Pam. Be sincere.

Bac. I am, as I hope for Mercy, *Pamphilus*.

Pam. Tell me, if you mention'd a Word of this to my Father?

Bac. Not a Word.

Pam. Nor is there any Occasion. Keep it to yourself. I wou'd not have this as it is in a Comedy, where ev'ry one knows ev'ry Thing: here they who shou'd know already know; but they, from whom it ought to be conceal'd, neither know, nor shall know.

Bac. I'll tell you Something that will make you easily believe it will be conceal'd. *Myrrhina* told *Phidippus* that she entirely confided in my Protestation, and therefore thinks you innocent.

Pam. That's well: and I hope this Affair will turn out as we wou'd have it.

A a

Par.

luntary and appointed. *This Distinction, which Donatus makes bet-wixt Obitus and Adventus, shews the absolute Necessity of a Paraphrase here; our Poet is so scrupulously, and commendably, chaste that, if he introduces a Courtesan, he makes her talk with Purity of Speech and Manners.*

Par. Here, licetne scire ex te hodie quid sit quod feci boni?

Aut quid istuc est quod vos agitis?

Pam.

Non licet.

Par.

Tamen suspicor.

Egon' hunc ab Orco mortuum? Quo Pacto?

Pam.

Nescis, *Parmeno*,

35

Quantum hodie profueris mihi, et ex quanta Aerumna me extraxeris.

Par. Immo vero scio; neque hoc imprudens feci.

Pam.

Ego istuc satis scio.

Par. An temere quicquam *Parmeno* praetereat quod facto usus sit?

Pam. Sequere me intro, *Parmeno*.

Par.

Sequor.—Equidem plus hodie boni

Feci imprudens quam sciens, ante hunc Diem, unquam.—[*Speſtatoribus*] [Plaudite. 40

F I N I S.

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Par. May I know, Master, what good it is that I have done you this Day? Or what it is you are about?

Pam. No.

Par. However I suspect.—Have I restor'd you from Death to Life? How?

Pam. You do not know, *Parmeno*, of what Advantage you have been to me this Day, nor from what Troubles you have releas'd me.

Par. But indeed I do; for I did it designedly.

Pam. I know that well enough.

Par. Is *Parmeno* ever so careless as to leave any Thing undone that ought to be done?

Pam. Follow me in, *Parmeno*.

Par. I am after you.—Truly I have done more good this Day without knowing it than ever I did before with Design.—[*To the Spectators.*] [Your Applause.]

The E N D.

HEAUTON - TIMORUMENOS.

THE
SELF-TORMENTOR.

HEAUTON-TIMORUMENOS,

GRAECA EST MENANDRU, ACTA
LUDIS MEGALENSIB. L. CORNELIO
LENTULO L. VALERIO FLACCO AEDI-
LIB. CURULIB. EGERE AMBIVIVS
TURPIO L. ATILIUS PRAENESTINUS.
MODOS FECIT FLACCUS CLAUDI.
ACTA PRIMUM TIBIIS IMPARI-
BUS, DEINDE DUABUS DEXTRIS.
ACTA EST TERTIO M. JUVENTIO
TI, SEMPRONIO COSS.

MENE-

The SELF-TORMENTOR,

taken from the Greek of MENANDER, performed at the Megalesian Games, L. CORNELIUS LENTULUS and L. VALERIUS FLACCUS Curule Aediles: AMBIVIVUS TURPIO and L. ATILIUS PRAENESTINUS acted. FLACCUS, CLAUDIUS's Freedman, composed the Music. The first Time it was acted the Music was performed on unequal Flutes, the second Time it was on two right-handed Flutes. It was acted a third Time, M. JUVENTIUS and TI. SEMPRONIUS Consuls.

MENE-

FABULAE INTERLOCUTORES.

MENEDEMUS, *Heauton-timorumenos.*

CHREMES, *Vicinus et Amicus ejus.*

CLINIA, MENEDEMI *Filius*, et ANTIPHILAE
Amator.

CLITIPHO, CHREMETIS *Filius*, et CLINIAE
Amicus.

SYRUS, CLITIPHONIS *Servos.*

DROMO, CLINIAE *Servos.*

SOSTRATA, CHREMETIS *Uxor.*

ANTIPHILA.

BACCHIS, CLITIPHONIS *Meretrix.*

PHRYGIA, BACCHIDIS *Ancilla.*

NUTRIX ANTIPHILAE.

Scena Rus propinquum ATHENIS.

PERSONS of the PLAY.

MENEDEMUS, the Self-Tormentor.

CHREMES, his Neighbour and Friend.

CLINIA, *MENEDEMUS*'s Son, in Love with *ANTIPHILA*.

CLITIPHO, *CHREMES*'s Son, and *CLINIA*'s Friend.

SYRUS, *CLITIPHO*'s Servant.

DROMO, *CLINIA*'s Servant.

SOSTRATA, *CHREMES*'s Wife.

ANTIPHILA.

BACCHIS, *CLITIPHO*'s Mistress.

PHRYGIA, *BACCHIS*'s Maid.

ANTIPHILA's Nurse.

Scene the Country near *ATHENS*.

PROLOGUS.

NE cui sit voſtr'um Mirum, cur Partis Seni
Poeta dederit quae ſunt Aduleſcentium,
Id dicam deinde; (1) primum quod veni eloquar.

Ex integra (2) Graeca integram Comoediam
Hodie ſum acturus *Heauton-timorumenon*; 5
Duplex quae ex Argumento facta eſt ſimplici. (3)
Novam eſſe oſtendi, et quae eſſet: nunc qui ſcripſerit,
Et cuja Graeca ſit, ni Partem maxumam
Exiſtimarem ſcire voſtr'um, id dicerem.

Nunc quamobrem has Partis didicerim paucis dabo.
Oratorem eſſe voluit me, non Prologum: 11
Voſtrum Judicium fecit; me Actorem dedit;
Set hic Actor tantum poterit a Facundia
Quantum ille potuit cogitare commode,
Qui Orationem hanc ſcripſit, quam dicturus ſum! 15
Nam

1. *The general Reading is,*

Id primum dicam; deinde quod veni eloquar.
But Palmerius and Guyetus (whom Bentley calls Viros ſagaciſſimos, ſed Audacia ſaepe praecipites,) invert the Order of the Words, and read

Id dicam deinde; primum quod veni eloquar.
*The firſt Reading is a Contradiſtion to what follows; be-
cauſe L. Ambivius firſt tells the Audience the Cauſe of
his coming, and afterwards relates the Reaſon of his
having thoſe Parts which belong to young Men: therefore
read,*

THE PROLOGUE.

LEST any here shou'd wonder why the Poet
Did to an old Man give a young Man's Parts,
I will inform ye soon; (1) but hear me first
Relate the Cause of my Appearance now.

This Day the *Self-tormentor* I present, 5
From one Greek Comedy preserv'd entire; (2)
And from one Subject now two Plays arise. (3)
I've told ye that 'tis new, and what it is:
Next I wou'd tell ye who the *Latin* wrote,
And who the *Greek*, if I did not suppose 10
That most of ye already know the same.

Now why these Parts I've study'd briefly hear.
I come not to ye as a Prologue now,
Me for his Envoy has the Poet chose:

On you his Judges he relies; to me 15
His Actor he commits his Cause in Hand;
But may this Actor, by the Force of Speech,
Perform his Part as well as he cou'd think,
Who wrote this Speech which I address to you!

Reports

*read, with those sagacious, tho often bold, Men, Pal-
merius and Guyetus,*

Id dicam deinde; primum quod veni eloquar.

2. By *ex integra Graeca* the Poet means from an en-
tire single Greek Comedy, whereas the Andrian was taken
from two Comedys of Menander: this is the Construc-
tion which Eugraphius gives.

3. I have followed the Explanation of Eugraphius,
who says, two Comedys on a single Subject, viz. a
Greek and a Latin Comedy, Menander's Original and
Terence's Translation.

Nam quod Rumores distulerunt malevoli
 Multas contamina'sse Graecas, dum facit
 Pauca Latinas; id esse factum hic non negat,
 Neque se pigere, et deinde facturum autumat:
 Habet bonorum (4) Exemplum; quo Exemplo sibi 20
 Licere id facere, quod illi fecerunt, putat:
 Tum quod malevolus vetus Poeta dictitat,
 Repente ad Studium se applica'sse hunc musicum,
 Amic'um (5) Ingenio fretum, haut Natura sua;
 Arbitrium vestrum, vestra Existumatio, 25
 Valebit; quare omnis vos oratos volo,
 Ne plus iniquo'm possit quam aequo'm Oratio.
 Facite aequi sitis: date crescendi Copiam,
 Novarum qui spectandi faciunt Copiam,
 Sine Vitiis: ne ille pro se dictum existumet, 30
 Qui nuper fecit Servo currenti in Via
 Decesse Populum: cur insano serviat? (6)
 De illius Peccatis plura dicet, cum dabit
 Alias novas, nisi Finem Maledictis facit.
 Adeste aequo Animo: date Potestatem mihi 35
 Statariam

4. Ennius, Naevius, and Plautus, who are mentioned in the Prologue to the *Andrian* as his Examples in translating from Greek Poets.

5. Laelius and Scipio are the Persons supposed to have assisted him: concerning which consult my *Dissertation*: and Servilius is mentioned by Eugraphius on the Prologue to the *Brothers*.

6. Interpreters differ about the Sense of this Passage: some interpret *cur insano serviat*, *cur LUSCIO LAVINIO insano TERENCE serviat*? Which seems to me

Reports by the malicious have been spread 20
 That while some Latin Plays, and those but few,
 He writes, he mangles many from the Greek;
 Which he denys not, nor repents the same,
 But thinks it likely to be done again:
 'Th' Examples which he has for this are good; (4) 25
 And, while he such Examples has, he thinks it
 Lawful for him to do what they have done:
 'The old malicious Poet says likewise,
 That suddenly our Bard apply'd himself
 To the poetic Art, depending on 30
 The Genius of his Friends, (5) and not his own;
 Your Judgement, your Opinion, shall decide;
 Therefore let me intreat ye not to suffer
 Injustice over Justice to prevail.
 Impartially attend: encourage those 35
 In writing to proceed, who entertain ye
 With new and faultless Plays: let not that Bard
 Think I now speak of him, who lately brought
 Upon the Stage a runing Slave, that scour'd
 Along the Streets, making the People yield: 40
 Why to a Madman shou'd the People yield? (6)
 More of his Faults our Poet will disclose,
 When other Plays and new he offers to ye,
 Unless he ceases his malicious Railings.
 With an impartial Mind regard us now; 45
 And unmolested let me act my Part;
 B b Let

me a very forced Construction. These Verses certainly allude to some absurd Passage in a Play of Lucius Lavinius; but we are not to suppose the Absurdity to consist only in a Servant runing thro the Streets, and the People giving Way to him; for, as Bentley says, where is the Absurdity thereof? But I can never agree with our learned Critic to substitute dixisse for decesse. We must suppose Something absurd to have been in the Passage here pointed at, tho the Poet does not mention in what the Absurdity consisted.

Statariam agere ut liceat per Silentium;
 Ne semper Servos currens, iratus Senex,
 Edax Parasitus, Sycophanta autem impudens,
 Avarus Leno, assidue agendi sint mihi
 Clamore summo, cum Labore maximo: 40
 Mea Causa Causam hanc justam esse Animum inducite,
 Ut aliqua Pars Laboris minuatur mihi;
 Nam nunc, novas qui scribunt, Nil parcent Seni,
 Siquae laboriosa est, ad me curritur;
 Si lenis est, ad alium deferitur Gregem. 45
 In hac est pura (7) Oratio: experimini
 In utramque Partem Ingenium quid possit meum.
 Si numquam avare Pretium statui Arti meae,
 Et eum esse Quaestum in Animum induxi maximum,
 Quam maxime servire vestris Commodis, 50
 Exemplum statuite in me, ut Adulescentuli
 Vobis placere studeant potius quam sibi.

7. Some perhaps may think if our Poet had wrote the
 Prologue himself, he would have omitted this Vauri: but,

as

Heau-

Let me not always, overpow'r'd by Noise,
 And with the greatest Trouble, represent.
 A runing Servant, an old Man enrag'd,
 A greedy Parasite, and void of Shame 50
 A Sycophant, and avaritious Bawd:
 Admit this Plea in my Behalf as just,
 That my Fatigue may be the less; for now
 Our Poets spare not, in their Plays, my Age,
 But run with what is difficult to me; 55
 And if the Parts are easy to perform,
 They to another Company apply.
 The Diction here is pure (7): try how my Skill
 Can do the Poet Justice and myself.
 If I presumptuously for fordid Gain 60
 Did never seem to prize my Art too high,
 But made my greatest Gain to profit you,
 Let me be an Example to our Youth
 To try to pleasure you more than themselves.

*as many excellent Authors of Antiquity have not scrupled
 to speak very well of themselves, I cannot see any Reason
 why Terence should be denyed the like Privilege.*

THE

Heauton-timorumenos.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

CHREMES et MENEDERMUS.

CHREM.

QUamquam haec inter nos nuper Notitia admodum est,
Inde adeo quod Agrum in Proximo hic mercatus es,
Nec Rei fere sane amplius quicquam fuit,
Tamen vel Virtus tua me, vel Vicinitas,
Quod ego esse in propinqua Parte Amicitiae puto, 5
Facit ut te audacter moneam et familiariter;
Quod mihi videre praeter Aetatem tuam
Facere, et praeter quam Res te adhortatur tua;
Nam, pro Deum atque Hominum Fidem, quid vis tibi?
Quid quaeris? Annos sexaginta natus es, 10
Aut plus eo, ut conjicio: Agrum in his Regionibus
Meliolem, neque Preti majoris, Nemo habet:
Servos (8) compluris, proinde, quasi Nemo fiet,
Ita tute adtente illorum Officia fungere.
Numquam tam mane egredior, neque tam vesperi 15
Domum revortor, quin te in Fundo conspicer
Fodere, aut arare, aut aliquid facere denique.
Nullum

8. Servos complures *have offended some learned Critics, and not without Reason: complures, as Bentley observes, is never used in the comparative Degree as plures; therefore Nemo habet Agrum meliolem, neque Preti majoris, Servos complures is bad Latin. Bentley gives non plures; non the Conjunction after neque, in the Manner of the Greeks, non the same Sense with*

The Self-Tormentor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CHREMES and MENEDEMUS.

CHREM.

TH O our Acquaintance is not of long standing, which began on your buying a Piece of Ground in the Neighbourhood here, and little indeed besides was the Occasion of it, yet your own Virtue, or your being my Neighbour, which I esteem next to a Friend, makes me so free and so bold as to offer a Word of Advice to you; because you seem to me to take more Pains than are agreeable to your Age, and than are suitable to your Condition; for, in the Name of Heaven and Earth, what wou'd you have? What do you drive at? You have seen sixty, or more, if I guess right; Nobody has a better, or more valuable, Piece of Land: you have several Servants, yet you toil in their Stread, as if you had not one. Let me go out as early as I will, or return Home as late as I will, I always see you in your Farm; either digging, plowing, or in short doing one Thing or other. You take no

B b 3

Respite;

with nec; but I think Servi complures, as Guyetus corrects it, with sunt tibi understood, much better. One of the Earl of Oxford's Copys has Servos quam plures, one of Dr. Mead's Servos quam pluris; which would do, if plus could be allowed to stand as a Positive. I give the common Reading Servos compluris, supposing habes to be understood.

Nullum remittis Tempus; neque te respicis.

Haec non Voluptati tibi esse satis certo scio:

At enim dices, quantum hic Operis fiat, poenitet: 20

Quod in Opere faciundo Operae consumis tuae,

Si sumas in illis exercendis, plus agas.

Men. *Chreme*, tantumne ab Re tua' est Oti tibi,
Aliena ut cures, ea quae Nihil ad te adtinent?

Chrem. Homo sum, Humani Nihil a me alienum
puto. 25

Vel me monere hoc vel percontari puta,

Rectum' est, ego ut faciam, non est, te ut deterream.

Men. Mihi sic est Usus; tibi ut Opus Facto' est face.

Chrem. An cuiquam est Usus Homini se ut cruciet?

Men. Mihi.

Chrem. Si quid Laboris est, nollem; set quid istuc
Mali est? 30

Quaeso, quid de te tantum meruisti?

Men. Eheu!

Chrem. Ne lacruma: atque istuc, quicquid est, fac
me ut sciam,

Ne retice: ne verere: crede inquam mihi:

Aut consolando, aut Consilio, aut Re, juvero.

Men. Scire hoc vis?

Chrem. Hac quidem Causa qua dixi tibi. 35

Men. Dicetur.

Chrem. At istos Rastros interea tamen

Adpone, ne labora.

Men. Minime.

Chrem. Quam Rem agis?

Men. Sine me, vacivom Tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris.

Chrem. Non sinam, inquam. [*Rastros prebendis*
Manu ex Illo.]

Men. Ah! Non aequom facis.

Chrem. Hui! Tam gravis hos quaeso!

Men.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT I. 295

Respite; you pay no Regard to yourself. I am sure this can not be any Pleasure to you: but you will say, perhaps, that it vexes you to see your Work go on so slowly: if you was as diligent in looking after your Servants as you are in fatiguing yourself, your Bus'ness wou'd go on better.

Men. *Chremes*, have you so much Time to spare from your own Affairs, as to mind other People's, which you have Nothing to do with.

Chrem. I am a Man, and think ev'ry Part of Humanity my Concern. Look on what I say either as Admonition or Enquiry, if what you do is right, that I may do so too, if not, that I may dissuade you from it.

Men. What I do is to my Advantage; do you as you think fit.

Chrem. Is it to any Man's Advantage to torment himself?

Men. To mine it is.

Chrem. If this your Labour is necessary, I wou'd not be against it; but what is this Grievance? Pray, how have you deserv'd so ill of yourself?

Men. Alas! Alas!

Chrem. Do n't cry: and whatever it is let me know it, do n't be so reserv'd: be not afraid: trust me with it I say: I will either comfort you, advise you, or assist you, in the Affair.

Men. You wou'd know it wou'd you?

Chrem. For the very Reason which I gave you.

Men. I'll tell you.

Chrem. But in the Meanwhile lay those Rakes down, do n't burden your-self.

Men. By no Means.

Chrem. What are you about?

Men. Let me alone, that I may not suffer myself to rest a Minute.

Chrem. I will not let you alone, I say. [*He lays his Hand on the Rakes, and takes them from him.*]

Men. Ah! You're unjust now.

Chrem. Huy! What a Weight they are pr'ythee!

Men.

Men. Sic Meritum'ſt meum. 40

Chrem. Nunc loquere.

Men. Filium unicum Aduleſcentulum
Habeo—Ah! quid dixi, habere me? Immo habui,
Chreme;

Nunc habeam necne incertum'ſt.

Chrem. Quid ita iſtuc?

Men. Scies.

Eſt e *Corintho* hic Advena Anus paupercula ;
Ejus Filiam ille amare coepit perditę, 45
Prope jam ut pro Uxore haberet : hæc clam me omnia.

Ubi Rem reſcivi, coepi non humanitus,
Neque ut Animum decuit ægrotum Aduleſcentuli,
Traſtare, ſet Vi et Via pervolgata Patrum :
Cotidie accuſabam : *hem, tibine hæc diutius* 50

Licere ſperas facere, me viro Patre,
Amicam ut habeas prope jam in Uxoris Loco?
Erras, ſi id credis, et me ignoras, Clinia.
Ego te meum eſſe dici tantisper volo,
Dum quod te dignum'ſt facies ; ſet ſi id non facis, 55

Ego, quod me in te ſit facere dignum, invenero :
Nulla adeo ex Re iſtuc ſit niſi ex nimio Otio :
Ego, iſtuc Aetatis, non Amori Operam dabam,
Set in Aſiam hinc abii propter Pauperiem, atque ibi
Simul Rem et Gloriam Armis Belli repperi. 60

Postremo adeo Res rediit, Aduleſcentulus,
Saepe eadem et graviter audiendõ, victus eſt :
Putavit me, et Aetate et Benevolentia,
Plus ſcire et providere quam ſe ipſum ſibi :
In *Aſiam* ad Regem militatum abiit, *Chreme.* 65

Chrem. Quid ais ?

Men. Clam me eſt proſectus : Menſis tris abeſt.

Chrem. Ambo accuſandi ; etſi illud Inceptum tamen
Animi eſt pudentis Signum et non inſtrenui.

Men. Ubi comperi ex iis, qui fuere ei conſcii,
Domum revortor moeſtus, atque Animo fere 70
Conturbato, atque incerto prae Aegritudine.

Adſido

Men. 'Tis what I deserve.

Chrem. Now speak.

Men. I have an only Son a Youth — Ah! what did I say, I have? I had indeed, *Chremes*; but whether I have or not now is uncertain.

Chrem. How so?

Men. You shall know. Here is a poor old Woman a Stranger that came from *Corinth*; whose Daughter he fell violently in Love with, so violently that he wou'd have marry'd her: all which he keep'd from my Knowledge. When I was inform'd of the Affair, I began to handle him roughly, in a Manner not agreeable to the tender Disposition of Youth, but with Authority and after the Custom of Fathers: I was dayly reprehending him: *bark y'*, say'd I, *do you hope to go on long thus, while I your Father am living, to have a Mistress just as if she was your Wife? You mistake, if you believe so, and you do n't know me, Clinia. I am willing to call you mine, as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not, I shall take such Measures with you as I ought: this proceeds from Nothing but too much Idleness: when I was of your Age, I did not give my Mind to Women, but went into Asia to better my Fortune, and there by Arms acquir'd Riches and Renown.* At last the Affair came to this Pass, the young Man was vanquish'd by often hearing the same over and over, and that deliver'd with some Severity: he thought that my Age and Affection knew and consulted more for himself than he cou'd: away he went into the Wars in *Asia* under the King, *Chremes*.

Chrem. What say you?

Men. Away he went unknown to me: and he has been gone three Months:

Chrem. Ye're both to be blam'd; however this Enterprize of his is an Indication of a modest and manly Disposition.

Men. When I was inform'd of it from those who were in his Secrets, I went Home very melancholly, and almost distracted in my Mind, not knowing what
to

Adfido; adcurrunt Servi; Soccus detrahunt;
 Video alios festinare Lectos sternere, (9)
 Coenam adparare: pro se quisque sedulo
 Faciebat, quo illam mihi lenirent Miseriam: 75
 Ubi video haec, coepi cogitare,—*hem! tot mea*
Solius solliciti sunt Causa, ut me unum expleant?
Ancillae tot me vestiant? Sumptus Domi
Tantos ego solus faciam?—*Set Gnatum unicum,*
Quem pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam amplius, 80
Quod illa Aetas magis ad haec utenda idonea est,
Eum ego hinc ejeci miserum Injustitia mea:
Malo quidem me dignum quo-vis deputem,
Si id faciam; nam usque dum ille Vitam illam colet
Inopem, carens Patria ob meas Injurias, 85
Interea usque illi de me Supplicium dabo,
Laborans, quaerens, parcens, illi serviens.
 Ita facio prorsus; Nihil relinquo in Aedibus,
 Nec Vas, nec Vestimentum; conrasi omnia.
 Ancillas, Servos, nisi eos qui Opere rustico 90
 Faciundo facile Sumptum exercerent suum,
 Omnis produxi ac vendidi. Inscripti ilico
 Aedis Mercede. Quasi Talenta (10) ad quindecim
 Coegi; Agrum hunc mercatus sum; hic me exerceo.
 Decrevi tantisper me minus Injuriae, 95
Chreme, meo Gnato facere, dum fiam miser,
 Nec Fas esse ulla me Voluptate hic frui,
 Nisi ubi ille huc salvos redierit meus Particeps.

Chrem. Ingenio te esse in Liberos leni puto,
 Et illum obsequentem, siquis recte aut commode 100
 Tractaret; verum neque tu illum satis noveras,
 Nec te ille; hoc ubi fit, ibi non vere vivitur.
 Tu illum numquam ostendisti quanti penderes,

Nec

9. It will not be improper here to say Something of the
antient Manner of eating among the Greeks and Ro-
mans: they sat, or rather lay, in an accumbent Posture:
the Beds or Couches on which they lay were round the Ta-
ble, which was raised but a little from the Ground.
The

to do thro Grief. I set myself down ; my Servants run to me ; they pull off my Shoes ; others I observe hast'ning to lay the Cloth, (9) and to get Supper ready ; ev'ry one, in their Way, did what they cou'd to ease my Sorrow : when I saw all this, I began to think within myself, — *ah ! are so many concern'd for me only, to give me Content ? Shall so many Maids be engag'd in dressing me ? Shall I be at all this Expence at Home on my Account alone ? — But I have unjustly drove my only Son, poor Boy, from hence, who ought to have possess'd these Blessings equally with me, or rather to have had the greater Share of them, because he is of an Age more capable of enjoying them : I think no Misfortune too great for me if I shou'd do it ; for while he lives in Poverty abroad, banish'd from Home by my injurious Treatment, I will revenge his Wrongs on myself, labouring, geting, saving, and laying up, for him. I immediately put my Resolution in Execution ; I leave Nothing in the House, not so much as a Dish or a Rag ; I scrap'd up all. I brought out and sold all my Men and Maid-servants, excepting such as cou'd get their Livelyhood by working in the Fields. I directly wrote a Bill over my Door, *a House to be sold*. I got in about fifteen (10) Talents ; I purchas'd this Piece of Ground ; on which I employ myself. I am perswaded that I do my Son less Injury, *Chremes*, while I make a Wretch of myself, and that I ought not to take any Pleasure, till he returns safe hither to share with me.*

Chrem. I think you a tender Parent, and him a dutiful Son, if he had one to manage him rightly and to Advantage ; but you did not know him well enough, nor he you ; and when it so happens there is no living well together. You never let him see how
much

The better Sort of People had eating Dresses ; which are here alluded to, Ancillae tot me vestiant ? These Dresses were light Garments to put on as soon as they had bathed ; and they commonly bathed before eating ; and the chief Meal was in the Evening.

10. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work.

300 *Heauton-timorumenos.* ACTUS I.

Nec tibi illé'st credere ausus quae est aequom Patri :
Quod si esset factum, haec numquam evenissent tibi. 105

Men. Ita Res est, fateor: Peccatum a me maximum'st.

Chrem. *Menedeme*, at porro recte spero; et illum tibi
Salvomi adfuturum esse hic confido propediem.

Men. Utinam ita Di faxint.

Chrem. Facient. Nunc si commodum'st,
Dionysia hic sunt hodie, aput me sis volo. 110

Men. Non possum.

Chrem. Cur non? Quaeso tandem aliquantulum
Tibi parce: idem absens facere te hoc volt Filius.

Men. Non convenit, qui illum ad Laborem inpellerim,
Nunc me ipsum fugere.

Chrem. Siccine est Sententia?

Men. Sic.

Chrem. Bene vale.

Men. Et tu. [Exit *Menedemus*.]

S C E N A II.

Chrem. Lacrimas excussit mihi,
Miseretque me ejus: set, ut Diei Tempus est,
Monere oportet me hunc Vicinum *Phaniam*,
Ad Coenam ut veniat: ibo, visam si Domi est.

[*It ad Fores Phaniae et redit.*]

Nihil Opus est Monitore: jam dudum Domi 5
Praesto aput me esse aiunt: egomet Convivas moror:
Ibo adeo hinc intro: set quid crepuerunt Fores
Hinc a me? Quisnam egreditur? Huc concessero.

S C E N A III.

Clitipho et Chremes.

Clitipho. [*Cliniae intro, non videns Chremem.*]
Nihil adhuc est quod vereare, *Clinia*; haut quaquam
etiam cessant:

Et

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT I. 301

much you valued him, and he never dar'd to trust you as he ought: for, if this had been, all this had never happen'd to you.

Men. That is the Case, I confess: but I am most in Fault.

Chrem. But I hope for the best, *Menedemus*; and I doubt not but you will have him safe with you here soon.

Men. Heav'n grant it may be so.

Chrem. It will. Now if it is convenient to you, I shall be glad of your Company at my House, our Feast to *Bacchus* is this Day.

Men. I can not be there.

Chrem. Why not? Pr'ythee spare yourself a little: it is what your absent Son wou'd not be against.

Men. 'Tis not fit that I, who drove him to Hardship, shou'd avoid it myself.

Chrem. Is that your Resolution?

Men. It is.

Chrem. Then farewell.

Men. Fare you well. [*Menedemus* goes.]

S C E N E II.

Chrem. He has forc'd Tears from me, and I really pity him: but 'tis Time for me to put my Neighbour *Phania* here in Mind to come to Supper: I'll go see if he's at Home.

[*He goes to Phania's Door and returns.*]
He needs no Remembrancer: they tell me he is at my House already: I make my Company wait: therefore I'll go in: but what makes my Door creak? Who is that coming out? I'll step on one Side.

S C E N E III.

Clitipho and *Chremes*.

Clit. [To *Clinia* within, not seeing *Chremes*.] You have no Occasion yet to be in any Fear, *Clinia*; they have not been a great While gone: and I know she'll

Et illam simul cum Nuntio tibi adfuturam hodie scio :
Proin tu Solitudinem istam falsam, quae te excruciat,
mittas.

Chrem. Quicum loquitur Filius? [*Seorsim.*

Clit. Pater adest, quem volui : adibo. [*Seorsim.*]

Pater opportune advenis.

5

Chrem. Quid id est ?

Clit. Hunc *Menedemum* no'stin' nostrum Vicinum?

Chrem.

Probe.

Clit. Huic Filium scis esse ?

Chrem. Audivi esse in *Asia*.

Clit. Non est, Pater ;

Aput nos est.

Chrem. Quid ais ?

Clit. Advenientem, e Navi egredientem, ilico
Abduxi ad Coenam ; nam mihi magna cum eo jam
inde usque a Pueritia

Fuit semper Familiaritas.

Chrem. Voluptatem magnam nuntias. 10

Quam vellem *Menedemum* invitatum ut nobiscum esset
amplius,

Ut hanc Laetitiam nec opinanti primus objicerem ei
Domi ;

Atque etiam nunc Tempus est.

Clit. Cave faxis ; non est Opus, Pater.

Chrem. Quapropter ?

Clit. Quia enim incertum' est etiam quid se fa-
ciat : modo venit :

Timet omnia, Patris Iram, et Animum Amicae se er-
ga ut sit suae : 15

Eam misere amat : propter eam haec Turba, atque
Abitio, evenit.

Chrem.

Scio.

Clit. Nunc Servolum ad eam in Urbem misit, et
ego nostrum una *Syrum*.

Chrem. Quid narrat ?

Clit. Quid ille ? Miserum se esse.

Chrem.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT I. 303

be with you this Day with the Messenger: therefore shake off that foolish Uneasyness which torments you so.

Chrem. To whom is my Son speaking? [*To himself.*]

Clit. Here's my Father, whom I wanted: I'll go up to him. [*To himself.*]—I have met you just as I wish'd, Sir.

Chrem. What is the Matter?

Clit. Do you know this *Menedemus* our Neighbour here?

Chrem. Very well.

Clit. Do you know he has a Son?

Chrem. I hear'd he is in *Asia*.

Clit. He is not, Sir; he is at our House.

Chrem. What say you?

Clit. I met him just as he landed, and brought him directly to Supper; for there has always been a great Intimacy betwixt us ever since we were Children.

Chrem. You tell me very welcome News. Now do I wish the more that *Menedemus*, whom I invited, was with us, that I may be the first to tell him these joyful Tydings at my House when he little expects them; and it is Time enough now.

Clit. Take Care what you do; it is not proper, Sir.

Chrem. Why so?

Clit. Because he is not resolv'd yet what to do with himself: he is but just arriv'd: he is full of Fears, both of his Father's Resentment, and on Account of his Mistress, how she may stand affected towards him: he is excessive fond of her: she was the Cause of this Disturbance, and of his going away.

Chrem. I know it.

Clit. He has just now sent his Boy into the City to her, and I made our *Syrus* go with him.

Chrem. What says he now he's return'd?

Clit. What says he? That he's a Wretch.

Chrem. Miserum? Quem minus credere'st?
Quid relliqui'st, quin habeat quae quidem in Homine
dicuntur Bona?

Parentis, Patriam incolumem, Amicos, Genus, Cog-
natos, Divitias: 20

Atque haec perinde sunt ut illius Animus, qui ea pos-
fidet;

Qui uti scit, ei Bona; illi, qui non utitur recte, Mala,
Clit. Immo ille fuit Senex importunus semper; et
nunc Nihil magis

Vereor quam ne quid in illum iratus plus satis faxit Pater.

Chrem. Illene?—Set repprimam me; nam in Metu
esse hunc illi est utile. 25

[*Seorsim.*

Clit. Quid tute tecum?

Chrem. Dicam. Ut ut erat, mansum tamen
oportuit.

Fortasse aliquantum iniquior erat praeter ejus Lubi-
dinem;

Pateretur; nam quem ferret, si Parentem non ferret
suum?

Huncine erat aequom ex illius More, an illum ex hu-
jus, vivere?

Et quod illum infimulat durum, id non est; nam Pa-
rentum Injuriae 30

Uniusmodi sunt ferme, paulo qui est Homo tolera-
bilis; (11)

Scortari crebro nolunt, nolunt crebro convivari;

Praebent exigue Sumptum; atque haec sunt tamen
ad Virtutem omnia: 33

Verum animus ubi semel se Cupiditate devinxit mala,
Necesse est, *Clitipho*, Consilia consequi consimilia. Hoc
Scitum'st, *Periculum ex aliis facere tibi quod ex Ufu fiet.*
Clit.

11. *This Passage is far from elegant or clear: Faer-
nus gives two Interpretations of it, which, he tells us,
he found inserted in Libro Bembino. Either ei is un-
derstood after ferme, which makes the Sense this, the
Severitys of all Parents are near the same to him, i. e.
to.*

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT I. 305

Chrem. He a Wretch? No Man is less so. What is there, which may be call'd a Good to Man, that he has not? Parents, a happy Country, Friends, a good Descent, Relations, Riches: and these are according to the Mind of him who possesses them; to him who knows how to use them they are each a Good; to him who makes not a right Use of them they are Evils.

Clit. But he was always a captious old Man; and I am now afraid of Nothing more than that he will do more in his Anger than a Father ought to do to him.

Chrem. What he?—But I'll say no more, for it is for my Son's Good that his Friend shou'd stand in Fear of his Father. [*Aside.*]

Clit. What is that which you say to yourself?

Chrem. I'll tell you. However the Case was, he ought to have stay'd. Perhaps he was a little more severe than was consistent with his Inclinations; he shou'd have been patient under it; for whom can he bear with, if he can not bear with his own Father? Was it fit that he shou'd live after his Son's Humour, or his Son after his? As to his Complaint of his Father's Rigour, there is Nothing in it; for the Severitys of Parents are very near the same, especially where a Father is not intolerable; they wou'd not have their Sons frequently whoring, and drinking; they allow them but little spending Money; and this is all for their Good: but when the Mind once gives a Loose to evil Desires, it listens of Necessity, *Clitipho*, to such Counsels as indulge them. This is a wise Maxim, *to take Warning from others of what may be to your own Advantage.*

C c 3

Clit.

to that Son, who is tolerable in his Conduct; or qui est Homo tolerabilis *is the Singular for the Plural, for qui sunt tolerabiles.* Bentley prefers the last Construction; according to which I have translated it, Homo being Parens, i. e. Parens qui est Homo tolerabilis.

Clit. Ita credo.

Chrem. Ego ibo hinc intro, ut videam nobis
quid Coenae fiet.

Tu, ut Tempus est Diei, vide sis, ne quo hinc abeas
longius. [Exit Chremes.]

S C E N A IV.

Clit. Quam iniqui sunt Patres in omnis Adulescentis
Judices?

Qui aequom esse censent nos jam a Pueris ilico nasci
Senes,

Neque illarum Adfines esse Rerum quas fert Adule-
scentia:

Ex sua Libidine moderantur, nunc quae est, non quae
olim fuit.

Mihi si umquam Filius erit, nae ille facili me utetur
Patre;

Nam et cognoscendi et ignoscendi dabitur Peccati
Locus: 5

Non (12) ut meus, qui mihi per alium ostendit suam
Sententiam.

Perii;—is mihi, ubi adbibit plus paulo, sua quae nar-
rat Facinora!

Nunc ait, *Periculum ex aliis facito, tibi quod ex Usu fiet:*
Astutus! Nae ille haut scit quam mihi nunc furdo nar-
ret Fabulam. 10

Magis nunc me Amicae Dicta stimulant, *da mihi, at-*
que adfer mihi;

Cui quod respondeam Nihil habeo; neque me quis-
quam est miserior;

Nam hic *Clinia*, etsi is quoque suarum Rerum satagit,
attamen

Habet bene et pudice eductam, ignaram Artis mere-
triciae;

Mea'st potens, procax, magnifica, sumptuosa, nobilis:
Tum

12. Ero is understood; for there is no grammatical Con-
nection

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT I. 307

Clit. I believe so.

Chrem. I'll go in, and see what we have for Supper.
Consider what Time of Day it is, and do not be too
far out of the Way. [Chremes goes.]

S C E N E IV.

Clit. What partial Judges are Fathers to all us young Men? Who think it just that we shou'd immediately become old Men of Boys, and who wou'd have us to be Strangers to those Things which are incident to Youth: they are govern'd by their present Appetites, and not by their pass'd. If I shall ever happen to have a Son, he shall find an easy Father in me; for he shall need but to confess and be pardon'd: I will not be like this Father of mine, who tells me his Opinion in the Words of another. It distracts me;—when he has drank a little more than ordinary, what Exploits of his he'll tell me of! Now he bids me take Warning from others of what may be to my own Advantage: a cunning Fox! Really he little thinks to what a deaf Man he preaches. The Words of my Mistress carry greater Force with them now, give me such a Thing, bring me such a Thing; to whom I can make no Answer; nor is any one more miserable than myself; for this Clinia, tho he has enough to do of his own, yet he has a Mistress modestly and well bred, who knows Nothing of the Tricks which our Town Jilts use: mine is a self-sufficient, craving, imperious,
extrava-

nection betwixt the preceding Verse and this without
such a Verb as *ero* understood.

Tum quod dem ei, recte' est; nam Nihil esse mihi Religio' est dicere: 16

Hoc ego Mali non pridem inveni; neque etiam dum scit. Pater.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Clinia et Clitipho.

Clin. [*Seorsim.*

SI mihi secundae Res de Amore meo essent, jam dudum scio

Venissent (13); set vereor, ne Mulier, me absente, hic corrupta sit.

Concurrunt multae Opiniones, quae mihi Animum exangeant, (14)

Occasio, Locus, Aetas, Mater, cujus sub Imperio' est, mala,

Cui Nihil jam praeter Pretium dulce' est.

Clit.

Clinia.

Clin.

Hei misero mihi! 5

[*Seorsim.*

Clit. Etiam caves, ne videat forte hic te a Patre aliquis exiens?

Clin. Faciam; set nescio quid profecto mihi Animus praesagit Mali.

Clit.

13. Bentley gives *venisset here, and adesset and aderit in the ninth Verse*; but I find in old Editions of our Poet, and among the Earl of Oxford's and Dr. Mead's Copys, *venissent, adessent, and aderunt*; which are Antiphila and the Servants sent for her. Hare gives *adesset and aderunt in the ninth Verse*; which is an unpardonable Blunder; for they should be either both singular or both plural.

extravagant, proud, Jade : then it is but ask, and have ; for it is a Matter of Religion with me not to deny her : this is a Misfortune I have but lately discover'd ; and my Father knows Nothing of it yet.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Clinia and Clitipho.

Clin.

[To himself.]

IF my Love Affairs went well, I am sure they wou'd have been here long before now ; but I am afraid my Girl has been led astray here in my Absence. Many Circumstances concur to rack my Mind, Opportunity, Place, her Age, and a base Mother, under whose Government she is, and who regards Nothing but Profit.

Clit. Clinia.

Clin. What a Wretch am I !

[To himself.]

Clit. Do you take Care, lest any Body, coming from your Father's, shou'd chance to see you here ?

Clin. I will ; but really I cannot conceive what Mischief is coming to me, for my Mind misgives me.

Clit.

14. Bentley arbitrarily gives this Verse,

Concurrunt multa, Opinionem hanc quae mihi Animo
exaugeant.

He is displeased with exangeo being used for exango : but, as Leng observes, the antient Latin Authors frequently changed Verbs of the third Conjugation into the second : the Reading which I give is approved by Palmerius, Guyetus, Tan. Faber, and many more.

Clit. Pergit n' istuc (15) prius dijudicare quam scis
quid Veri fiet?

Clin. Si Nihil Mali esset, jam hic adessent.

Clit. Jam aderunt.

Clin. Quando istuc jam erit?

Clit. Non cogitas hinc longule esse; et nostri Mores
Mulierum; 10

Dum moliantur, dum conantur, Annus est.

Clin. O! *Clitipho*,

Timeo.

Clit. Respira; eccum *Dromonem* cum *Syro* una
adsunt tibi.

S C E N A II.

Syrus, *Dromo*, *Clinia*, et *Clitipho*.

Syr. Ai'n' tu? [*Dromoni.*

Dr. Sic est. [*Syro.*

Syr. Verum, interea dum Sermones caedimus,
Illae sunt relictæ. [*Dromoni.*

Clit. Mulier tibi adest, audi'n', *Clinia*?
[*Separatim Cliniae.*

Clin. Ego vero audio nunc demum, et video, et va-
leo, *Clitipho*. [*Separatim Clitiphoni.*

Dr. Minime Mirum, adeo inpeditæ sunt; Ancilla-
rum Gregem

Ducunt secum. [*Syro.*

Clin. Perii: unde illi sunt Ancillae?
[*Separatim Clitiphoni.*

Clit. Men' rogas? [*Separatim Cliniae.* 5

Syr. Non oportuit relictas, portant quid Rerum,—
[*Dromoni.*

Clin. Hei mihi! [*Seorsim.*
Syr.

15. Faernus says the *s* in *istuc* must be drop'd, to make
the first Foot a Dactyl in this Octonarian: I fancy this is
full

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Clit. Do you persist in judging of this Affair before you know the Truth of it?

Clin. If no Harm had happen'd, they wou'd have been here before now.

Clit. They ll be here presently.

Clin. When will that presently be?

Clit. You do not consider that it is a long Way off; and you know the Custom of Women; they are an Age in riging themselves out and geting ready.

Clin. O! *Clitipho*, I cannot get rid of my Fears.

Clit. Chear up; lo yonder come *Dromo* and *Syrus*; they are near upon you.

S C E N E II.

Syrus, Dromo, Clinia, and Clitipho.

Syr. Say you so? [*To Dromo.*

Dr. Even so. [*To Syrus.*

Syr. But while we are prating, the Women are left behind. [*To Dromo.*

Clit. Your Girl's coming, *Clinia*, do you hear? [*Aside to Clinia.*

Clin. I hear, and see, now at last, and am reviv'd, [*Aside to Clitipho.*

Dr. I do not wonder at it, they are so encumber'd; they have a Train of Maids with them.

Clin. Distraction! How shou'd she have Maids? [*To Syrus.*

Clit. Do you ask me? [*Aside to Clitipho.*

Syr. We shou'd not have left them, considering what valuable Things they have about 'em, —

Clin. Ah! what's that I hear! [*To Dromo.*

[*To himself.*
Syr.

full as arbitrary and unnatural as if we should drop the r in pergi'n' to make the first Foot an Anapaest.

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Syr. —Aurum, Vestem; et vesperascit; et non no-
verunt Viam.

Factum a nobis stulte est. Abi dum tu, *Dromo*, illis
obviam

Propere: quid itas? [*Exit Dromo.*]

S C E N A III.

Clinia, Clitipho, et Syrus.

Clin. Vae misero mihi! Quanta de Spe decidi?
[*Seorsim.*]

Clit. [*Illum audiens.*] Quid istuc? Quae Res te sol-
licitat autem?

Clin. Rogitas quid fiet?
Vide'n' tu? Ancillas, Aurum, Vestem, quam ego cum
una Ancillula

Hic reliqui, unde esse censes? [*Separatim Clitiphoni.*]

Clit. Vah, nunc demum intellego.
[*Separatim Cliniae.*]

Syr. Di boni, quid Turbae 'st! Aedes nostrae vix
cipient, scio. 5

Quid comedent? Quid ebibent? Quid Sene erit nostro
miserius? [*Seorsim.*]

Set video, eccos, quos volebam.
[*Videns Cliniam et Clitiphonem.*]

Clin. O! *Jupiter*, ubinam est Fides?
Dum ego propter te errans Patria careo demens, tu in-
terea Loci

Conlocupleta'sti, *Antiphila*, te, et me in his deseruisti
Malis;

Propter quam in summa Infamia sum, et meo Patri
minus sum obsequens; 10

Cujus nunc pudet me et miseret, qui harum Mores can-
tabat mihi,

Monuisse frustra, neque eum potuisse umquam ab hac
me expellere;

Quod tamen nunc faciam; tum, cum gratum mihi esse
potuit, nolui:

Nemo est inferior me. [*Seorsim.*]
Syr. Hic de nostris Verbis errat videlicet,

Quae

Syr. — Jewels, rich Cloaths; and the Night comes on, and they do not know the Way. We have done foolishly. Do you make Haste and meet 'em, *Dromo*: why do you stand?

[*Dromo goes.*]

S C E N E III.

Clinia, Clitipho, and Syrus.

Clin. What a Wretch am I! How have my Hopes deceiv'd me! [To himself.]

Clit. [*Hearing him.*] What's the Matter? What is it that troubles you so?

Clin. What troubles me, say you? Do you consider? Where do you think she shou'd have Maids, Jewels and Cloaths, whom I left here with but one little Girl? [Aside to Clitipho.]

Clit. O, o, now I know at last what disturbs you. [Aside to Clinia.]

Syr. Good Gods, what a Train is here! I am sure our House will scarcely hold 'em. What will they devour in Victuals and Drink! Can there be a greater Wretch than our old Man? [To himself.] — But here are the Persons I look'd for.

[Seeing Clinia and Clitipho.]

Clin. O! *Jupiter*, whither is Honour fled? While I distracted from my Country roam, you, *Antiphila*, have here enrich'd yourself, and left me to my Miserys; you for whose Sake I have embrac'd Disgrace, and cast off my Obedience to my Father; which I remember with Concern and Shame, that he shou'd preach the Manners of these Creatures in my Ears, and throw away his Advice upon me, without being able to force me from her; however I now will do the Work myself; when it might have been advantageous to me I was unwilling: there's not a Man so wretched as myself. [To himself.]

Syr. Really he has mistook what we have been
D d talking

Quae hic fumus locuti. [*Scorsim.*]—*Clinia*, aliter
 tuum Amorem, atque est, accipis; 15
 Nam et Vita' est eadem, et Animus te erga idem, ac
 fuit,
 Quantum ex ipsa Re Conjecturam fecimus.

Clin. Quid est obsecro? Nam mihi nunc Nihil Re-
 rum omnium' est

Quod malim quam me hoc falso suspicari.

Syr. Hoc primum, ut ne quid hujus Rerum ignores,
 Anus, 20

Quae est dicta Mater esse ei antehac, non fuit;
 Ea obiit Mortem: hoc, ipsa in Itinere alterae
 Dum narrat, forte audiui.

Clit. Quatenam' est altera?

Syr. Mane: hoc quod coepi primum enarrem,
Clitipho;

Post istuc veniam.

Clit. Propera.

Syr. Jam primum omnium, 25
 Ubi ventum ad Aedes est, *Dromo* pultat Fores;
 Anus quaedam prodit; haec ubi aperuit Ostium,
 Continuo hic se coniecit intro, ego consequor;
 Anus Foribus obdit Pessulum, ad Lanam redit:
 Hic sciri potuit, aut nusquam alibi, *Clinia*, 30
 Quo Studio Vitam suam, te absente, exegerit,
 Ubi de improviso est interventum Mulieri;
 Nam ea Res dedit tum existumandi Copiam
 Cotidianae Vitae Consuetudinem,
 Quae, cujusque Ingenium ut sit, declarat maxime. 35
 Texentem Telam studiose ipsam offendimus,
 Mediocriter vestitam Veste lugubri,
 Ejus Anuis Causa opinor quae erat mortua,
 Sine Auro, tum ornatam ita uti quae ornantur sibi,
 Nulla mala Re esse expolitam muliebri, 40
 Capillus passus, prolixus, circum Caput
 Reiectus negligenter; Pax.

Clin. Syre mi, obsecro,
 Ne me in Lactitiam frustra conjicias.

Syr.

Anus

Subtemen

talking here. [*To himself.*—*Clinia* you have conceiv'd a different Opinion of your Mistress from what she deserves; for her Manner of living, and her Inclination towards you, are the same they were, according to the Judgement we have made from what we saw.

Clin. What's that pray? For I wish Nothing more now than to be mistaken in my Suspicions.

Syr. First, that you may not be ignorant of any Thing in this Affair, the old Woman that they used to call her Mother was not so; she is dead: this I happen'd to hear, as she told it to the other as they came along.

Clit. Who is that other?

Syr. Have Patience: first let me go on with what I begun, *Clitipho*; then I'll come to that.

Clit. Be quick.

Syr. First of all, when we come to the House, *Dromo* knocks at the Door; out comes an old Woman; she had no sooner open'd the Door, but he throw'd himself in, and I follow'd him; the old Woman bolts the Door, and returns to her Work: by these Means, or none, *Clinia*, you may know how she pass'd her Time in your Absence, when you come unexpected on a Woman; for that gives you at the same Time an Opportunity of judging of her dayly Course of Life, and plainly discovers her Disposition. We find your Mistress earnestly plying her Web, in a plain mourning Gown, which she wears I suppose for the old Woman that is dead, without any Jewels, but she was then dress'd like those who dress only for themselves, and not besmear'd with Paint, her Hair loose, hanging down, and negligently spread about her Ears; and all was quiet.

Clin. I beseech you, *Syrus*, not to lead me into a Fool's Paradise.

Syr. The old Woman spun the Woof; and there was

Subtemen nebat ; praeterea una Ancillula
 Erat, ea texebat una, Pannis obsita,
 Neclecta, inmunda Inluvie.

Clit. Si haec sunt, *Clinia*,
 Vera, ita uti credo, quis te est fortunatior ?
 Sci'n' hanc, quam dicit sordidatam et sordidam ?
 Magnum hoc quoque Signum' est, Dominam esse extra
 Noxiam,

Cum ejus tam necleguntur Internuntii; 50
 Nam Disciplina est iisdem, munerarier
 Ancillas primum, ad Dominas qui adflectant Viam.

Clin. Perge, obsecro te, et cave ne falsam Gratiam
 Studeas inire. Quid ait, ubi me nominas ? [Syr.

Syr. Ubi dicimus rediisse te, et rogare uti 55
 Veniret ad te, Mulier Telam desinit
 Continuo, et Lacrumis opplet Os totum sibi,
 Ut facile scires Desiderio id fieri tuo.

Clin. Prae Gaudio, ita me Di ament, ubi sim nescio,
 Ita timui.

Clit. At ego Nihil esse sciebam, *Clinia.* 60
 Agedum vicissim, *Syre*, dic quae illa' est altera.

Syr. Adducimus tuam *Bacchidem*.

Clit. Hem, quid ? *Bacchidem* ?
 Eho, scelestes, quo illam ducis ?

Syr. Quo ego illam ? Ad nos scilicet.

Clit. Ad Patremne ?

Syr. Ad eum ipsum.

Clit. O ! Hominis impudentem Audaciam !

Syr. Heus tu, non fit sine Periculo Facinus magnum
 et memorabile. 65

Clit. Hoc vide ; in mea Vita tu tibi Laudem is
 quaesitum, Scelus,

Ubi si paululum modo quid te fugerit, ego perierim :
 Quid illo facias ?

Syr. At enim ———

Clit. Quid enim ?

Syr. Si finas, dicam.

Clin. Sine.

Clit. Sino.

Syr.

a tatter'd dirty Mope of a Wench, that wove by her.

Clit. If this Account is true, *Clinia*, as I believe it is, who is more fortunate than yourself? Do you take Notice of the nasty Slut he speaks of? This also is a great Sign of the Mistress's Honesty, when her Servants are so neglected; for it is the Practice of those, who wou'd pave the Way to the Mistress, first to bribe the Maid.

Clin. Pray go on, and do not deceive me. What say'd she, when you nam'd me? [*To Syrus.*

Syr. As soon as we mention'd your Return, and told her you desir'd her to come to you, she immediately left her Work, and cover'd her Face with Tears, and in such a Manner as plainly discover'd 'twas all for Love of you.

Clin. As Heav'n shall bless me, I know not where I am for Joy, I was in such a Fright before.

Clit. But I knew there was Nothing in it, *Clinia*. Come, *Syrus*, tell me in my Turn who that other is.

Syr. We have your *Bacchis* with us.

Clit. Ah! what? *Bacchis*? Why, you Rascal, where is it you bring her?

Syr. Where do I bring her? To our House.

Clit. To my Father's?

Syr. Yes, to your Father's.

Clit. The prodigious Assurance of the Fellow!

Syr. Hark y', Nothing great and memorable is accomplish'd without Danger.

Clit. Mind this; you are endeavouring to acquire Praise, you Villain, at my Peril, when if you shou'd happen to take a wrong Step, I fall to the Ground: what will you do then?

Syr. But yet——

Clit. What yet?

Syr. I'll tell you, if you'll give me Leave.

Clin. Give him Leave.

Clit. Well, I do.

Syr. Ita Res est haec nunc, quasi cum—

Clit. Quas, Malum, Ambages mihi
Narrare occipit?

Clin. *Syr.*, verum hic dicit: mitte; ad Rem redi. 70

Syr. Enimvero reticere nequeo: Multimodis injurius,
Clitipho, es; neque ferri potis es.

Clin. Audiundum, hercle, est; tace.
[*Clitipho*ni.]

Syr. Vis amare; vis potiri; vis, quod des illi, effici;
Tuum esse in potiundo Periculum non vis: haut stulte
sapis,

Siquidem id sapere est, velle te id quod non potest con-
tingere: 75

Aut haec cum illis sunt habenda, aut illa cum his mit-
tenda sunt:

Harum duarum Conditionum nunc utram malis, vide;
Etsi hoc Consilium, quod cepi, rectum esse et tutum scio;
Nam, aput Patrem tua Amica tecum sine Metu ut sit,
Copia est:

Tum quod illi Argentum es pollicitus eadem hac inve-
niam Via; 80

Quod ut efficerem, orando surdas jam Auris reddideras
mihi:

Quid aliud tibi vis?

Clit. Siquidem hoc fit.

Syr. Siquidem, experiundo scies.

Clit. Age, age, cedo istuc tuum Consilium: quid
id est?

Syr. Adsimulabimus

Tuam Amicam hujus esse.

Clit. Pulchre: cedo quid hic faciet sua?

An ea quoque dicetur hujus, si una haec Dedecori est
parum? 85

Syr. Immo ad tuam Matrem deducetur.

Clit. Quid eo?

Syr. Longum est, *Clitipho*,

Si tibi narrem quamobrem id faciam; vera Causa est.

Clit. Fabulae:

Nihil satis firmi video quamobrem accipere hunc mihi
expediat Metum. *Syr.*

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Syr. Now this Affair stands thus, as if—

Clit. What a round about Story is he going to tell, with a Vengeance?

Clin. What he says is true, *Syrus*: do not be tedious; return to the Bus'ness.

Syr. I can not contain myself: you use me ill, *Clitipho*, in many Points; you are intolerable.

Clin. You shou'd hear what he has to say indeed; therefore Silence. [To *Clitipho*.

Syr. You wou'd have a Mistress; you wou'd possess her; you wou'd have it in your Pow'r to make her Presents; but you wou'd run no Hazard to gain her: very cunning truly, if there is any Cunning in wishing for Impossibilitys: you must either stand the Chance of having her by these Means, or quit all Thoughts of her: now consider, and choose which you will; however, I know that the Advice I give is good and secure; for you will have an Opportunity of having your Mistress with you at your Father's without any Fear: besides I shall procure the Money, which you promis'd her, the same Way; to get which you have almost made me deaf with your Intreatys: what else wou'd you have?

Clit. If it is so.

Syr. You will know, if you try, with your ifs.

Clit. Well, come, let us hear this your Advice: what is it?

Syr. We will pretend that your Mistress is his.

Clit. Very fine: pray what shall he do with his own? Shall she pass for his too, as if one was not enough to disgrace him?

Syr. She shall be carry'd to your Mother.

Clit. What then?

Syr. It wou'd take up too much Time, *Clitipho*, to tell you why; but I have good Reasons for it.

Clit. Mere Flams: I see no Foundation for me to think myself secure.

Syr:

Syr. Mane, habeo aliud, si istuc metuis, quod ambo
confiteamini

Sine Periclo esse.

Clit. Hujusmodi, obsecro, aliquid reperi.

Syr. Maxime: 90

Ibo obviam huic, dicam ut revortatur Domum. (16)

Clit. Hem!

Quid dix'ti?

Syr. Ademptum tibi jam faxo omnem Metum,
In Aurem utramvis otiose ut dormias.

Clit. Quid ago nunc? [*Cliniae.*

Clin. Tune? Quod boni est.

Clit. Syre, dic modo

Verum.

Syr. Age modo: hodie sero ac nequicquam
voles. 95

Clin. Datur; fruare dum licet; nam nescias
Ejus sit Potestas posthac, an numquam tibi.

[*Clitiphoni.*

Clit. Syre, inquam.

Syr. Perge porro, tamen istuc ago. [*Seorsim.*

Clit. Verum, hercle, istuc est. [*Cliniae.*] — Syre,
Syre, inquam, heus, heus, Syre.

Syr. Concaluit. [*Seorsim.*] — Quid vis?

[*Clitiphoni.*

Clit. Redi, redi.

Syr. Adsum; dic, quid est? 100

Jam hoc quoque negabis tibi placere.

Clit. Immo, Syre,

Et me, et meum Amorem, et Famam, permitto tibi:
Tu es Judex; nequid accusandus sis vide.

Syr. Ridiculum est, te istuc me admonere, *Clitipho*;
Quasi istic mea Res minor agatur quam tua. 105

Hic si quid nobis forte advorsi evenerit,
Tibi erunt parata Verba, huic Homini Verbera;

Quapropter

16. *The common Reading is* ibo obviam hinc, dicam
ut revortantur Domum. *That by Gryphius, and other*
old Editions, have ibo obviam his, *which is a better*
Reading

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Syr. Stay, I have another Expedient, if you are afraid of that, which ye shall both acknowledge to be safe.

Clit. Such a one will do, pray let us have it.

Syr. Nothing easyer : I'll go and meet her, and tell her she must return Home again.

Clit. How ! What is that you say'd ?

Syr. I'll soon rid you of all your Fear, that you may never break your Sleep about it.

Clit. What shall I do now ? [To Clinia.]

Clin. What shall you do ? That which seems best.

Clit. *Syrus*, tell me truly now.

Syr. Go on : you will wish to have her before Night, when it is too late and to no Purpose.

Clin. You have now an Opportunity to have her ; make Use of it while you may ; for you do not know whether you shall ever have another. [To Clitipho.]

Clit. *Syrus*, I say.

Syr. Bawl as loud as you will, I'll go on. [To himself.]

Clit. You are in the Right by *Hercules*. [To Clinia.]

—*Syrus*, *Syrus*, I say, soho *Syrus*.

Syr. He is nettled. [To himself.] —What wou'd you have ? [To Clitipho.]

Clit. Come back, come back.

Syr. Here am I ; now tell me what you wou'd have ? You'll say presently you do n't like this neither.

Clit. Indeed, *Syrus*, I throw myself, my Love, and Reputation, all on you ; you are Director in this Affair ; and see that you acquit yourself with Honour.

Syr. 'Tis ridiculous in you, *Clitipho*, to give me such a Caution ; as if I was less concern'd in this Bus'ness than you. If we should happen to take a wrong Step in this Affair, you will have a Chiding, but poor I shall
not

Reading with revortantur : Bentley gives it as it stands above with the Concurrence of one of Dr. Mead's Cops. Huic is Bacchis, who is the only Person that Clitipho is in Pain about on Syrus bringing her to his Father's.

Quapropter haec Res neutiquam neglecta est mihi ;
Set illunc exora, ut suam esse adsimulet.

Clin. Scilicet
Facturum me esse : in eum jam Res rediit Locum, 110
Ut sit necesse.

Clit. Merito te amo, *Clinia*.

Clin. Verum illa ne quid titubet.

Syr. Perdocta 'st probe.

Clit. At hoc demiror, qui tam facile potueris
Persuadere illi, quae solet quos spernere. 114

Syr. In Tempore ad eam veni, quod Rerum omnium 'st
Primum ; nam miserum quendam offendi ibi Militem
Ejus Noctem orantem : haec Arte tractabat Virum,
Ut illius Animum cupidum Inopia incenderet,
Eademque ut esset aput te ob hoc quam gratissima :
Set heus tu, vide sis, ne quid imprudens ruas ; 120
Patrem novisti, ad has Res quam sit perspicax ;
Ego te autem novi, quam esse soleas inpotens :
Inversa Verba, everfas Cervices tuas,
Gemitus, Screatus, Tussis, Risus, abstine.

Clit. Laudabis.

Syr. Vide sis.

Clit. Tutemet mirabere. 125

Syr. Set quam cito sunt consecutae Mulieres !

Clit. Ubi sunt ? Cur retines ?

Syr. Jam nunc haec non est tua. [Syr.

Clit. Scio, aput Patrem ; at nunc interim.

Syr. Nihilo magis.

Clit. Sine.

Syr. Non finam inquam.

Clit. Quaeso paulisper.

Syr. Veto.

Clit. Saltem salutare.

Syr. Abeas, si sapias.

Clit. Eo. 130

Quid istic ?

Syr.

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not come off without a Beating; for which Reason I am to look well to it: but desire him to pretend that she's his Mistress.

Clin. He may depend on me: the Matter is now come to that Point, there is no Choice left.

Clit. You have my Love, *Cliria*, and you deserve it.

Clin. But she shou'd have her Lesson.

Syr. She is perfect.

Clit. But I am surpris'd at your prevailing on her so easily, considering her scornful Temper.

Syr. I came to her at a seasonable Time, which is the luckyeſt Circumſtance of all; for there I found a certain Captain reduc'd to cringing and whining, that he might obtain one Night with her: ſhe handled him very artfully, that ſhe might inflame him the more by ſtarving his Appetite, and the more to recommend herſelf to you: but hark y', ſee that your Paſſion runs not away with your Sences: you know what a Diſcernment your Father has in theſe Affairs; and I know how unable you are to contain yourſelf within Bounds: keep from your double Entendres, your ſide Looks, ſighing, ſpiting, coughing, and laughing.

Clit. You ſhall commend me.

Syr. See that you deſerve my Praise.

Clit. You yourſelf ſhall admire me.

Syr. But how ſoon the Women are come!

Clit. Where are they? Why do you hold me?

[*To Syrus.*

Syr. She does not belong to you now.

Clit. I know that, when ſhe's at my Father's; but till then.

Syr. No more now than then.

Clit. Give me Leave.

Syr. I will not I ſay.

Clit. Pr'ythee a little.

Syr. I ſay no.

Clit. One ſingle Kiſs.

Syr. Away with you, if you are wiſe.

Clit. Well, I am gone. What muſt he do with himſelf.

Syr.

Syr.

Manebit.

Clit.

O! Hominem felicem!

Syr.

Ambula.

[Exit Clitipho.]

S C E N A IV.

*Bacchis, Antiphila, Clinia, Syrus, Dromō, et Ancillae
Bacchidis.*

Bac. [Antiphilae, non videns Cliniam et Syrum.]
Edepol, te, mea *Antiphila*, laudo, et fortunatam judico,
Id cum studuisti, isti Formae ut Mores consimiles forent;
Minimeque, ita me Di ament, miror si te sibi quisque
expetit;

Nam mihi quale Ingenium haberes fuit Indicio Oratio;
Et cum egomet nunc mecum in Animo Vitam tuam
confidero,

Omniumque adeo vostrarum, Volgus quae ab se segre-
gant,

Et vos esse istiusmodi, et nos non esse, haut mirabile 'st;
Nam expedit bonas esse vobis; nos, quibuscum est
Res, non sinunt;

Quippe Forma impulsu nostra nos Amatores colunt;
Haec ubi inmutata est, illi suum animum alio conferunt:
Nisi prospectum interea aliquid nobis est, desertae vi-
vimus.

Vobis cum uno semel ubi Aetatem agere decretum 'st
Viro,

Cujus Mos maxime 'st consimilis vostrum, hi se ad vos
adplicant:

Hoc Beneficio utrique ab utrisque vero devincimini,
Ut numquam ulla Amori vestro incidere possit Calamitas.

Ant. Nescio alias: me quidem semper scio fecisse fe-
dulo

Ut ex illius Commodo meum compararem Commodum.

[Bacchidi, non videns Cliniam et Syrum.]

Clin. [Illam audiens.]

Ah!

Ergo, mea *Antiphila*, tu nunc sola reducem me in Pa-
triam facis;

Nam, dum abs te absum, omnes mihi Labores fuere,
quos cepi, leves,

Praeter-

Syr. He must stay here.

Clit. What a happy Man he is!

Syr. Walk off.

[Clitipho goes.]

SCENE IV.

*Bacchis, Antiphila, Clinia, Syrus, Dromo, and the
Servants of Bacchis.*

Bac. [*To Antiphila, not seeing Clinia and Syrus.*] Truly, *Antiphila*, I commend you, and think you a happy Person, in endeavouring to make your Manners conformable to your Beauty; and I shou'd not wonder, as I hope for Happyness, if you made every Man your Slave; for your Discourse plainly discovers your Disposition; and when I consider in my Mind what Course of Life you lead, and all such as you are, and how ye keep the Vulgar at a Distance, I am not surpris'd at your being such as ye are, and that we are so unlike ye; for it is your Benefit to be honest; but they, with whom we have to do, do not suffer us to be so; our Lovers pay their Court to us, as they are influenc'd by our Beauty; but when that is gone, they are gone too to some other: therefore unless we lay up Something for ourselves, we shall have Nobody to help us afterwards. When you have once resolv'd on spending your Days with one Man, whose Manners are agreeable to your own, he is constant to you: by this Advantage ye both become so attach'd to each other, that no Misfortune can ever divide your Affections.

Ant. I do not know what other Women do: I know that my Endeavours have always been diligently to make my Happyness depend on his.

[*To Bacchis, not seeing Clinia and Syrus.*]

Clin. [*Hearing her.*] Ah! my *Antiphila*, that is the Reason that you, and you only, have brought me Home again now; for, while I was absent from you, all other

Praeterquam tui carendum quod erat.

Syr. Credo [*Cliniae.*

Clin. *Syre*, vix suffero. 20

Hoccine me miserum non licere meo Modo Ingenium
frui?

Syr. Immo, ut Patrem tuum vidi esse habitum, diu
etiam duras dabit. (17) [*Cliniae.*

Bac. Quisnam hic Adulescens est, qui intuitur nos?

[*Antiphilae*, videns *Cliniam*.

Ant. Ah! retine me, obsecro.

[*Videns Cliniam*.

Bac. Amabo, quid tibi est? [*Antiphilae.*

Ant. Disperii, perii misera!

Bac. Quid stupes,

Antiphila?

Ant. Videon' *Cliniam*, an non?

Bac. Quem vides?

Clin. Salve, Anime mi! 25

[*Illam tenens*.

Ant. O! mi exspectate *Clinia*, salve.

Clin. Ut vales? [*Antiphilae.*

Ant. Salvom advenisse gaudeo.

Clin. Teneone te,

Antiphila, maxume Animo exoptatam meo?

Syr. Ite intro; nam vos jamdudum exspectat Senex.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS

17. Bentley gives this Reading.

Immo, ut Patrem tuum vidi, Partes diu etiam duras
dabit.

*This is much better than the common Reading, tho sup-
ported by no Copy. Poenas, as Faernus says from a Note
in*

Cares were light to me, compar'd to the Want of your Presence.

Syr. I believe you. [To Clinia.

Clin. *Syrus.* I can scarce contain myself. Must I be so wretched as not to be allow'd to indulge my Desire as I wou'd?

Syr. By what I have observ'd, your Father has not done persecuting you yet. [To Clinia.

Bac. What Youth is that looking at us?

[To Antiphila, seeing Clinia.

Ant. O! support me, I beseech you.

[Seeing Clinia.

Bac. Bless you, what is the Matter? [To Antiphila.

Ant. Confusion! I can not support myself.

Bac. What surprises you, *Antiphila*?

Ant. Is that *Clinia* I see, or not?

Bac. Who is it that you see?

Clin. Heav'n bless my Love!

[Embracing her.

Ant. My *Clinia*, my wish'd for *Clinia*, Heav'n bless you.

Clin. How fares my Love? [To Antiphila.

Ant. I am overjoy'd to see you safe return'd.

Clin. Do I embrace thee, *Antiphila*, thou Fulness of my Heart's Desire?

Syr. Go in; for the old Man waits for ye.

The End of the Second Act.

E e 2

ACT

in the Margin of Bembo's Copy, must be understood as the Passage now stands: but Guyetus rejects the Verse as spurious. Some of the Editors and Translators of our Poet put the preceding Speech in Clitipho's Mouth, as spoke from behind the Scenes; but Nothing can be more absurd.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

*Chremes et Menedemus.**Chrem. [Seorsim, non videns Menedemum.]*

Luciscit (18) hoc jam : cesso pultare Ostium
 Vicini, primum ex me ut sciat sibi Filium
 Rediisse ? Etsi Adulescentem hoc nolle intellego ;
 Verum, cum videam miserum hunc tam excruciarier
 Ejus Abitu, celem tam insperatum Gaudium, 5
 Cum illi Pericli Nihil ex Indicio fiet ?
 Haut faciam ; nam quod potero adjutabo Senem :
 Item ut Filium meum Amico atque Aequali suo
 Video inservire, et Socium esse in Negotiis,
 Nos quoque Senes est aequom Senibus obsequi. 10

Men. [Seorsim non videns Chremem.] Aut ego pro-
 fecto Ingenio egregio ad Miseriam
 Natus sum, aut illud falsum' est, quod volgo audio
 Dici, *Diem adimere Aegritudinem Hominibus* ;
 Nam mihi quidem cotidie augescit magis
 De Filio Aegritudo ; et, quanto diutius 15
 Abest, magis cupio tanto, et magis desidero.

Chrem. Set ipsum foras egressum video ; ibo, adlo-
 quar. *[Seorsim.]*

Menedeme, salve : Nuntium adporto tibi,
 Cujus maxume te fieri Participem cupis.

Men. Num quidnam de Gnato meo audi'sti, *Chreme* ?

Chrem. Valet atque vivit.

Men. Ubinam' est, quaeso ?

Chrem. Aput me hic Domi.

Men.

18. *This Passage, in several old and late Editions of our Poet, is pointed thus, luciscit : hoc jam cesso pultare Ostium &c. which proceeded from the Ignorance of the Editors in the Meaning of the Pronoun hoc here, which, as Faernus observes, is absolute for Coelo ; to illustrate which he quotes the following Passages from Plautus and Lucretius.*

Nam

A C T. III. S C E N E I.

Chremes and Menedemus.

Chrem. [*To himself, not seeing Menedemus.*

TIS now broad Daylight: why do I delay knocking at my Neighbour's Door, that I may be the first to tell him of his Son's Return? But I understand that the young Man wou'd not have me do it; however, can I see him so miserably afflicted about his Son's going away, and conceal a Joy so unexpected from him, especially as the Discovery can do the young Fellow no Harm? I will not; for I will assist the old Man as much as I can: as I see my Son helping his Friend and Companion, and sharing his Concerns with him, so I think it right that we old Men shou'd favour one another.

Men. [*To himself, not seeing Chremes.*] Either I am remarkably in my Nature born to Misery, or that is a false, as well as a common, Saying, that *Time cures all Men of their Sorrows*; for my Sorrow for my Son increases more and more ev'ry Day; and the longer he is absent, the more I wish and pray for his Presence.

Chrem. But I see the Person himself coming. I'll go, and speak to him. [*To himself.*]*—*Good Morrow to you, *Menedemus*: I bring you News, such as you most wish to hear.

Men. Any Thing of my Son, *Chremes*?

Chrem. He is alive and well.

Men. Where is he, pray?

Chrem. Here at my House.

E e 3

Men.

Nam hoc quidem, edepol, haut multo post Luce lucebit. *Plaut. Curcul. Act. 1.*

Denique jam tuere hoc, circum supraque, quod omnem Continet Amplexu Terram. *Lucret. Lib. 5.*

One Copy, says Bentley, of nine hundred Years old, has *luciscit, the Rest lucefcit.*

Men. Meus Gnatus?

Chrem. Sic est.

Men. Venit?

Chrem. Certe.

Men. *Clinia*

Meus venit?

Chrem. Dixi.

Men. Eamus, duc me ad eum, obsecro.

Chrem. Non volt te scire se redisse etiam; et tuum
Conspectum fugitat, propter Peccatum: hoc timet 25
Ne tua Duritia antiqua illa etiam adaucta sit.

Men. Non tu ei dixisti ut essem?

Chrem. Non.

Men. Quamobrem, *Chreme*?

Chrem. Quia pessume istuc in te atque in illum con-
sulis,

Si te tam leni et victo esse Animo ostenderis.

Men. Non possum: satis jam satis Pater durus fui.

Chrem. Ah! 30

Vehemens in utramque Partem, *Menedeme*, es nimis,
Aut Largitate nimia aut Parsimonia:

In eandem Fraudem ex hac Re atque ex illa incidet:

Primum olim, potius quam paterere Filium
Commetare ad Mulierculam, quae paululo 35

Tum erat contenta, cuique erant grata omnia,

Proterruisti hinc: ea coacta ingratiis

Postilla coepit Victum volgo quaerere:

Nunc, cum sine magno Intertrimento non potest

Haberi, quidvis dare cupis: nam, ut tu scias 40

Quam ea nunc instructa pulchre ad Perniciem fiet,

Primum jam Ancillas secum adduxit plus decem,

Oneratas Veste atque Auro: Satrapas si fiet

Amator, numquam sufferre ejus Sumptus queat;

Nedum tu possis.

Men. Estne ea intus?

Chrem. Sit, rogas? 45

Sensi; nam unam ei Coenam atque ejus Comitibus

Dedi; quod, si iterum mihi sit danda, actum fiet:

Nam,

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Men. My Son?

Chrem. Yes, your Son.

Men. Is he return'd?

Chrem. As sure as you are alive.

Men. Is my *Clinia* return'd?

Chrem. Yes I say.

Men. Let us go, carry me to him, I beseech you.

Chrem. He wou'd not have you know yet that he is return'd; and his Offence makes him avoid you: he is likewise afraid that your old Severity is increas'd.

Men. Did not ycu tell him otherwise?

Chrem. Not I.

Men. Why not, *Chremes*?

Chrem. Because it will be worse for ye both, if you discover yourself to be of so mild and easy a Temper.

Men. I can not help it: I have been too severe a Father already.

Chrem. Ah! *Menedemus*, you run into Extremes in both, either by being too profuse or too close: you fall on the same Error by one as well as the other: first heretofore, rather than suffer your Son to visit his Girl, who was then satisfy'd with little, and to whom any Thing was acceptable, you frighten'd him away: she afterwards was under the Necessity of getting her Living on the Common: now, when she can not be had without great Expence, you are for giving whatever can be ask'd: that you may know how finely she is form'd to Mischief, in the first Place she has brought above Half a Score Maids with her, loaded with Jewels and rich Cloaths: if her Gallant was a Lord, he cou'd never support the Charge; and it is what you scarcely can.

Men. Is she within too?

Chrem. Is she within, do you ask? Yes, to my Cost; for I have giv'n one Supper to her and her Companions; and, if I shou'd give another, I shou'd
be

Nam, ut alia omittam, pytisando (19) modo mihi
 Quid Vini absumpsit? Sic hoc dicens, *asperum*,
Pater, hoc est, aliud lenius fodes vide: 50
 Relevi Dolia omnia, omnis Series:
 Omnis sollicitos habui: atque haec una Nox!
 Quid te futurum censes, quem adsidue exedent?
 Sic me Di amabunt, ut me tuarum miseritum'ft,
Menedeme, Fortunarum.

Men. Faciat quod lubet; 55
 Sumat, consumat, perdat, decretum'ft pati,
 Dum illum modo habeam mecum.

Chrem. Si certum'ft tibi
 Sic facere, illud permagni referre arbitror,
 Ut ne scientem sentiat te id sibi dare.

Men. Quid faciam?

Chrem. Quidvis potius quam quod cogitas: 60
 Per alium quemvis ut des: falli te finas
 Technis per Servolum: etsi subsensi id quoque
 Illos ibi esse, id agere inter se clanculum.
Syrus cum illo vestro confusurrat, conferunt
 Consilia ad Adulescentes: et tibi perdere 65
 Talentum (20) hoc Pacto satius est quam illo Minam.
 Non nunc Pecunia agitur, set illud quo Modo
 Minimo Periculo id demus Adulescentulo;
 Nam si semel tuum Animum ille intellexerit,
 Prius proditurum te tuam Vitam, et prius 70
 Pecuniam omnem, quam abs te amittas Filium, hui!
 Quantam Fenestram ad Nequitiam patefeceris?
 Tibi autem porro ut non sit suave vivere;
 Nam deteriores omnes sumus Licentia.
 Quodcumque inciderit in Mentem, volet; neque id 75
 Putabit

19. In Bembo's Copy pytisando is writ with y in the first Syllable, and with a single s in one of the middle Syllables, tho another has been since added; and there we find this Explanation of the Word, spirting the Wine thro her Lips, while she is proving the Flavour. *Faern.*
 Pytisando,

be ruin'd: for, to omit other Circumstances, what a Quantity of Wine did she consume me only in tasting and spirting (19) it about? Saying, *Daddy, this is too rough, pray let us have a softer*: I pierc'd ev'ry Cask, ev'ry Vessel: I had all my Servants at her Beck: and all this the Work of but one Night! What do you think will become of you, when they will prey upon you ev'ry Day? As Heav'n shall blefs me, I pity your Condition.

Men. Let him do what he will; let him take it, consume, and squander, I am resolv'd to bear it, so I have but him with me.

Chrem. If your Resolution is such, I think it very material that you shou'd do it in such a Manner that he shall not perceive that you know it while you give it him.

Men. How shall I manage it?

Chrem. Any Way rather than that you now think of: let what you give come thro any other Hands: Suffer yourself to be trick'd by your Servant: and I perceiv'd them about some such an Affair, contriving it privately among themselves. Our *Syrus* is whispering with your Man, and they are plotting for their young Masters: and it is better for you to lose a Talent (20) this Way than a Mina the other. The Consideration now is not about the Money, but the Manner of giving it to the young Man, that we may do it with the least Danger; for if he once knows your Mind, that you wou'd sooner lose your Life, and all your Estate, than part from him, alas! what an Inlet will you lay open to Debauchery? Such a one as will make your Life bitter to you; for we are all the worse for too much Liberty. He will be for having what-
ever

Pytisando, says Bentley, is writ in our Copy of nine hundred Years old, as it is in Bembo's. The Greek Word of the same Signification is πυτιζω. Hare gives pytisando, and at the same Time, in Contradiction to his own Choice, says Faernus's is the only right Reading.

20. See the Table of Money at the End of the Word.

Putabit pravom an rectum sit, quod petet :
 Tu Rem perire, et ipsum, non poteris pati:
 Dare denega'ris, ibit ad illud ilico
 Quo maxume aput te se valere sentiet,
 Abiturum se abs te esse ilico minitabitur.

80

Men. Videre verum, atque ita uti Res est, dicere.

Chrem. Somnum, hercie, ego hac Nocte Oculis non
 vidi meis,

Dum id quaero, tibi qui Filium restituerem.

Men. Cedo Dextram : porro te oro idem ut facias,

Chreme.

Chrem. Paratus sum.

Men. Sci'n' quid nunc facere te volo ? 85

Chrem. Dic.

Men. Quod sensisti illos me incipere fallere,
 Id ut maturent facere : cupio illi dare
 Quod volt ; cupio ipsum jam videre.

Chrem. Operam dabo.

Syrus estprehendendus atque hortandus mihi.

A me nescio quis exit : concede hinc domum, 90

Ne nos inter nos congruere sentiant.

Paulum Negoti mihi obstat : *Simus* et *Crito*,

Vicini nostri hic, ambigunt de Finibus ;

Me cepere Arbitrum : ibo ac dicam, ut dixeram

Operam daturum me, hodie non posse iis dare. 95

Continuo hic adero.

Men. Ita quaeso. [*Exit Chremes.*]

S C E N A II.

Men. Di vestram Fidem !

Ita conparatam esse Hominum Naturam omnium,

Aliena ut melius videant, et dijudicent,

Quam sua ! An eo fit, quia in Re nostra aut Gaudio

Sumus praepediti nimio aut Aegritudine ? 5

Hic mihi quanto nunc plus sapit quam egomet mihi !

S C E N A

ever comes in his Head; nor will he consider whether his Desires are right or wrong: you will not be able to endure the Ruin of your Substance, and of your Son besides. Shou'd you refuse what he asks, he will immediately have Recourse to such Methods as he perceives work most upon you, he'll directly threaten to run away from you.

Men. What you say seems to be seasonable and just.

Chrem. By *Hercules*, I did not close my Eyes this Night, while I was consulting how to restore your Son to you.

Men. Give me your Hand: I beseech you, *Chremes*, to continue serving me as you have began.

Chrem. You may depend upon me.

Men. Do you know what I wou'd have you do now?

Chrem. Tell me.

Men. Make 'em hasten the Execution of the Design, which you perceiv'd 'em upon, of bubbling me: I long to give him what he wou'd have; I long to see him this Instant.

Chrem. I'll use my Endeavours. I must take *Syrus* in Hand and instruct him. Somebody, I know not who it is, is coming from my House: do you go Home, lest they perceive us laying our Heads together. I have a small Affair on my Hands now; our Neighbours here, *Simus* and *Crito*, have a Dispute concerning their Lands, which they have refer'd to my Decision: I'll go tell 'em I cannot attend them this Day as I promis'd. I will be here again with you presently.

Men. Pray do.

[*Chremes goes.*]

S C E N E II.

Men. Good Gods! that Mankind should be so form'd, that one should be able to see farther into, and judge better of, another's Affairs than his own! Is it because in our own Concerns we are too much influenc'd by our Joy or Grief? How much wiser this Neighbour of mine is for me now than I am for myself.

SCENE

S C E N A III.

Chremes et Menedemus.

Chrem. Dissolvi me, otiosus Operam ut tibi darem.
 [Menedemo *exeunti*.]

S C E N A IV.

Syrus et Chremes.

Syr. Hac illac circumcurſa, inveniendum eſt tamen
 Argentum; intendenda in Senem eſt Fallacia.

[*Seorſim, non videns Chremem.*]

Chrem. Num me feſellit, hoſce id ſtruere? Videlicet
 Ille *Cliniai* Servos tardiuſculu 'ſt,
 Idcirco huic noſtro tradita 'ſt Provincia. [*Seorſim.* 5

Syr. Quis hic loquitur? Perii! Namnam haec audi-
 vit? [*Seorſim, videns Chremem.*]

Chrem. *Syre.*

Syr. Hem!

Chrem. Quid tu iſtic?

Syr. Recte equidem: ſet te miror, *Chreme*,
 Tam mane, qui heri tantum biberis.

Chrem. Nihil nimis.

Syr. Nihil narras? Viſa vero 'ſt, quod dici ſolet,
 Aquilae Senectus. (21)

Chrem. Heia!

Syr. Mulier commoda et 10
 Faceta haec Meretrix.

Chrem. Sane idem viſa eſt mihi.

Syr. Et quidem, hercle, Forma luculenta.

Chrem. Sic ſatis.

Syr. Ita non ut olim, ſet, uti nunc, ſane bona:
 Minimeque miror, *Clinia* hanc ſi deperit:

Set

21. Aquilae Senectus is a Latin Proverb alluding to
 the

SCENE III.

Chremes and Menedemus.

Chrem. I have excus'd myself, that I may have an Opportunity to mind your Bus'ness.

[To Menedemus as he goes away.]

SCENE IV.

Syrus and Chremes.

Syr. Whatever Way I go about it, yet Money must be found one Way or other; and we must practice on the old Man. *[To himself, not seeing Chremes.]*

Chrem. Did I mistake him, when I thought they were about it? Verily that Servant of *Clinia* is but a heavy Fellow, the Bus'ness therefore is reserv'd for this Man of mine. *[To himself.]*

Syr. Whose Voice is that? Undone! Did he hear me or not? *[Aside, seeing Chremes.]*

Chrem. *Syrus.*

Syr. Hem!

Chrem. What are you doing here?

Syr. I was about my Bus'ness: but, *Chremes*, I cannot but wonder that you are up so early, considering how much you drink'd last Night.

Chrem. 'Twas not much.

Syr. Not much say you? You are a Miracle of Nature, (21) as the Saying is.

Chrem. Pshaw! pshaw!

Syr. This Lady here is a sociable pleasant Sort of a Woman.

Chrem. Truly, I think so too.

Syr. And a fine Person, by *Hercules*.

Chrem. Well enough.

Syr. Not like your quondam Beautys, but very well for these Times: I am not surpris'd at *Clinia* being so
F f fond

the great Age and Vigour of an Eagle.

Set habet Patrem quendam avidum, miserum, atque
aridum, 15

Vicinum hunc; no'stin'? At, quasi is non Divitiis
Abundet, Gnatus ejus profugit Inopia.

Scis esse factum ut dico?

Chrem. Quid ego ni (22) sciam?

Hominem Pistrino dignum.

Syr. Quem?

Chrem. Istunc Servolum

Dico Adulescentis —————

Syr. Syre, tibi timui male. [*Seorsim.* 20

Chrem. Qui passus est id fieri.

Syr. Quid faceret?

Chrem. Rogas?

Aliquid reperiret, fingeret Fallacias,
Unde esset Adulescenti Amicae quod daret,
Atque hunc difficilem invitum servaret Senem.

Syr. Garris.

Chrem. Haec facta ab illo oportebat, Syre. 25

Syr. Eho, quaeſo, laudas qui Heros fallunt?

Chrem. In Loco

Ego vero laudo.

Syr. Recte fane. [*Seorsim.*

Chrem. Quippe qui

Magnarum saepe id Remedium Aegritudinum est:

Jam huic mansisset unicus Gnatus Domi.

Syr. Jocon' an serio ille haec dicat nescio; 30

Nisi mihi quidem addit Animum, quo lubeat magis.

Chrem. Et nunc quid exspectat, Syre? An dum hinc

denuo

Abeat, cum tolerare hujus Sumptus non queat?

Nonne ad Senem aliquam Fabricam fingit?

Syr. Stolidus est.

Chrem.

22. The common Reading is quid ego nesciam? Palmerius gives quid ego ni sciam? That is quidni ego sciam?

fond of her : but he has a covetous, miserable, griping, Father of his own, our Neighbour here ; do you know him ? Left he shou'd not have enough himself, his Son was forc'd to run away for Want. - Do n't you know what I say to be true ?

Chrem. Know it, how shou'd I do otherwise ? That Fellow deserves to be sent to Bridewell.

Syr. Who ?

Chrem. The young Man's Servant I mean ———

Syr. I was in Pain for you, *Syrus*. [*Aside.*

Chrem. Who suffer'd it to come to that.

Syr. What could he do ?

Chrem. Do you ask ? He shou'd have found out some Way or other, he shou'd have invented some Trick, to have help'd the young Man to Money for his Mistress, and so have preserv'd this covetous old Wretch from all this Trouble whether he wou'd or not.

Syr. You are pleas'd to joke.

Chrem. 'Tis what he ought to have done, *Syrus*.

Syr. Pray, do you commend those who impose on their Masters ?

Chrem. When there is a Necessity for it I commend them.

Syr. Very well, I am glad to hear this. [*Aside.*

Chrem. Because that often prevents very great Evils : if this had been done, his only Son perhaps had stay'd at Home.

Syr. I cannot tell whether he is in Jest or Earnest ; but he encourages me to proceed the cheerfuller.

[*Aside.*

Chrem. And what is he waiting for now, *Syrus* ? Is it till he runs away again, when he finds himself unable to support her Expences ? Has he no Stratagem on the old Man !

Syr. He is a Fool.

F f 2

Chrem.

sciam ? In the fourth Act of our Poet's *Adelphi quid, illam ni abducat* ? Plaut. Mil. Act 4, quid ego ni ita censeam. Pseud. Act 2, quid ego ni teneam ? Bentley.

Chrem. At te adjuvare oportet Adulescentuli
Causa. 35

Syr. Facile equidem facere possum, si jubes :
Etenim quo Pacto id fieri soleat calleo.

Chrem. Tanto, hercle, melior.

Syr. Non est mentiri meum.

Chrem. Fac ergo.

Syr. At heus tu, facito dum eadem haec
memineris,

Si quid hujus simile forte aliquando evenerit, 40

Ut iunt humana, tuus ut faciat Filius.

Chrem. Non Usus veniet, spero.

Syr. Spero, hercle, ego quoque ;
Neque eo nunc dico quo quicquam illum senserim ;
Set, si quid nequid, quae sit ejus Aetas vides ;
Et nae ego te, si Usus veniat, magnifice, *Chreme*, 45
Tractare possum.

Chrem. De istoc, cum Usus venerit,
Videbimus quod Opus sit : nunc istuc age. [*Exit Chremes.*]

S C E N A V.

Syr. Numquam commodius umquam Herum audiivi
loqui ;

Nec cum malefacere crederem mihi impunius

Licere. — Quisnam a nobis egreditur foras ? 3

S C E N A VI.

Chremes, Clitipho, et Syrus.

Chrem. Quid istuc quaeso ? Qui istic Mos est, *Cliti-*
pho ? Itane fieri oportet ?

Clit. Quid ego feci ?

Chrem. Vidin' ego te modo Manum in Sinum
huic Meretrici

Inserere ?

Syr. Acta haec Res est. Perii. [*Seorsim.*]

Clit. Mene ?

Chrem. Hisce Oculis ; ne nega :

Facis adeo indigne Injuriam illi, qui non abstineas Ma-
num ; Nam

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT III. 341

Chrem. But you ought to assist him for the young Man's Sake.

Syr. I can easily do it, if you command me: for I know well enough how it is to be done.

Chrem. So much the better by *Hercules*.

Syr. I never pretend to what I cannot do.

Chrem. Therefore do it.

Syr. But hark y', take Care, and remember this, if the like shou'd at any Time happen, as it is possible in the Nature of Things, that this shou'd be your Son's Case.

Chrem. That will never be, I hope.

Syr. I hope so too indeed; nor do I say it that I suspect it ever will be so; but, whether it will or not, you know what Age he is of; and, really if ever there shou'd be Occasion, I can handle you nobly, *Chremes*.

Chrem. We will consider of that, when there is Occasion: now go about this. [Chremes goes.]

S C E N E V.

Syr. I never hear'd a Master talk more to the Purpose in my Life; nor cou'd I believe that I shou'd ever be authoris'd to be mischievous with Impunity.— Who is that coming from our House?

S C E N E VI.

Chremes, Clitipho, and Syrus.

Chrem. Pray what is the Meaning of this? What Manners are these, *Clitipho*? Ought this to be?

Clit. What have I done?

Chrem. Did not I see you put your Hand into this Courtesan's Bosom just now?

Syr. All's over. I am undone.

[*Aside.*

Clit. See me?

Chrem. These Eyes beheld you; do n't deny it: besides you act unworthily and injuriously to him, in being so
F f 3 busy

Nam istaec quidem Contumelia est, 5
 Hominem Amicum recipere ad te, atque ejus Amicam
 subagitare.

Vel heri in Vino quam inmodestus fuisti!

Syr. Factum. [*Seorsim.*

Chrem. Quam molestus!

Ut equidem, ita me Di ament, metui quid futurum
 denique esset.

Novi ego Amantium Animos; advertunt graviter quae
 non censeas.

Clit. At Fides mihi aput hunc est, Nil me istius
 facturum, Pater. 10

Chrem. Esto: at certe concedas aliquo ab Ore eorum
 aliquantisper.

Multa fert Libido, ea prohibet facere tua Praesentia:
 De me facio Conjecturam: Nemo est meorum Amico-
 rum hodie,

Aput quem expromere omnia mea Occulta, *Clitipho*,
 audeam:

Aput alium prohibet Dignitas, aput alium ipsius Facti
 pudet, 15

Ne ineptus, ne protervos, videar: quod illum facere
 credito:

Set nostrum est intellegere, utcumque, atque ubi cum-
 que, Opus sit obsequi.

Syr. Quid istic narrat? [*Seorsim.*

Clit. Perii! [*Seorsim.*

Syr. *Clitipho*, haec ego praecipio tibi:

Hominis frugi et temperantis functu's Officium.

[*Separatim* *Clitiphoni.*

Clit. Tace sodes. [*Separatim* *Syro.*

Syr. Recte sane.

Chrem. *Syre*, pudet me.

Syr. Credo, neque id Injuria: 20

Quin mihi molestum est.

Clit. Pergis, hercle. (23) [*Separatim* *Syro.*

Syr.

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busy with your Hand ; for it is a gross Affront to entertain a Man as a Friend, and to use underhand Practices with his Mistress. How immodest you was Yesterday in your Cups !

Syr. 'Tis true.

[Aside.

Chrem. How troublesome ! So that, as I hope to be sav'd, I dreaded what wou'd be the Consequence. I know the Tempers of Lovers ; they take that ill which you may not be aware of.

Clit. But he has such a Confidence in me, Sir, that he does not suspect me capable of any Thing like that.

Chrem. It may be so : but you certainly ought to have withdrawn a little from them. Love has many Things to do, which your Presence is a Check to : I conjecture from myself : I have no Friend now, to whom I will venture to disclose all my Secrets, *Clitipho* : the Superiority of one forbids me, another I am asham'd to confess to, lest I shou'd seem foolish to one, and too presuming to the other : suppose this to be his Case : it is our Business to know when and where to be complaisant.

Syr. What says he to this ?

[Aside.

Clit. Undone !

[Aside.

Syr. *Clitipho*, I told you of all this before : you have acquitted yourself like a prudent reserv'd Man.

[Aside to Clitipho.

Clit. Pr'ythee hold your Tongue. *[Aside to Syrus.*

Syr. 'Tis very true.

Chrem. *Syrus*, I am asham'd of him.

Syr. I believe it, and not without Cause : it likewise gives me Pain.

Clit. You will not be quiet, by *Hercules*.

[Aside to Syrus.

- Syrus.

tion, in *Clitipho's* Speech, and begins *Syrus's* Speech
with

344 *Heauton-timorumenos.* ACTUS III.

Syr. Verum dico quod videtur.

Clit. Nonne accedam ad illos?

Chrem. Eho, quaeso, una accedundi Via est?

Syr. Actum' est: hic prius se indica' rit quam ego Argentum effecero. [*Seorsim.*]

Chreme, Vi'n' tu Homini stulto mi' auscultare?

Chrem. Quid faciam?

Syr. Jube hunc

Abire hinc aliquo.

Clit. Quo ego hinc abeam?

Syr. Quo lubet: da illis Locum: 25

Abi deambulatum.

Clit. Deambulatum, quo?

Syr. Vah, quasi desit Locus!

Abi sane istac, istorsum, quovis.

Chrem. Recte dicit, censeo.

Clit. Di te eradicent, *Syre*, qui me istinc extrudas.

[*Clitipho exiens Syro.*]

Syr. At tu tibi istas posthac comprimito Manus.

[*Clitiphoni exeunti.*]

S C E N A VII.

Syrus et Chremes.

Syr. Cense'n' vero? Quid illum porro credis facturum, *Chreme*,

Nisi eum, quantum tibi Opes Di dant, servas, castigas, mones?

Chrem. Ego istuc curabo.

Syr. Atqui nunc, Here, hic tibi adservandus est.

Chrem. Fiet.

Syr. Si sapias; nam mihi jam minus minusque obtemperat.

Chrem.

with hercle; which is better than hercle with pergi'n' in an Interrogation; but Faernus, whom I follow, reads pergis

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Syr. I speak what I think.

Clit. Must not I go to them?

Chrem. Pray is there but one Manner of being with them?

Syr. Ali's ruin'd: he'll discover himself before I have got the Money. [*To himself.*—*Chremes*, will you hear a Fool speak?

Chrem. What wou'd you have me do?

Syr. Order him to withdraw from hence somewhere.

Clit. Where shou'd I go?

Syr. Where you will: leave 'em to themselves: go, take a Walk.

Clit. A Walk, where?

Syr. Pshaw, as if there were not Places enough to walk to! Go this Way, or that, which you will.

Chrem. What he says is right; I am of his Opinion.

Clit. A Vengeance on you, *Syrus*, for thrusting me away. [*As Clitipho goes out he speaks to Syrus.*

Syr. Keep your Hands to yourself afterwards. [*To Clitipho.*]

[*Clitipho goes.*]

S C E N E VII.

Syrus and Chremes.

Syr. Do you mind him? What do you think will become of him, *Chremes*, unless you look well after him, chastise, and admonish him, as much as is in your Pow'r?

Chrem. I'll take Care of that.

Syr. But now is the Time, Sir, to keep an Eye over him.

Chrem. I will.

Syr. If you are wise; for he minds me less and less now.

Chrem.

pergis affirmatively with hercle: he says Bembo's Copy has perdis.

346 *Heauton-timorumenos. ACTUS III.*

Chrem. Quid tu? Ecquid de illo, quod dudum tecum egi, egisti, *Syre?* Aut
Repperisti tibi quod placeat, an nondum etiam? 5

Syr. De Fallacia
Dicis? Est; inveni nuper quandam.

Chrem. Frugi es. Cedo quid est?

Syr. Dicam: verum, ut aliud ex alio incidit, —

Chrem. Quidnam, *Syre?*

Syr. Pessuma haec est Meretrix.

Chrem. Ita videtur.

Syr. Immo, si scias.

Vah, vide quod inceptet Facinus! Fuit quaedam Anus

Corinthia 10

Hic; huic Drachmarum (24) Argenti haec mille dederat mutuum.

Chrem. Quid tum?

Syr. Ea mortua est: reliquit Filiam Adolescentulam;

Ea relicta huic Arrhaboni est pro illo Argento.

Chrem. Intellego.

Syr. Hanc secum huc adduxit; eaque est nunc ad Uxorem tuam.

Chrem. Quid tum?

Syr. *Cliniam* orat sibi uti id nunc det: illam illi tamen 15

Post daturam: mille Nummum poscit.

Chrem. Et poscit quidem?

Syr. Hui,

Dubiumne id est?

Chrem. Ego sic putavi. Quid nunc facere cogitas?

Syr. Egone? Ad *Menedemum* ibo; dicam hanc esse captam ex *Caria*,

Ditem et nobilem, si redimat, magnum inesse in ea Lucrum. *Chrem.*

24. This is the same Sum that is mentioned by Bacchis in the second Verse of the third Scene of the next Act, viz.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT III. 347

Chrem. What have you done? In that Affair I mean which I talk'd to you about a little While ago, *Syrus*? Have you found out any Stratagem that pleases you or not.

Syr. You speak concerning the Trick we are to play on *Menedemus*? Yes; I have just found out one.

Chrem. You are a trusty Fellow. Tell me what it is?

Syr. I'll tell you: but, as one Thing brings in another,——

Chrem. What is it, *Syrus*?

Syr. This is a sad Jade.

Chrem. So I think.

Syr. So you wou'd say, if you knew all. Bless me, do but observe what a Prank she is going to play! There was an old Woman, a *Corinthian*, that liv'd hereabouts; to whom this Harlot had lent thirty Guineas. (24)

Chrem. What then?

Syr. The old Woman's dead: she left a Daughter very young; whom she bequeath'd to her as a Pledge for the Money.

Chrem. I understand you.

Syr. This same young Woman has *Bacchis* brought with her hither; and she is now with your Wife.

Chrem. What then?

Syr. She teazes *Clinia* to pay her the Money, and to take the Girl, which she will make over to him: but she insists on the thirty Pieces.

Chrem. And does she really insist on so much?

Syr. Huy, is that a Question?

Chrem. So I thought. What do you intend to do now?

Syr. Who, I? I'll go to *Menedemus*; I'll tell him she was taken from *Caria*, of a rich and noble Family, and that, if he'll ransom her, he'll find his Profits great in doing it.

Chrem.

viz. ten Minas, or a thousand Drachmas, and is intended for the same Use. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work.

348 *Heauton-timorumenos.* ACTUS III.

Chrem. Erras.

Syr. Quid ita?

Chrem. Pro *Menedemo* nunc tibi ego re-
spondeo. 20

Non emo. Quid ais?

Syr. Optata loquere.

Chrem. Atqui non est Opus.

Syr. Non est Opus?

Chrem. Non, hercle, vero.

Syr. Qui istuc miror.

Chrem. Jam scies.

Mane, mane, quid est quod tam a nobis crepuerunt
Fores?

S C E N A VIII.

Sofrata, Chremes, Nutrix, et Syrus.

Sof. Nisi me Animus fallit, hic profecto est Anulus,
quem ego suspicor,

Is, quicum exposita est Gnata. [*Nutrici intranti.*

Chrem. Quid volt tibi, *Syre*, haec Oratio?

[*Separatim: Syro.*

Sof. Quid est? Isne tibi videtur? [*Nutrici.*

Nut. Dixi equidem, ubi mi' ostendisti, ilico,
Eum esse.

Sof. At ut satis contemplata modo sis, mea
Nutrix?

Nut. Satis.

Sof. Abi nunc jam intro; atque, illa si jam laverit,
mihi nuntia: 5

Hic ego Virum interea opperibor. [*Exit Nutrix.*

S C E N A IX.

Syrus, Chremes, et Sofrata.

Syr. Te volt: videas quid velit:
Nescio quid tristis est; non temere est: metuo quid sit.

Chrem.

Chrem. That will not do.

Syr. Why so?

Chrem. Now I'll give you an Answer for *Menedemus*. I will not buy her. What have you to say for yourself.

Syr. Let your Answer be more to our Purpose.

Chrem. But there is no Occasion for it.

Syr. No Occasion?

Chrem. No really.

Syr. I can not but wonder at that.

Chrem. I'll soon make it appear to you.—Stay, stay, what's to do here, that our Door is flung open in such a Hurry?

S C E N E VIII.

Sostrata, Chremes, Nurse, and Syrus.

Sof. If my Mind does not deceive me, this is the very Ring I suspect it to be, the same with which my Daughter was expos'd. [*To the Nurse entering.*

Chrem. What does she mean, *Syrus*, by these Words? [*Aside to Syrus.*

Sof. What is your Opinion? Do you think it is the same? [*To the Nurse.*

Nurse. I say'd indeed that it was the same as soon as you shew'd it me.

Sof. But have you view'd it well, *Nurse*?

Nurse. Very well.

Sof. Go you in directly; and come and tell me if she has done bathing yet: in the Meanwhile I'll wait here for my Husband. [*Nurse goes.*

S C E N E IX.

Syrus, Chremes, and Sostrata.

Syr. She wants you: see what she wou'd have; she is very grave, I can not imagine for what; 'tis not for Nothing: I'm in some Fear about the Meaning of it.

G g

Chrem.

Chrem.

Quid fiet?

Nae ista, hercle, magno jam Conatu magnas Nugas
dixerit.

Sof. Ehem, mi Vir.*Chrem.* Ehem, mea Uxor.*Sof.*

Te ipsum quaero.

Chrem.

Loquere quid velis.

Sof. Primum hoc te oro, ne quid credas me advorsum
Edictum tuum

5

Facere esse ausam.

Chrem.

Vi'n' me istuc tibi, etsi incredibile 'st,
credere?

Credo.

Syr.

Nescio quid Peccati portat haec Purgatio.

[*Seorsim.*

Sof. Meministin' me esse gravidam, et mihi te max-
umo Opere dicere, (25)

Si Puellam parerem, nolle tolli?

Chrem.

Scio quid feceris :

Sustulisti.

Sof.

Sic est factum. (26)

Syr.

(26) Domina, ergo Herus Damno
auctus est.

10

Sof. Minime : — set erat hic *Corinthia* Anus haut
inpura : ei dedi

Exponendam.

Chrem.

O! *Juppiter*, tantam esse in Animo In-
scitiam!

Sof. Perii : quid ego feci?*Chrem.*

At rogitas?

*Sof.*Si peccavi, mi *Chreme*,

Insciens feci.

Chrem.

Id quidem ego, etsi tu neges, certo scio,
Te

25. *Several Copys have this Reading*, meministin' me esse gravidam, et mihi te magnopere interminatum, si Puellam parerem, nolle tolli? *Interminatum is not so well with nolle tolli as dicere. Bentley gives edicere; which helps neither Measure nor Sense.*

26. *These*

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT III. 351

Chrem. The Meaning of it? She's taking great Pains to deliver herself of some mighty Trifle now.

Sof. Hah! Husband.

Chrem. Hah! Wife.

Sof. I was in Search of you.

Chrem. What wou'd you have?

Sof. First I intreat this Favour of you, to believe that I wou'd not dare to do any Thing contrary to your Commands.

Chrem. Wou'd you have me believe that, tho it is incredible? Well, I believe it.

Syr. I do n't know what to say to her clearing herself so soon, it is no Sign of Innocence. [*Aside.*]

Sof. Do n't you remember when I was with Child you told me with great Earnestness that, if I was brought to Bed with a Girl, you wou'd not have me bring it up?

Chrem. I know what you've done: you have brought it up.

Sof. Yes, indeed. (26)

Syr. Then, Madam, my Master has got much by that. (26)

Sof. 'Tis not so bad: — but here liv'd an honest old Woman of *Corinth*: I gave it to her to expose it.

Chrem. O! *Jupiter*, that any one cou'd be so stupid!

Sof. Alas! what have I done?

Chrem. Is that a Question?

Sof. If I have committed any Offence, my *Chremes*, it was ignorantly.

Chrem. This indeed I certainly know, whether you'll

G g 2

acknow-

26. *These two Speeches are in one, and put into Syrus's Mouth, in most of the late Editions of our Poet. I find them as I have divided them in several old Copys, and in the Editions of Erasmus, Gryphius, Muretus, &c. which I think more natural.*

Te inscientem atque imprudentem dicere ac facere omnia,
Tot Peccata in hac Re ostendis; nam jam primum, si
meum 16

Imperium exsequi voluisses, interemptam oportuit,
Non simulare Mortem Verbis, Re ipsa Spem Vitae dare:
At id omitto; Misericordia, Animus maternus; sino:
Quam bene vero abs te prospectum est! Quid voluisti?
Cogita; 20

Nempe Anui illi prodita abs te Filia est planissime,
Per te vel uti Quaestum faceret, vel uti veniret palam,
Credo id cogitasti, quidvis fatis est, dum vivat modo.
Quid cum illis agas, qui neque Jus, neque bonum, at-
que aequom, sciunt? 24

Melius, pejus, profit, obsit, Nil vident, nisi quod lubet.

Sof. Mi *Chreme*, peccavi, fateor: vincor: nunc hoc
te obsecro,

Quanto tuus est Animus Natu gravior, ignoscentior,
Ut meae Stultitiae Justitia tua sit aliquid Praesidi.

Chrem. Scilicet equidem istuc Factum ignoscam: ve-
rum, *Sofstrata*, 29

Male docet te mea Facilitas multa: set istuc, quicquid est,
Qua hoc oceptum 'st Causa, loquere.

Sof. Ut stultae et miserae omnes sumus
Religiosae, cum exponendam do illi, de Digno Anulum
Detraho, et eum dico ut una cum Puella exponeret,
Si moreretur, ne expers Partis esset de nostris Bonis.

Chrem. Istuc recte; conserva'isti te atque illam.

Sof. Hic is est Anulus. 35

Chrem. Unde habes?

Sof. Quam *Bacchis* secum adduxit Adu-
lescentulam —

Syr. Hem! [*Seorsim.*

Chrem. Quid ea narrat?

Sof. ——— ea, lavatum dum it, servandum
mihi dedit:

Animum

acknowledge it or not, that whatever you say or do is ignorantly and unwisely, you are guilty of so many Blunders in this very Affair; for, first of all, if my Commands had any Weight with you, you ought to have destroy'd her, and not have pretended that she was dead, and in Fact preserv'd her: but I pass that by; I make Allowance for the Tenderness and Affection of a Mother: but how well you forecasted! What did you propose? Do but consider; it is evident that you betray'd your Daughter to that old Woman, either that she might make a Penny of her by letting her out, or set her to public Sale. I believe you imagin'd any Thing wou'd do, so her Life was but sav'd. What can you do with such as have no Sense of what is lawful, good, or equitable? Let it be better or worse, Profit or Disprofit, they see Nothing but what suits their own Humours.

Sof. My *Chremes*, I confess my Fault: I am convinc'd: now I intreat this Favour of you, that, as by Nature you are the wiser, you will be so generous as to let your Justice be some Protection to my Weakness.

Chrem. Well, I will forgive you this Offence: but, *Sostrata*, my too easy Temper quite spoils you: however, whatever was your Motive for doing this, tell it me.

Sof. As we Women are all foolish and miserably superstitious, when I gave her to her to be expos'd, I took a Ring from my Finger, and order'd that it might be expos'd with the Child, that, if she dy'd, she might have some Part of our Fortune with her.

Chrem. That's well; so you preserv'd your Longing and her too.

Sof. This is the Ring.

Chrem. Where had you it?

Sof. The young Woman that *Bacchis* brought with her, —

Syr. Ah!

[*To himself.*]

Chrem. What says she?

Sof. — She gave it me to hold, while she went to bathe: I did not mind it at first; but, as soon as I

Animum non advorti primum; set postquam aspexi, ilico
Cognovi, ad te exfilui.

Chrem. Quid nunc suspicare, aut invenis,
De illa?

Sof. Nescio; nisi (27) ex ipsa quaeras, unde
hunc habuerit, 40
Si potis est reperiri.

Syr. Interii. Plus Spei video quam volo.
Nostra est, si ita est. [*Seorsim.*]

Chrem. Vivitne illa cui tu dederas?

Sof. Nescio.

Chrem. Quid renuntiavit olim fecisse?

Sof. Id quod jusseram.

Chrem. Nomen Mulieris cedo quod sit, ut quaeratur.

Sof. *Philere.*

Syr. Ipsa est: Mirum ni illa salva est, et ego perii.
[*Seorsim.*]

Chrem. *Sostrata,* 45
Sequere me intro hac.

Sof. Ut praeter spem evenit! Quam
timui male,

Nenunc Animo ita esses duro, ut olim in tollendo, *Chreme.*

Chrem. Non licet Hominem esse saepe ita ut volt, si
Res non finit.

Nunc ita Tempus fert, mi' ut cupiam Filiam, olim Nil
minus.

Finis Aëtus Tertii.

ACTUS

27. Some read nisi ut ex ipsa quaeras; but ut is not in Bembo's Copy, by leaving out which the Verse is not hurt, and the Sense is better, nisi having the same Signification with set, as it has frequently in our Author. Faern. Etiam has often the same Signification with adhuc, as in the last Verse of the first Aët of this Play, ut as quomodo, as in the fourth Scene of the second Aët of this Play, Verse 26, ut vales? Quin has various Significations besides but; sometimes it bears the same Sense as etiam

look'd at it, I knew it immediately, and came running directly to you.

Chrem. What do you suspect now, or discover, concerning her?

Sof. I cannot tell; but you may enquire of her, where she had it, if she is able to inform you.

Syr. I am ruin'd. I see more Hope than I wish there was. She is certainly one of our Family, if it is so.

[*To himself.*]

Chrem. Is she living that you gave the Child to?

Sof. I do not know.

Chrem. What did she say she did with it at that Time?

Sof. Just as I order'd her, she told me.

Chrem. Tell me the Woman's Name, that she may be sought after.

Sof. *Philtire.*

Syr. 'Tis the very same: 'tis a Wonder if she is not found, and I loss'd.

[*To himself.*]

Chrem. *Sostrata*, follow me in here.

Sof. How it happens beyond my Hopes! I was dreadfully afraid, lest you should be as severe now, as you was formerly about bringing her up, *Chremes.*

Chrem. A Man cannot often do as he wou'd, if his Circumstances will not permit. Now it is so with me that I wish for a Daughter, formerly there was Nothing I less desir'd.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

etiam, as in the 21st Verse of the sixth Scene of this Act in Syrus's Speech: sometimes it signifies sane verily, as in the 23^d Verse of the second Scene of the next Act in Syrus's Speech: it sometimes has the same Meaning with igitur, as in the 15th Verse of the third Scene in the next Act in Bacchis's Speech. From these Instances the Reader may proceed to discover more of the various Significations which a single Word bears in our Poet. See the 10th Note to the Eunuch.

(28) ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Syrus. **N**ISI me Animus fallit, haut multum a me
 aberit Infortunium,
 Ita, hac Re, in angustum oppido nunc meae coguntur
 Copiae,
 Nisi aliquid video, ne esse Amicam hanc Gnati rescif-
 cat Senex;
 Nam quod de Argento sperem, aut posse postulem me
 fallere,
 Nihil est: triumpho, si licet me Latere testo abscedere.
 Crucior Bolum tantum mihi ereptum tam subito e
 Faucibus. 6
 Quid agam? Aut quid comminiscar? Ratio de integro
 ineunda est mihi.
 Nil tam difficile est, quin quaerendo investigari possiet.
 Quid, si hoc sic incipiam nunc? Nihil est.—Quid, si
 sic?—Tantumdem egero:
 At sic opinor:—non potest:—immo optume.—Euge,
 habeo optumam. 10
 Retraham, hercle, opinor, ad me idem illud fugiti-
 vom Argentum tamen.

SCENA II.

Clinia et Syrus.

Clin. Nulla mihi Res posthac potest jam intervenire
 tanta,
 Quae mi' Aegritudinem adferat, tanta haec Laetitia
 oborta est. Dedo

28. Erasmus, Bentley, Hare, and many other late and former Editors, begin the fourth Act where I begin the eighth Scene of the last Act; but it is evident, from the last Verse of the seventh Scene *mane, mane, &c.* that the Stage was not then clear. Muretus and some few more have joined this Soliloquy of Syrus, to the preceding Scene as Part thereof; but it appears plainly, from the sixth Verse of the next Scene, that Syrus followed
 Chremes

(28) A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Syrus. **U**NLESS my Mind misgives me, ill Luck is not far from me, my Forces are drove into so very narrow a Streight now by this Accident, that I shall scarce get out unless I find some Means to keep the old Man from knowing this to be his Son's Mistress; for all my Hopes of the Money, and of my Success in bubbling him, are vanish'd else: I shall triumph, if I come off with a whole Skin. It tortures me to have such a Morfel snatch'd from my very Lips so suddenly. What shall I do? What Stratagem shall I contrive? I have all my Work to do over again.—Well, there is Nothing too hard for Industry.—What, if I begin thus now?—'Twill not do.—What, if thus?—Ne'er the nearer:—but this I think will do:—no:—yes, better than any.—Come on, this is best of all. 'Tis my Opinion, by *Hercules*, that I shall draw that same fugitive Money to me yet.

S C E N E II.

Clinia and Syrus.

Clin. Nothing can happen to me hereafter that can give me any Uneasyness, so great the present Joy that rises on me. I now deliver myself over entirely to my Father,

Chremes and Sostrata in, and was present at the Discovery of Antiphila. O! my Syrus, says Clinia, have you hear'd? Hear'd? says Syrus, I was with them all the While. From hence I doubt not but the fourth Act should begin where I make it, as Madam Dacier and Leng have done before me; and, as the last learned Person of the two observes, Adr. Barlandus long ago declared it to be his Opinion it should begin here.

Dedo Patri me nunc jam, ut fragalior sim quam volt.

[*Seorsim*, Syrum non videns.

Syr. Nil me fefellit; cognita est, quantum audio
hujus Verba. [*Seorsim*.

Istuc tibi ex Sententia tua obtigisse laetor. [*Cliniae*. 5

Clin. O! mi Syre, audi'isti, obsecro?

Syr. Quidni? Qui usque una adfuerim.

Clin. Cui aeque audi'isti commodè quicquam evenisse?

Syr. Nulli.

Clin. Atque ita me Di ament, ut ego nunc non tam
meapte Causa

Laetor quam illius, quam ego scio esse Honore quovis
dignam.

Syr. Ita credo: set nunc, *Clinia*, age, da te mihi
vicissim; 10

Nam Amici quoque Res est videnda, in tuto ut con-
locetur,

Nequid de Amica nunc Senex.

Clin. O! *Juppiter*! [*Non auscultans Syro*.

Syr. Quiesce.

Clin. *Antiphila* mea nubet mihi! [*Non auscultans illi*.

Syr. Siccine mi' interloquere?

Clin. Quid faciam? Syre mi, gaudeo: fer me.

Syr. Fero, herclè, vero.

Clin. Deorum Vitam adepti sumus!

Syr. Frustra Operam, opinor, fumo. 15

Clin. Loquere, audio.

Syr. At jam hoc non ages.

Clin. Agam.

Syr. Videnda est, inquam,

Amici quoque Res, *Clinia*, tui, in tuto ut conlocetur;

Nam si nunc a nobis abis, et *Bacchidem* hic relinquis,

Noster resciscet ilico esse Amicam hanc *Clitiphonis*;

Si abduxeris, celabitur itidem ut celatur adhuc est. 20

Clin. At enim istoc Nihil est magis, Syre, meis

Nuptiis advorsum;

Nam quo Ore appellabo Patrem? Tenes quid dicam?

Syr. Quidni?

Clin.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT IV. 359

Father, with a Resolution to be more frugal than he himself can wish me. [*To himself, not seeing Syrus.*]

Syr. I am not deceiv'd; she is discover'd, as appears from his Words here. [*To himself.*]—I am glad it has happen'd as you wou'd have it. [*To Clinia.*]

Clin. O! my *Syrus*, have you hear'd, I beseech you?

Syr. Hear'd? I was with them all the While.

Clin. Did you ever hear of any one being so lucky?

Syr. Never.

Clin. As I hope for Happyness, I do not rejoice so much now for my own Sake as for her, for whom, I know, no Honours are too great.

Syr. I believe so: but now, *Clinia*, be silent, and give me the Hearing in my Turn; for your Friend's Affair is to be look'd after too, that it may be secure, and that the old Man may know Nothing of his Mistress at this Time.

Clin. O! *Jupiter*. [*Not minding Syrus.*]

Syr. Forbear.

Clin. Shall my *Antiphila* be mine! [*Not minding him.*]

Syr. Do you interrupt me so?

Clin. What wou'd'st thou have me do? My *Syrus*, I'm transported: be patient with me.

Syr. By *Hercules* so I am.

Clin. We shall be as happy as the Gods!

Syr. I attempt to speak to no Purpose I think.

Clin. Speak, I hear you.

Syr. But you'll not have Patience to hear me out.

Clin. I will.

Syr. Your Friend's Affair, I say, is to be look'd after too, *Clinia*, that it may be secure; for if you now go from us, and leave *Bacchis* here, our old Man will immediately know she is *Clitipho's* Mistress; if you take her with you, it will be conceal'd as much as it was before.

Clin. But Nothing, *Syrus*, can be more against my Marriage than that; for with what Face can I apply to my Father? Do you take my Meaning?

Syr. Take it? Yes.

Clin.

Clin. Quid dicam? Quam Causam adferam?

Syr. Quin nolo mentiare:

Aperte, ita ut Res sese habet, narrato.

Clin. Quid ais?

Syr. Jubeo:

Illam te amare, et velle Uxorem, hanc esse *Clitipbonis*.

Clin. Bonam atque justam Rem oppido imperas, et
factu facilem: 26

Et scilicet jam me hoc voles Patrem exorare, ut celet
Senem voftrum.

Syr. Immo ut recta Via Rem narret Ordine
omnem.

Clin. Hem!

Sati'n' sanus es, aut sobrius? Tu quidem illum plane
prodis;

Nam qui ille poterit esse in tuto dic mihi? 30

Syr. Huic equidem Consilio Palmam do, hic me
magnifice ecfero,

Qui Vim tantam in me et Potestatem habeam tantae
Astutiae,

Vera dicendo ut eos ambos fallam, ut cum narret Senex
Voster nostro esse istam Amicam Gnati, non credat
tamen.

Clin. At enim Spem, istoc Pacto, rursus Nup-
tiarum omnem eripis; 35

Nam dum Amicam hanc meam esse credet, non com-
mittet Filiam.

Tu fortasse quid me fiat parvi pendis, dum illi consulas.

Syr. Quid, Malum, me Aetatem censeres velle id ad-
simularier?

Unus est Dies dum Argentum eripio; Pax; Nihil
amplius.

Clin. Tantum sat habes? Quid tum, quaeso, si hoc
Pater resciverit? 40

Syr. Quid si redeo ad illos qui aiunt, *quid si nunc*
Coelum ruat.

Clin. Metuo quid agam.

Syr. Metuis? Quasi non ea Potestas sit tua,

Quo velis in Tempore ut te exsolvas, Rem facias palam.

Clin.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT IV. 361

Clin. What can I say? What Excuse can I make?

Syr. Verily I wou'd not have you tell a Ly: tell the plain Truth as it is.

Clin. What do you mean?

Syr. I insist on it: tell him you are in Love with *Antiphila*, and wou'd marry her, and that the other is *Clitipho's* Mistress.

Clin. You insist on no more than is very just and reasonable, and what is easily done: you wou'd have me intreat my Father to conceal it from your old Man.

Syr. Rather that he may directly relate the whole Affair in Order as it is.

Clin. How! Are you in your Senses, are you sober? You are plainly going to ruin him; for tell me how he can be secure then?

Syr. This is what I value myself upon, here I glory in myself, that I have so great a Share of Cunning, that I am such a Politician, as to be able to deceive them both by telling the Truth, that when your old Man shall tell my Master that this same Lady is his Son's Mistress he will not believe him.

Clin. But you thereby cut off all Hopes of my Wedding again; for, while he believes her to be my Mistress, he will not consent that I shall have his Daughter. You perhaps do not care a Straw what becomes of me, so you do but serve *Clitipho*.

Syr. What, a Vengeance, do you think I wou'd carry on the Cheat an Age? One Day's sufficient for me to get the Money; be easy; I require no more.

Clin. Will one Day do? But, pr'ythee now, suppose his Father shou'd find it out?

Syr. What if the Sky shou'd fall now, as the Saying is?

Clin. I am afraid what to do.

Syr. Why afraid? As if it was not in your own Pow'r to free yourself when you will, and discover all.

H h

Clin.

Clin. Age, age, traducatur *Bacchis*.*Syr.* Optume ipsa exit foras.

S C E N A III.

*Bacchis, Clinia, Syrus, et Phrygia.**Bac.* Satis, pol, proterve me *Syri* Promissa huc induxerunt,

Decem Minas (29) quas mihi dare pollicitus est, quod si is nunc me

Deceperit, saepe, obsecrans me ut veniam, frustra veniet ;

Aut cum venturam dixerō, et constituero, cum is certe

Renuntia'rit, *Clitipho* cum in Spe pendeat Animi, 5Decipiam, ac non veniam: *Syrus* mihi Tergo Poenas pendet. [*Clare loquitur, simulans non videre**Cliniam et Syrum.**Clin.* Satis scite promittit tibi. [*Syro.**Syr.* Atqui tu hancolari credis?*Faciet, nisi caveo.**Bac.* Dormiunt: ego, pol, istos commovebo. [*Phrygiae separatim.*Mea *Phrygia*, audi'stin' modo iste Homo quam (30) Villam demonstravit*Charini?* [*Clare, simulans non videre illos.**Phr.* Audivi.*Bac.* Proxumam esse huic Fundo (30) ad Dextram? [*Clare Phrygiae.**Phr.* Memini. 10*Bac.* Curriculo percurrere: apud eum Miles *Dionysia* agitat: — [*Phrygiae clare.**Syr.* Quid inceptat? [*Cliniae separatim.**Bac.* Dic me hic oppido esse invitam atque adservari,Verum, aliquo Pacto, Verba me his daturam esse et venturam. [*Clare Phrygiae.**Syr.*

29. See back Note 24, and the Table of Money at the End of the Work.

30. The Poet, I believe, makes *Bacchis* call *Charinus*'s

Clin. Well, say no more, let *Bacchis* be brought over.

Syr. Here she comes just as we want her.

S C E N E III.

Bacchis, Clinia, Syrus, and Phrygia.

Bac. By *Pollux*, *Syrus* tempted me hither with his Promises of the thirty *Guineas* (29) which he impudently gave me the Assurance of; but if he deceives me, he may come again and again to invite me hither, and intreat me, but to no Purpose; or I'll promise to come, and make an Appointment, and when he has told *Clitipho* of it, and giv'n him Hopes of my coming, I'll disappoint them, and not come: then I shall have my Revenge on *Syrus's* Back.

[*She speaks aloud, pretending not to see Clinia and Syrus.*

Clin. She promises you fair. [To *Syrus*.

Syr. And do you think she's in Jest? she'll be as good as her Word, if I don't take Care.

Bac. They're asleep: I'll rouse 'em, by *Pollux*. [*Aside to Phrygia.*]—Hark y', *Phrygia*, did you take Notice of *Charinus's* Seat (30) which the Man shew'd us just now? [*Aloud, pretending not to see them.*

Phr. Yes, I did.

Bac. Next on the right Hand to this (30) Farm-house? [*Loud to Phrygia.*

Phr. I remember it.

Bac. Run thither as quick as you can: the Captain celebrates *Bacchis's* Feast with him:— [*Loud to Phrygia.*

Syr. What is she going to do? [*Aside to Clinia.*

Bac. Tell him I am detain'd here very much against my Will, but that I will, some Way or other, give 'em the Slip and come to him. [*Loud to Phrygia.*

H h 2

Syr.

nus's House Villa, and Chremes's Fundus, (for Fundus signifies a Farmhouse as well as a Farm,) to exalt one and depreciate the other, in the Hearing of Syrus.

Syr. Perii, hercle. [*Seorsim.*]—*Bacchis*, mane,
mane; quo mittis istanc quaeſo?

Jube maneat.

Bac. Abi. [*Phrygiae.*

Syr. Quin est paratum Argentum, —

Bac. Quin ego maneo. 15

Syr. —atqui jam dabitur.

Bac. Ut lubet: num ego inſto?

Syr. At ſci'n' quid ſodes?

Bac. Quid?

Syr. Tranſeundum nunc tibi ad *Menedemum*
eſt, et tua Pompa

Eo traducenda eſt.

Bac. Quam Rem agis, Scelus?

Syr. Egon'? Argentum cudo,

Quod tibi dem.

Bac. Dignam me putas quam inludas?

Syr. Non eſt temere.

Bac. Etiamne tecum hic Res mihi eſt?

Syr. Minime: tuum tibi reddo. 20

Bac. Eatur.

Syr. Sequere hac. [*Bacchidi.*]—Heus, *Dromo.*

[*Clamat Dromoni qui intus eſt.*

[*Bacchis et Phrygia ſequuntur Cliniam.*

S C E N A IV.

Dromo et Syrus.

Dr. Quis me volt?

Syr. *Syrus.*

Dr. Quid eſt Rei?

Syr. Ancillas omnes *Bacchidis* traduce huc ad vos
propere.

Dr. Quamobrem?

Syr. Ne quaeras: ecferant quae ſecum
huc attulerunt.

Sperabit Sumptum ſibi Senex levatum eſſe harum Abitu;
Nae ille haut ſcit hoc paulum Lucri quantum ei Dam-
ni adportet. 5

Tu neſcis id quod ſcis, *Dromo*, ſi ſapies.

Dr.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT IV. 365

Syr. I am ruin'd, by *Hercules*. [*Aside.*]—Stay, *Bacchis*, stay; where do you send her, pray? Bid her come back.

Bac. Go on.

[*To Phrygia.*]

Syr. But the Money's ready,——

Bac. Then I'll stay.

Syr.——and shall be pay'd down directly.

Bac. As you will: do I hurry you?

Syr. But do you know what you are to do?

Bac. What?

Syr. You and your Train must go over to *Menedemus's*.

Bac. What are you about, you Villain?

Syr. About? About coining the Money I am to give you.

Bac. Do you think me a proper Person to play upon?

Syr. 'Tis no Sham.

Bac. Have I any Bus'ness with you here?

Syr. No: but I'll pay you your Money there.

Bac. Let us go then.

Syr. Follow this Way. [*To Bacchis.*]——*Soho,*
Dromo. [*Aloud to Dromo within.*]

[*Bacchis and Phrygia follow Clinia in.*]

S C E N E IV.

Dromo and Syrus.

Dr. Who wants me?

Syr. *Syrus.*

Dr. What's your Bus'ness?

Syr. Bring over all the Maids belonging to *Bacchis* hither to your House as quick as you can.

Dr. Why so?

Syr. Ask no Questions: let 'em carry over all their Baggage with them hither too. Our old Man hopes to lessen his Expence by their going away; but he does not know what a great Loss will attend this little Gain. You, *Dromo*, if you are wise, do n't know what you do know.

Dr.

Mutum dices.

[*Exit Dromo, et illico redit cum Ancillis, atque traducit illas una cum Rebus ad Aedes Menedemi: Chremes intrat.*]

S C E N A V.

Chremes et Syrus.

Chrem. Ita me Di amabunt, ut nunc *Menedemi* Vicem
Miseret me, tantum devenisse ad eum Mali :
Illancine Mulierem alere cum illa Familia !
Etsi scio hosce aliquot Dies non sentiet,
Ita magno Desiderio fuit ei Filius : 5
Verum ubi videbit tantos sibi Sumptus Domi
Cotidianos fieri, nec fieri Modum,
Optabit rursum ut abeat ab se Filius.

[*Seorsim, non videns Syrum.*]*Syrum* optume eccum.*Syr.* Cesso hunc adoriri ? [*Seorsim.*]*Chrem.* *Syr.**Syr.* Hem !*Chrem.* Quid est ?*Syr.* Te mihi ipsum jamdudum optabam
dari. 10*Chrem.* Videre egisse jam nescio quid cum Sene.*Syr.* De illo quod dudum ? Dictum ac factum reddidi.*Chrem.* Bonan' Fide ?*Syr.* Bona, hercle.*Chrem.* Non possum patiQuin tibi Caput demulceam : accede huc, *Syr.*

Faciam boni tibi aliquid pro ista Re, ac lubens. 15

Syr. At si scias quam scite in Mentem venerit.*Chrem.* Vah, gloriare evenisse ex Sententia ?*Syr.* Non hercle vero, verum dico.*Chrem.* Dic quid est ?*Syr.* Tui *Clitiphonis* esse Amicam hanc *Bacchidem**Menedemo* dixit *Clinia*, et ea Gratia

Secum adduxisse, ne tu id persentisceres.

Chrem. 20

Dr. You shall say I am a Mute.

[Dromo goes, and returns immediately with the Maids, and their Things, and carries them over to Menedemus's: Chremes enters at the same Time.

S C E N E V.

Chremes and Syrus.

Chrem. As I hope for Happyness, I pity *Menedemus's* present Condition, his Misfortune is so heavy: to be oblig'd to maintain that Woman and all her Crew! But he will not feel it, I know, during some few Days, his Desire to see his Son was so very great: however when he sees what a dayly Expence he is at at Home, and that without Moderation, he'll wish his Son from him again. [*To himself, not seeing Syrus.*]—Here's *Syrus* in good Time.

Syr. Why do n't I go up to him? [*To himself.*

Chrem. Syrus.

Syr. Ha!

Chrem. How stand Affairs?

Syr. I have been wishing to see you this long While.

Chrem. You seem to have done Something, I do not know what, with the old Man.

Syr. In Relation to what we were talking of some Time ago? No sooner say'd than done.

Chrem. Upon your Honour?

Syr. Yes, by *Hercules*,

Chrem. I can not forbear stroking you: come hither, *Syrus*: I owe you a good Turn for this, and I will pay you very willingly.

Syr. But if you knew how cleverly it came into my Head.

Chrem. Pshaw, do you boast of your good Luck?

Syr. No indeed, I speak the plain Truth.

Chrem. Well, what is it?

Syr. *Clinia* told *Menedemus* that this *Bacchis* is your *Clitipho's* Mistress, and therefore he brought her over with him, that you might not find it out. *Chrem.*

Chrem. Probe.

Syr. Dic fodes.

Chrem. Nimium inquam.

Syr. Immo, si scias: — [*Seorsim.*

Set porro ausculta quod superest Fallaciae:

Sese ipse dicit tuam vidisse Filiam,

Ejus sibi complacitam Formam postquam aspexerit, 25

Hanc cupere Uxorem.

Chrem. Modone quae inventa est?

Syr. Eam:

Et quidem jubebit posci.

Chrem. Quamobrem istuc, *Syre*?

Nam prorsus Nihil intellego.

Syr. Vah! tardus es.

Chrem. Fortasse.

Syr. Argentum dabitur ei ad Nuptias,

Aurum atque Vestem qui ——— teneſine?

Chrem. Comparet. 30

Syr. Id ipsum.

Chrem. At ego illi neque do neque despondeo.

Syr. Non? Quamobrem?

Chrem. Quamobrem, me rogas? Homini—? (31)

Syr. Ut lubet.

Non ego dicebam, in perpetuum illam illi ut dares,

Verum ut simulares.

Chrem. Non mea 'ſt Simulatio:

Ita tu istaec tua miſceto, ne me admisceas. 35

Ego, cui daturus non ſum, ut ei despondeam?

Syr. Credebam.

Chrem. Minime.

Syr. Scite poterat fieri:

Et ego hoc, quia dudum tu tantopere jufferas,

Eo coepi.

Chrem. Credo.

Syr.

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Chrem. That's very well.

Syr. Pray tell me your real Opinion.

Chrem. Nothing cou'd be better I say.

Syr. You wou'd say so if you knew all: [*Aside.*] — but now mind what a Stroke of Policy's behind: he says he has seen your Daughter, and that he admir'd her as soon as he saw her, and that he wants to marry her.

Chrem. Her that's just discover'd?

Syr. The same: and he'll desire that she may be ask'd for him.

Chrem. How can that be, *Syrus*? For I do not understand it.

Syr. Ah! you are slow of Apprehension.

Chrem. It may be so.

Syr. Then his Father will give him Money for the Wedding, with which Jewels and Cloaths ——— do you understand me?

Chrem. Are to be purchas'd.

Syr. Right.

Chrem. But I'll give him neither my Daughter nor my Promise.

Syr. No? Why not?

Chrem. Do you ask me why? Shall I give her to a—?

Syr. As you will. I did not mean that you shou'd absolutely give her to him, but only pretend you wou'd.

Chrem. I will pretend no Pretends: do you follow your own Plots without drawing me into them. How can I give him my Promise when I do not intend to perform it?

Syr. I believ'd you wou'd.

Chrem. By no Means.

Syr. It may very well be done: it was in Obedience to your Commands that I undertook this Bus'ness.

Chrem. I believe you.

Syr.

tivo dabo? But the best Copy, written and printed, agree in the Reading which I give.

Syr. Ceterum equidem istuc, *Chreme*,
Acqui bonique facio.

Chrem. Atqui cum maxime 40
Volo te dare Operam ut fiat, verum alia Via.

Syr. Fiat: quaeratur aliud; set illud quod tibi
Dixi de Argento, quod ista debet *Bacchidi*,
Id nunc reddendum 'st illi; neque tu scilicet
Eo nunc confugies, *quid mea? Num mihi datum 'st?* 45
Num jussi? Num illa oppignerare Filiam
Meam me invito potuit? Verum illud, *Chreme*,
Dicunt, *Fus summu saepe summa est Malitia.*

Chrem. Haut faciam.

Syr. Immo aliis si licet, tibi non licet:
Omnes te in lauta et bene aucta Parte putant. 50

Chrem. Quin egomet jam ad eam deferam.

Syr. Immo Filium

Jube potius.

Chrem. Quamobrem?

Syr. Quia enim in hunc Suspicio 'st
Translata Amoris.

Chrem. Quid tum?

Syr. Quia videbitur
Magis verisimile id esse, cum hic illi dabit;
Et simul conficiam facilius ego quod volo. 55
Ipse adeo adest: abi, effer Argentum.

Chrem. Effero. [*Exit Chremes.*]

S C E N A VI.

Clitipho et Syrus.

Clit. Nulla est tam facilis Res, quin difficilis fiet,
Quam invitus facias; vel me haec Deambulatio,
Quam non laboriosa, ad Languorem dedit;
Nec quicquam magis nunc metuo quam ne denuo 4
Miser aliquo extrudar hinc, ne accedam ad *Bacchidem*.
[*Seorsim.*]

Ut te quidem omnes Di Deaeque quantum 'st, *Syre*,
Cum tuo istoc Invento cumque Incepto, perduint:
Hujusmodi mihi Res semper comminiscere,
Ubi me excarnufices. *Syr.*

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Syr. However, *Chremes*, what I do in this Affair is with a just and good Intent.

Chrem. But tho I wou'd earnestly have you do all you can to bring it about, yet I wou'd have you take another Method.

Syr. I will: another shall be thought of; but the Money which I told you she owes to *Bacchis* must be repay'd now; nor will you offer to evade it now by saying, *what is it to me? Did I borrow it? Was it lent by my Orders? Cou'd she pawn my Daughter without my Consent?* 'Tis a true Saying, *Chremes*, the more Law you have on your Side, often the more Cost.

Chrem. I will not do it.

Syr. Tho other People may shuffle it off, you cannot: for ev'ry Body thinks you a considerable rich Man.

Chrem. Well, I will go now, and carry it to her myself.

Syr. Rather order your Son to do it.

Chrem. Why so?

Syr. Because the Suspicion of being her Lover is turn'd upon him.

Chrem. What then.

Syr. Because it will seem more likely, if he pays her the Money; and I shall thereby more easily accomplish my Ends. Here's he himself: go, fetch the Money.

Chrem. I will.

[*Chremes goes.*]

S C E N E VI.

Clitipho and Syrus.

Clit. There is Nothing so easy, but it becomes difficult, when you go about it unwillingly; even this little Walk, tho not very fatiguing in itself, has made me faint; and I am afraid of Nothing more now than of being turn'd out again somewhere like a forlorn Wretch, and deny'd coming near *Bacchis*. [*To himself*] —All the Gods confound thee, *Syrus*, with that Stratagem of thine which you put in Execution against me: you are always inventing some Trick or other of this Kind, to torment me.

Syr.

Syr. I tu hinc quo dignus es :
 Quam pene tua me perdidit Protervitas ! 10
 Clit. Vellem, hercle, factum, ita meritu's.

Syr. Meritus ? Quomodo ?
 Nae me istuc ex te prius audivisse gaudeo
 Quam Argentum haberes, quod daturus jam fui.
 Clit. Quid igitur tibi vis dicam ? Abiisti, mihi
 Amicam addux'ti, quam non liceat tangere. 15

Syr. Jam non sum iratus : set sci'n' ubi nunc sit tibi
 'Tua *Bacchis* ?

Clit. Aput nos.

Syr. Non.

Clit. Ubi igitur ?

Syr. Aput *Cliniam*.

Clit. Perii.

Syr. Bono Animo es : jam Argentum ad eam
 deferes,
 Quod ei es pollicitus.

Clit. Garris : unde ?

Syr. A tuo Patre.

Clit. Ludis fortasse me.

Syr. Ipsa Re experibere. 20

Clit. Nae ego fortunatus Homo sum. Deamo te,
 Syre.

Syr. Set Patere greditur : cave quicquam admiratus fies,
 Qua Causa id fiat : obsecundato in Loco :
 Quod imperabit facito : loquitor paucula.

S C E N A VII.

Chremes, Clitipho et Syrus.

Chrem. Ubi *Clitipho* nunc est ?

Syr. Eccum me, inque. [*Separatim Clitiphoni.*

Clit. Eccum hic tibi. [*Chremeti.*

Chrem. Quid Rei esset dix'ti huic ? [*Syro.*

Syr. Dixi pleraque omnia.

Chrem. Cape hoc Argentum, ac defer. [*Clitiphoni.*

Syr. I : quid stas, Lapis ?
 Quia

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Syr. Away with you ; wou'd you had your Due :
your pert Forwardness almost ruin'd me.

Clit. By *Hercules*, I wish it had, it is no more than
you deserve.

Syr. Deserve ? How so ? I am glad to hear you say
that before you have got the Money, which I was just
going to give you.

Clit. What wou'd you have me say to you ? You
went, and brought my Mistress to me, and then I was
not allow'd to touch her.

Syr. I'll be no longer angry : but do you know
where your *Bacchis* is now ?

Clit. At our House.

Syr. No.

Clit. Where then ?

Syr. At *Clinia's*.

Clit. Then I'm undone.

Syr. Have a good Heart: you shall carry the Money
to her presently, which you promis'd her.

Clit. 'Tis all Talk : where shou'd I have it ?

Syr. From your Father.

Clit. You do but banter me.

Syr. You will soon see that.

Clit. I am really a fortunate Man. I have a great
Love for you, *Syrus*.

Syr. But here comes your Father: take Care that
you do not seem too much surpris'd at his doing it :
mind your Cue: do as he bids you: say but little.

S C E N E VII.

Chremes, Clitipho, and Syrus.

Chrem. Where is *Clitipho* now ?

Syr. Here am I, say.

[*Afide to Clitipho.*

Clit. Here at your Service.

[*To Chremes.*

Chrem. Have you told him the Bus'ness ? [*To Syrus.*

Syr. Most of it.

Chrem. Take this Money and carry it. [*To Clitipho.*

Syr. Go: why do you you stand like a Stone ? Why

Quin accipis? [*Separatim Clitipho*.
Clit. Cedo sane. [*Chremeti*.
Syr. Sequere hac me ocius. [*Clitipho*.
 Tu hic nos, dum eximus, interea opperibere; 5
 Nam Nihil est, illic quod moremur diutius. [*Chremeti*.
 [*Exeunt Clitipho et Syrus*.

S C E N A VIII.

Chremes. Minas quidem jam (32) decem habet a me
 Filia,
 Quas pro Alimentis esse nunc duco datas:
 Hasce Ornamentis (33) consequentur alterae:
 Porro haec Talenta Dotis adposcet (34) duo.
 Quam multa iusta, (35) iniusta, fiunt Moribus! 5
 Mihi nunc, relictis Rebus, inveniundus est
 Aliquis, Labore inventa mea cui dem Bona.

S C E N A IX.

Menedemus et Chremes.

Men. Multo omnium me nunc fortunatissimum
 Factum puto esse, Gnate, cum te intellego
 Resipisse. [*Filio, qui intus est*.
Chrem. Ut errat! [*Seorsum*.
Men. Te ipsum quaerebam, *Chreme*:
 Serva,

32. See Note the twenty fourth : this is the same Sum mentioned there, and the same mentioned in the second Verse of the third Scene of this Act, and for the same Use, that is for Bacchis, who Chremes is imposed upon and gives it for the Redemption of his Daughter. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work for the Sums mentioned in this Speech.

33. Ten Minae, as Hare and Bentley have before observed, seem to have been the Sum usually allowed for Gloaths.

— Vestem, Aurum; et pro his decem accedent Minae.

PLAUT. CURC. ACT. 2.

— pro

don't you take it? [Aside to Clitipho.

Clit. Give it me. [To Chremes.

Syr. Follow me this Way as fast as you can. [To

Clitipho.]—You will wait here for us while we go; for we have no Occasion to stay long there. [To Chremes.

[Clitipho and Syrus go.

S C E N E VIII.

Chremes. My Daughter has already got thirty (32) Guineas from me, which I now look upon as so much pay'd for her Board: thirty more must follow these for Cloaths (33): she will besides require two Talents for her Portion. How many Things are just or unjust according to Custom! I must now neglect other Affairs, and find somebody to bestow that Wealth upon which I have taken so much Pains to get.

S C E N E IX.

Menedemus and Chremes.

Men. I look on myself now as the most fortunate Man in the World, Son, since I find this Reformation in you. [To his Son, who is within.

Chrem. How he mistakes! [To himself.

Men. I was looking for you, Chremes: let me in-

I i 2

treat

—pro Vestimentis, his decem accedent Minae.

PLAUT. Pers. Act. 4.

34. Faernus reads apposcent, some read apposcent. Guyetus proposes porro hae &c. by which he means hae Minae apposcent Talenta duo; which is a bad Reading; he might as well have preserved haec, which is often used in the feminine plural: Bentley judiciously gives the Verse as it stands above; that is, haec Filia adposcet.

35. The common Reading is quam multa injusta ac prava fiunt Moribus: which is very poor: Bentley, after Eugraphius, G. Fabricius, and Guyetus, gives it as it stands above.

Serva, quod in te est, Filium, et me, et Familiam.

Chrem. Cedo quid vis faciam?

Men. Inveniisti hodie Filiam.

5

Chrem. Quid tum?

Men. Hanc Uxorem sibi dari vult *Clinia*.

Chrem. Quaeso quid Hominis es?

Men. Quid?

Chrem. Jamne oblitus es

Inter nos quid sit dictum de Fallacia,

Ut ea Via abs te Argentum auferretur?

Men. Scio.

Chrem. Ea Res nunc agitur ipsa.

Men. Quid narras, *Chreme*? (36) 10

Immo haec quidem, quae aput me est, *Clitiphonis* est Amica.

Chrem. Ita aiunt; et tu credis omnia:

Et illum aiunt velle Uxorem, ut, cum desponderim,

Des qui Aurum, ac Vestem, atque alia quae Opus sunt, comparet.

Men. Id est profecto: id Amicae dabitur.

Chrem. Scilicet 13

Daturum.

Men. Ah! frustra sum igitur gavisus miser:

Quidvis tamen jam malo quam hunc amittere.

Quid nunc renuntiem abs te Responsum, *Chreme*,

Ne sentiat me sensisse, atque aegre ferat?

Chrem. Aegre? Nimium illi, *Menedeme*, indulges.

Men. Sine: 20

Inceptum 'st: perface hoc mi' perpetuo, *Chreme*.

Chrem. Dic convenisse, egisse te de Nuptiis.

Men.

36. Many Copys, written and printed, have M. Quid dix'ti, *Chreme*? Erravi. C. Sic Res acta est. M. Quanta Spe decidi! Faernus gives narras from Bembo's Copy; in which these Words are not, erravi. Sic Res acta

treat you to preserve my Son, myself, and my Family, as much as in you lys.

Chrem. Tell me what you'd have me do?

Men. You have this Day found a Daughter.

Chrem. What then?

Men. *Clinia* has a Mind to marry her.

Chrem. Are not you a strange Sort of a Man?

Men. Why?

Chrem. Have you forgot already what we say'd betwixt ourselves about the Trick they were to put upon you, in Order to get the Money from you?

Men. I remember it.

Chrem. That is what they are now about.

Men. What do you tell me, *Chremes*? This Courtesan here, that's at my House, is *Clitipho's* Mistress, I assure you.

Chrem. They tell you so; and you believe all they say: and they tell you likewise that your Son wou'd marry, that, when I have consented, you may give him sufficient to buy Jewels, Cloaths, and what else are necessary.

Men. 'Tis certainly so: his Mistress will have it.

Chrem. You may be sure it is for her.

Men. Alas! I need not be so joyful: yet I had rather bear any Thing than lose him. What Answer now shall I carry back from you, *Chremes*, that he may not perceive that I know it, and be melancholly upon it?

Chrem. Melancholly? you indulge him too much, *Menedemus*.

Men. Let me do as I will: I have begun: make this lasting to me, *Chremes*.

Chrem. Tell him we met, and treated about the Match.

I i 3

Men.

acta est. Quanta Spe decidi: which Faernus pronounces spurious; and I doubt not but they are. Copys differ very much in the Divisions of the Speeches here; which I hope, betwixt Faernus and Bentley, I have divided as they ought to be.

Men. Dicam: quid deinde?

Chrem. Me facturum esse omnia,
Generum placere; postremo etiam, si voles,
Desponsam quoque esse dicito, —

Men. Hem! istuc volueram. 25

Chrem. Tanto ocius te ut poscat, et tu id, quod cupis,
Quam ocissime ut des.

Men. Cupio.

Chrem. Nae tu propediem,
Ut istam Rem video, istius obsaturabere:
Set, haec ut sunt, cautim et paulatim dabis,
Si sapiēs.

Men. Faciam.

Chrem. Abi intro: vide quid postulet. 30
Ego Domi ero, siquid me voles.

Men. Sane volo;
Nam te scientem faciam, quicquid egero.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Menedemus. **E**GO me non tam astutum neque ita
perspicacem esse, id scio;

Set hic Adjutor meus, et Monitor, et Praemonstrator,
Chremes,

Hoc mihi praestat: in me quidvis harum Rerum convenit,
Quae sunt dictae (37) in Stultum, Caudex, Stipes, Asi-
nus, plumbeus; 4

In illum Nil potest: exsuperat ejus Stultitia haec om-
nia. (38) SCENA

37. *The common Reading is quae sunt dictae; but Guyetus, not approving of harum Rerum and dictae, would substitute horum for harum Rerum. Bentley gives quae sunt dictae from two Copys, both nine hundred Years old: which is much better, and supported by good Authority.*

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Men. I'll tell him : what else ?

Chrem. That I'll do any Thing, that I approve of him for a Son in Law ; lastly tell him moreover, if you will, that I likewise give him my Consent,—

Men. Ah ! that is what I wanted.

Chrem. That he may ask the Money of you the sooner, and that you may give it him, according to your Desire, as quick as possible.

Men. That is what I wish to do.

Chrem. Truly, by what I see, you will soon have enough of him : but, as this Affair stands at present, you'll supply him with Caution and by Degrees, if you are wise.

Men. I will.

Chrem. Go in : see what he requires. I'll be at Home, if you shou'd want me.

Men. That is as I wou'd have it ; for, whatever I do, I'll acquaint you with it.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Menedemus. **I** Must confess I am not over cunning or sagacious ; but this Assistant, this Counsellor, and Director, of mine, *Chremes*, is far beyond me : any of these Names, which stand for Fool, may be apply'd to me, as Blockhead, Stock, Ass, Bullet-head ; but they do not come up to him : his Folly is too great for them all. (38)

S C E N E

38. *Whatever Oversight Chremes may have been guilty of, Menedemus is not the Person who should reproach him ; because whatever Inconveniences he has subjected himself to, they are all for the Sake of Menedemus, all derived from his humane Concern for him : our Poet is therefore defective in this Part of the Manners of Menedemus.*

S C E N A II.

Chremes et Menedemus.

Chrem. Ohe, jam define Deos Uxor gratulando obtundere,
 Tuam esse inventam Gnatam, nisi illos ex tuo Ingenio
 judicas,
 Ut Nil credas intellegere, nisi idem dictum 'st centies:
 [Socratae, quae intus est.
 Set interim quid illic jamdudum Gnatus cessat cum
 Syro? [Seorsim.

Men. Quos ais Homines, *Chremes*, cessare?

Chrem. Ehem, *Menedeme*, advenis? 5
 Dic mihi, *Cliniae* quae dixi nuntiastin'?

Men. Omnia.

Chrem. Quid ait?

Men. Gaudere adeo ocepit, quasi qui cupiunt
 Nuptias.

Chrem. Ha, ha, hae.

Men. Quid risisti?

Chrem. Servi venire in Mentem Syri
 Calliditates.

Men. Itane?

Chrem. Voltus quoque Hominum fingit Scelus.

Men. Gnatus quod se adsimulat laetum, id dicis.

Chrem.

Id.

Men.

Idem istuc mihi 10

Venit in Mentem.

Chrem. Veterator.

Men. Magis, si magis no'ris, putes.

Ita Rem esse.

Chrem. Ai'n' tu?

Men. Quin tu ausculta.

Chrem. Mane; hoc prius scire expeto,
 Quid perdideris; nam, ubi desponsam nuntia'sti Filio,
 Continuo injecisse Verba tibi *Dromonem*, scilicet,
Sponsae Vestem, Aurum, Ancillas, Opus esse. Argentum
 ut dares.

Men. Non.

Chrem. 15

SCENE II.

Chremes and Menedemus.

Chrem. Fy, fy, Wife, don't make the Gods deaf with your Thanks for the Discovery of your Daughter, unless you judge of them by yourself, unless you believe they cannot understand any Thing without being told of it an hundred Times: [*To Sostrata, who is within.*]—but in the Meanwhile why do my Son and *Syrus* stay there so long? [*To himself.*]

Men. Who stay so long, *Chremes*?

Chrem. Hah, *Menedemus*, are you come? Well, did you tell *Glinia* what I say'd?

Men. Yes, ev'ry Word.

Chrem. What says he?

Men. He was immediately overjoy'd, like all who long to be marry'd.

Chrem. Ha, ha, ha.

Men. Why do you laugh?

Chrem. My Man *Syrus's* fly Tricks came into my Head.

Men. Did they so?

Chrem. The Rogue can copy any Man's Countenance.

Men. That is as much as to say your Son only pretended to be overjoy'd.

Chrem. Right.

Men. That is what came into my Head too.

Chrem. 'Tis a subtle Fox.

Men. If you knew more of the Affair, you wou'd be more inclin'd to think so.

Chrem. Say you so?

Men. Do but hear me.

Chrem. Stay; first I desire to know how much you have flung away upon them; for, as soon as you told your Son I gave my Consent, *Dromo* immediately gave a Hint that *the Bride wants Cloaths, Jewels, and Attendants*, that you might down with the Money.

Men. No.

Chrem.

Chrem. Quid? Non?

Men. Non, inquam.

Chrem. Neque ipse Gnatus?

Men. Nil prorsus, *Chreme*;

Mágis unum etiam instare ut hodie conficerentur Nuptiae.

Chrem. Mira narras. Quid *Syrus* meus? Ne is quidem quicquam?

Men. Nihil.

Chrem. Quamobrem?

Men. Nescio equidem; set te miror, qui alia tam plane scias:

Set ille tuum quoque *Syrus* idem mire finxit Filium, 20
Ut ne paululum quidem suboleat esse Amicam hanc

Cliniae.

Chrem. Quid ais?

Men. Mitto jam osculari atque amplexari; id
Nil puto.

Chrem. Quid est quod amplius simuletur?

Men. Vah!

Chrem. Quid est?

Men. Audi modo:

Est mihi ultimis Conclave in Aedibus quoddam retro,
Huc est intro latus Lectus, Vestimentis stratus est. 25

Chrem. Quid postquam hoc est factum?

Men. Dictum factum, huc abiit *Clitipho*.

Chrem. Solus?

Men. Solus.

Chrem. Timeo. [*Seorsim.*]

Men. *Bacchis* consecuta est ilico.

Chrem. Sola?

Men. Sola.

Chrem. Perii. [*Seorsim.*]

Men. Ubi abiire intro; operuere Ostium.

Chrem. Hem?

Clinia haec fieri videbat?

Men. Quidni? Mecum una simul.

Chrem. Fili est *Amica Bacchis*, *Menedeme*: occidi. 30

Men.

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Chrem. What? No?

Men. No, I say.

Chrem. Nor your Son?

Men. Not a Word indeed, *Chremes*; but he was particularly pressing to have the Marriage consummated this Day.

Chrem. You amaze me. What did my *Syrus* say? Did not he put in a Word?

Men. Not a Word.

Chrem. How so?

Men. Indeed I do not know; but I wonder at your Blindness in this, who can see so far into other People's Affairs: but that *Syrus* copy'd your Son's Countenance too admirably, that Nobody might make the least Discovery of this being *Clinia's* Mistress.

Chrem. What's that you say?

Men. Not to mention their kissing and hugging; I count that Nothing.

Chrem. What cou'd they do more to carry on the Cheat?

Men. Pshaw!

Chrem. What do you mean.

Men. Do but hear me: I have a snug little Room in the back Part of my House, into which a Bed was brought, and made up.

Chrem. What then?

Men. No sooner say'd than done, away went *Clitipho* thither.

Chrem. Alone?

Men. Yes, alone.

Chrem. I begin to be afraid.

[*Aside.*

Men. Away went *Bacchis* after him immediately.

Chrem. Alone?

Men. Yes, alone.

Chrem. I am undone.

[*Aside.*

Men. As soon as they were in they shut the Door.

Chrem. Ah! did *Clinia* see all this?

Men. Why not? Yes, he and I together.

Chrem. *Bacchis* is certainly my Son's Mistress, *Menedemus*: I am ruin'd.

Men.

Men. Quamobrem?

Chrem. Decem Dierum vix mi' est Familia.

Men. Quid? Istuc times quod ille Operam Amico
dat suo?

Chrem. Immo quod Amicae.

Men. Si dat ———

Chrem. An Dubium id tibi est?

Quemquamne tam Animo comi esse et leni putas

Qui, se vidente, Amicam patiatur suam —?

Men. (39) Ha, ha, hae. 35

Quidni? Quo Verba facilius dentur mihi.

Chrem. Derides? Merito mihi nunc succenseo:

Quot Res dedere ubi possem persentiscere,
Nisi essem Lapis? Quae vidi? Vae misero mihi!

At nae illud haut inultum, si vivo, ferent; 40

Nam jam ———

Men. Non tu te cohibes? Non te respicis? (40)
Non tibi ego Exempli satis sum?

Chrem. Prae Iracundia,
Menedeme, non sum aput me.

Men. Tene istuc loqui?
Nonne id Flagitium 'st, te aliis Consilium dare,

Foris

39. *These are not in Bembo's Copy, and a Laugh cannot be introduced here with Propriety; nor does the Verse admit of ha, ha, hae. Faern. I think a Laugh can not be more properly introduced than here. Chremes had just before been laughing at Menedemus with the Conceit of his own Sufficiency and of the Weakness of Menedemus: Menedemus now shews him his Error, and jeers him upon it, and laughs at him in his Turn: besides we may easily suppose that our Poet introduced a Laugh here by what Chremes says directly after. As to what Faernus says of the Verse not admitting the Laugh, I can see no Justice in it; for why may not suam be here contracted into one Syllable as well as in other Places? Then by dropping the m, and resolving*

Men. Why so?

Chrem. I shall scarcely be able to keep House ten Days.

Men. What? Does your Courage fail you because he lends a helping Hand to his Friend?

Chrem. Rather because he gives to his Mistress.

Men. If he does give ———

Chrem. Do you make a Doubt of that? Do you think any one is so complaisant and so patient, as to look on, and see his Mistress ———?

Men. (39) Ha, ha, ha. Why not? The easier to deceive me.

Chrem. Do you laugh at me? Now am I angry with myself, and not without Cause: how many Opportunities have they giv'n me to discover it, if I was not a Stone? What have I myself seen? What a wretched Dolt I am! But, if I live, they shall not go off so; for I'll immediately ———

Men. Can not you govern your Passion? Do you pay no Regard to yourself? Am not I a sufficient Example to you?

Chrem. I am mad with Anger, *Menedemus*.

Men. That such an Expression should come out of your Mouth! Is it not a great Fault to give Advice to
K k others,

resolving the two last Syllables of the Laugh, ha, hae, into one, in the Scanning, the Verse remains as it would without ha, ha, hae, suam being two Syllables without ha ha hae in the Verse. The Contraction of suam into one Syllable is more easy than that of ejus, which Faernus says often is but one; and it is not near so harsh as the Contraction of levi and novo, which Bentley says are to be pronounced lewi, nowo, in one Syllable. See the 12th Note to the Stepmother. I find ha, ha, hae, among the Earl of Oxford's Cops; and Muretus and some other learned Editors preserve the Laugh: Bentley leaves it out.

40. Here *Menedemus* repeats the Words which *Chremes* used to him, Act I, Sc. I, v. 18.

Foris sapere, tibi non posse te auxiliarier?

45

Chrem. Quid faciam?

Men. Id quod tu me fecisse ai'bas parum:
Fac te esse Patrem ut sentiat: fac ut audeat (41)
Tibi credere omnia, abs te petere et poscere,
Ne quam aliam quaerat Copiam, ac te deserat.

Chrem. Immo abeat potius malo quovis Gentium, 50
Quam hic per Flagitium ad Inopiam redigat Patrem;
Nam si illi pergo suppeditare Sumptibus,
Menedeme, mihi illaec vere ad Rastros Res redit.

Men. Quot Incommoda (42) tibi in hac Re accipies,
nisi caves?
Difficilem ostendes te esse, et ignosces tamen 55
Post, et id ingratum.

Chrem. Ah! nescis quam doleam.

Men. Ut lubet:

Quid hoc quod volo, ut illa nubat nostro? Nisi quid est
Quod mavis.

Chrem. Immo, et Gener et Adfines placent.

Men. Quid Dotis dicam te dixisse Filiae?
Quid, obticuiisti?

Chrem. Dotis?

Men. Ita dico.

Chrem. Ah!

Men. *Chreme*, 60
Ne quid vereare, si minus; Nil nos Dos movet.

Chrem. Duo (43) Talenta pro Re nostra ego esse de-
crevi satis;
Set ita dictu Opus est, si me vis salvum esse et Rem et
Filium,
Me mea omnia Bona Doti dixisse illi. *Men.*

41. Turn to Act I, Sc. I, v. 104.

42. The most common Reading is quot Incommodita-
tes: Faernus gives quot Incommoda, as several have
after

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others, to be wise in other People's Affairs, and not to be able to help yourself?

Chrem. What shall I do?

Men. That which you say'd I was so omiffive in: make him sensible that you are his Father, encourage him to trust you with all his Secrets, to tell his Wants to you, and to seek his Remedy from you, lest he shou'd look out for Supplys elsewhere, and forsake you.

Chrem. Let him go to the World's End rather than reduce his Father to Beggary here by his Vices; for if I continue to support him in his Expences, *Menedemus*, I shall soon bring myself to your Rakes.

Men. What Inconveniencies will you run into here, if you do not take Care? You'll shew yourself a severe Father, and afterwards forgive him, and then he'll not thank you.

Chrem. Ah! you do not know how it grieves me.

Men. As you will in that: — but what say you to this Proposal of a Match betwixt your Daughter and my Son? Unless you have Thoughts of another you like better.

Chrem. I am pleas'd with him for a Son in Law, and with the Alliance.

Men. What Portion shall I tell him you will give your Daughter? What, are you silent?

Chrem. Portion?

Men. Portion I say.

Chrem. Ah!

Men. Do n't be in any Fear about that, *Chremes*, be it ever so little; Portion shall make no Difference betwixt us.

Chrem. I propos'd, according to my Circumstances, to give her but two (43) Talents; but you may now tell him, if you wish the Safety of myself, my Estate, and Son, that I will settle all I have on her for her Portion.

K k 2

Men.

after him: Bentley prefers quod Incommodi, which he has from one of Dr. Mead's Copys. I follow Faernus.

43. See the Table of Money at the End of the Work.

Men. Quam Rem agis?

Chrem. Id mirari te simulato, et illum hoc rogitato
simul, 65

Quamobrem id faciam.

Men. Quin ego vero, quamobrem id
facias, nescio.

Chrem. Egone? Ut ejus Animum, qui nunc Luxuria
et Lascivia

Diffuit, retundam, redigam ut quo se vortat nesciat.

Men. Quid agis?

Chrem. Mitte, ac sine me in hac Re gerere
mihi Morem.

Men. Sino:

Itane vis?

Chrem. Ita.

Men. Fiat.

Chrem. Ac jam, Uxorem ut accersat,
paret. 70

Hic, ita ut Liberos est acquom, Dictis confutabitur:

Set Syrum—

Men. Quid eum?

[Exit Menedemus. (44)]

S C E N A III.

Chrem. Egone? Si vivo adeo exornatum dabo,
Adeo depexum, usque ut dum vivat meminerit semper
mei,

Qui sibi me pro Ridiculo ac Delectamento putat:

Non, ita me Di ament, auderet facere haec viduae
Mulieri,

Quae in me fecit. 5

S C E N A IV.

Clitipho, Menedemus, Chremes, et Syrus.

Clit. Itane tandem quaeso est, *Menemede*,
ut Pater Tam

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Men. What are you going to do?

Chrem. Pretend to wonder at it, and ask him too why I do it.

Men. Truly I can see no Reason for your doing it.

Chrem. For my doing it? That I may blunt the Edge of his Appetite, which now o'erflows with Luxury and Wantonness, that I may reduce him so low that he shall not know which Way to turn himself.

Men. What are you about?

Chrem. Don't dissuade me, but let me have my own Way in this.

Men. Well, I will: is it your Desire?

Chrem. It is.

Men. Then be it so.

Chrem. Let him prepare immediately, and send for his Bride. I'll school this Son of mine as Children ought to be: but as for *Syrus* —

Men. What will you do to him?

[*Menedemus goes.* (44).]

S C E N E III.

Chrem. What? If I live, I will so lace his Jacket, and curry his Hyde, for him, that he shall remember me as long as he lives, for presuming to make me his Sport and his Laughing-stock: by Heav'n he wou'd not dare to treat a poor helpless Widow as he has treated me.

S C E N E IV.

Clitipho, Menedemus, Chremes, and Syrus:

Clit. Tell me, *Menedemus*, is it really so, that my

Tam in brevi Spatio omnem de me ejecerit Animum
Patris?

Quodnam ob Facinus? Quid ego tantum Sceleris admi-
si miser?

Volgo faciunt. [Menedemo (45) *intranti*.

Men. Scio tibi esse hoc gravius multo ac
durius,

Cui fit: verum ego haut minus aegre patrior id, qui
nescio

Nec Rationem capio, nisi quod tibi bene ex Animo
volo.

Clit. Hic Patrem adstare ai'bas?

Men. Eccum. [*Exit Menedemus.*

S C E N A V.

Chremes, Clitipho, et Syrus.

Chrem. Quid me incusas, *Clitipho*?

Quicquid ego hujus feci, tibi prospexi et Stultitiae tuae:
Ubi te vidi Animo esse omisso, et suavia in^a Praesentia
Quae essent prima habere, neque consulere in Longitu-
dinem,

Cepi Rationem, ut neque egeres, neque ut haec posses
perdere;

Ubi, cui decuit primo, tibi non licuit per te mihi dare,
Abii ad proximos tibi qui erant; eis commisi et credidi;
Ibi tuae Stultitiae semper erit Praesidium, *Clitipho*,
Victus, Vestitus, quo in Tectum te receptes.

Clit. Hei mihi!

Chrem. Satius est quam, te ipso Herede, haec possi-
dere *Bacchidem*.

10
Syr.

45. *There can be no other Reason for Menedemus leaving Chremes in the last Scene, and coming in again with Clitipho now, but to give Clitipho an Opportunity*

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Father shou'd have cast off all his Affection for me in so short a Time? For what Offence? What horrid Crime, alas! have I been guilty of? I have done no more than what most young Men do.

[*To Menedemus (45) as he is entering with him.*

Men. I know this is much heavier and severer to you, on whom it falls; but I take it full as ill of him myself, tho I know no other, nor have I any other, Reason for my Concern, but that I sincerely wish you well.

Clit. Did not you say my Father was here?

Men. Look, there he is. [*Menedemus goes.*

S C E N E V.

Chremes, Clitipho, and Syrus.

Chrem. Why do you accuse me, *Clitipho*? I had a Regard, in whatever I have done in this Affair, to you and your Imprudence: when I saw you of so negligent a Disposition, preferring present Delights to the Consideration of what is to come, I resolv'd on the Means to preserve you from Want, and to prevent you from spending my Estate; which at first I propos'd, as I ought, to give to you, but when I found it improper to make you my Heir, for which you must blame yourself, I had Recourse to those who were next to you; I have made it over, and committed it to their Care: there, *Clitipho*, your Weakness may always be sure of a Refuge, there you'll always have Diet, Cloaths, and a warm House over your Head.

Clit. What a Wretch am I?

Chrem. It is better than, by making you my Heir, to put *Bacchis* in Possession of all.

Syr.

to endeavour at a Reconciliation with his Father: but Menedemus has scarcely stayed long enough to tell him what had happened, allowing for the Time necessary for him to go and come in.

Syr. Disperii. Scelestus quantas Turbas concivi inciens!
[*Seorsim.*]

Clit. Emori cupio.

Chrem. Prius, quaeso, disce quid sit vivere;
Ubi scies, si displicebit Vita, tum istoc utitor.

Syr. Here, licetne? [Chremeti.]

Chrem. Loquere.

Syr. At tuto?

Chrem. Loquere.

Syr. Quae ista 'st Pravitas,

Qua eve Amentia, quod peccavi ego, id obesse huic?

Chrem. Illicet. 15

Ne te admisce: Nemo accusat, *Syre*, te: nec tu Aram
tibi,

Neque Precatorem, para'ris.

Syr. Quid agis?

Chrem. Nil succenseo

Nec tibi, nec huic; nec vos est aequom, quod facio,
mihi. [Exit Chremes.]

S C E N A VI.

Syrus et Clitipho.

Syr. Abiit:—roga'sse vellem—

Clit. Quid, *Syre*?

Syr. Unde mi' peterem Cibus,

Ita nos abalienavit: tibi jam esse ad Sororem intellego.

Clit. Adeon' Rem rediisse, ut Periculum etiam a
Fame mihi sit, *Syre*?

Syr. Modo liceat vivere, est Spes.

Clit. Quae?

Syr. Nos esurituros satis.

Clit. Inrides in Re tanta, neque me quicquam Con-
filio adjuvas? 5

Syr. Immo, et ibi nunc sum, et usque dudum id
egi dum loquitur Pater:

Et quantum ego intellegere possum——

Clit. Quid?

Syr. Non aberit longius.

Clit.

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Syr. I am undone. What a Confusion have I unwarily rais'd, like an unlucky Rogue that I am! [*Aside.*

Clit. I wish I was dead.

Chrem. Pr'ythee first learn what it is to live; when you know that, if Life is unpleasant to you, then dy if you think fit.

Syr. Sir, may I speak? [*To Chremes.*

Chrem. Ay, if you will.

Syr. But without Danger?

Chrem. Speak I say.

Syr. What Injustice, what Madnefs, is it, that he shou'd suffer for my Faults?

Chrem. Away with you. Do n't you thrust yourself in: Nobody accuses you, *Syrus*: you need not fly to the Altar, nor look for one to intercede for you.

Syr. What are you about?

Chrem. I am not angry with you or him; nor ought either of you to be with me for what I do.

[*Chremes goes;*

S C E N E VI.

Syrus and Clitipho.

Syr. He's gone:—I wou'd fain have ask'd him—

Clit. What, *Syrus*?

Syr. Where I shou'd eat, since he has cast us off: you, I understand, are quarter'd on your Sister.

Clit. Is it come to such a Pass, that I may be in Danger of starving, *Syrus*?

Syr. While there is Life there is Hope.

Clit. Of what?

Syr. Of having good Stomachs.

Clit. Are you at your Jokes in such a Situation, instead of assisting me with your Advice?

Syr. I am racking my Brain for you, and so I was all the While your Father was speaking: and as far as I can perceive——

Clit. What?

Syr. You shall have it presently.

Clit.

Clit. Quid id ergo?

Syr. Sic est; non esse horum te arbitror.

Clit. Quid istuc, *Syre*?

Satin' sanus es?

Syr. Ego dicam quod mi' in Mentem
venit; tu dijudica.

Dum istis fuisti solus, dum nulla alia Delectatio, 10
Quae propior esset, te indulgebant, tibi dabant: nunc
Filia

Postquam est inventa vera, inventa est Causa qua te
expellerent.

Clit. Est verisimile.

Syr. An tu ob Peccatum hoc esse illum-
iratum putas?

Clit. Non arbitror.

Syr. Nunc aliud specta: Matres omnes Filiis
In Peccato Adjutrices, Auxilio in paterna Injuria, 15
Solent esse: id non fit.

Clit. Verum dicis; quid ergo nunc faci-
am, *Syre*?

Syr. Suspicionem istanc ex illis quaere; Rem profer
palam;

Si non est verum, ad Misericordiam ambos adduces cito,
Aut scibis cujus sis.

Clit. Recte suades, faciam. [*Exit Clitipho.*]

S C E N A VII.

Syrus. Sat recte hoc mihi

In Mentem venit; namque Adulescens quam minima
in Spe situs erit,

Tam facillume (+6) Patris Pacem in Leges conficiet suas:
Etiam

46. Bentley thinks this strange Sort of reasoning, that the less Hope he has, the more easily he'll make Peace with his Father, and on his own Terms too; our learned Critic therefore proposes difficillume; which I can never think right; for, if so, what Reason would
Syrus

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Clit. Well, what is it?

Syr. 'Tis this; I do not believe you are their Son.

Clit. How, *Syrus*? Are you in your Senses?

Syr. I'll tell you what is come in my Head; do you judge of it. While they had only you, while you was all their Delight, and none so near to them as you, they indulg'd you, they deny'd you Nothing; but now they have found their Daughter, they have found a Pretence to cast you off.

Clit. 'Tis very likely to be so.

Syr. Do you think that he wou'd be in such a Passion for this Offence?

Clit. I believe not.

Syr. Besides, consider this: all Mothers are usually Advocates for their Sons when they have committed a Fault, and come betwixt them and their Father's Anger: it is not so here.

Clit. What you say is true; therefore what wou'd you have me do now, *Syrus*?

Syr. Open your Suspicion to them, and desire them to clear it; speak your Mind plainly; if it is not true, you will soon move them both to Compassion, or, if it is true, you will know who are your Parents.

Clit. Your Advice is good, I'll follow it [*Clitiphogoes.*]

S C E N E VII.

Syrus. This was a lucky Thought; for the less Hope the young Man has, the more (46) easily he'll make Peace with his Father, and on his own Terms too:

Syrus have to value himself on his lucky Thought? The Meaning of the Poet, tho not clear at first View, I take to be this, the less Hope he has, the more earnestly he will press his Parents to solve his Doubt; and thereby, as Syrus sayed just before, he will move their Compassion,

Etiam haut scio, an ne Uxorem ducat; ac Syro Nil Gratiae.——

Quid hoc autem? Senex exit foras: ego fugio: ob (47)
hoc factum quod est,

Miror non iussisse ilico me abripi. Ad *Mentidemum* hinc
pergam;

Eum mihi Precatorem paro: Seni nostro Nil Fidei
habeo. [Exit.

S C E N A VIII.

Sofrata et Chremes.

Sof. Profecto, nisi caves, tu Homo, aliquid Gnato
conficies Mali;

Idque adeo miror quomodo

Tam ineptum quicquam tibi venire in Mentem, mi
Vir, potuerit.

Chrem. Oh! pergi'n' Mulier esse (48)? Nullamne
ego Rem umquam in Vita mea

Volui, quin tu in ea Re mi' Advorsatrix fueris *Sofrata*?
At si jam rogitem, quid est quod peccem, aut quamobrem
id faciam, nescias 6

In qua Re nunc tam confidenter restas stulta.

Sof. Nescio?

Chrem. Immo scis, potius quam quidem redeat ad
integrum eadem Oratio.

Sof. Oh!

Iniquus es, qui me tacere de Re tanta postules.

Chrem.

sion, which will end in a Reconciliation: *this I take to be the Meaning of the Author; and therefore I keep to the vulgar Reading.*

47. *Most Copsys have* adhuc quod factum est; *but I follow Muretus, and some others, in* ob hoc factum quod est.

48. *Faernus, and several after him, read* pergi'n' Mulier odiosa esse? *Bentley leaves out* odiosa, *as does Muretus, and many more, on the Authority of several*
antient

too: I can not tell yet whether he may not consent to marry; but no Thanks to *Syrus*.—What's here? The old Man is coming out: I'll take to my Heels: I am surpris'd that he did not order me to be truss'd up immediately for what is pass'd. I will make the best of my Way to *Menedemus*, and intreat him to intercede for me: I can never trust to our old Man. [*He goes.*]

SCENE VIII.

Sostrata and Chremes.

Sof. Indeed, Husband, unless you take Care, you'll bring some Mischief upon your Son; therefore I can not but wonder how any Thing so foolish cou'd come into your Head.

Chrem. O! do you persist like a true Woman? Was I ever in my Life inclin'd to any Thing, *Sostrata*, that you did not thwart me in? Yet, if I was to ask you where my Fault lys, or why I do this, you can not tell what it is you so confidently oppose me in, you Fool.

Sof. Can not I tell?

Chrem. Yes, yes, I confess you can, rather than have it all over again.

Sof. O! how unjust you are, to desire me to be silent in such a Case.

L 1

Chrem.

antient Copys. Mulier esse, as Bentley observes, is much more severe than if we should add odiosa. Bentley reads facias, instead of faciam, in the same Speech; in which I dissent from our learned Critic, and follow the common Reading; but I have followed him in the Pointing of the two last Verses of this Speech; in which I think he has departed from other Editors with great Judgement. After nescias there is generally a full Stop; and the last Line is commonly with an Interrogation.

Chrem. Non postulo: jam loquere; Nihilo minus
ego hoc faciam tamen. 10

Sof. Facies?

Chrem. Verum.

Sof. Non vides quantum Mali ex ea

Re excites:

Subditum se suspicatur. (49)

Chrem. Subditum ai'n' tu?

Sof. Certe sic erit,

Mi Vir.

Chrem. Confitere.

Sof. Au! obsecro te, istuc nostris Ini-
micis fiet.

Egon' confitear meum non esse Filium, qui sit meus?

Chrem. Quid? Metuis ne non, cum velis, convincas
esse illum tuum? 15

Sof. Quod Filia est inventa? (50)

Chrem. Non; set, quod magis creden-
dum fiet,

Quod est consimilis Moribus,

Convinces facile ex te esse natum; nam tui similis est
probe:

Nam illi Nil Viti est relictum, quid id itidem sit tibi:
Tum praeterea talem, nisi tu, nulla pareret Filium: 20
Set ipse egreditur, quam severus! Rem cum videas,
censeas.

SCENA

49. Tanaquil Faber *objects* to *susplicatur*: *some would substitute suspicatur, as more agreeable to erit in Sostrata's next Speech: but Faernus has produced sufficient Instances of erit being used in the same Sense with est by Plautus and Terence, in his Note on these Words Verbum, hercle, hoc verum erit, in the seventh Scene of the fourth Act of the Eunuch, Verse the 6th. The Repetition of subditum by Chremes is rejected by Bentley and several before him: Faernus keeps it in: I think it a Beauty*

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT V. 399

Chrem. I do n't desire you: say what you will; I'll do it nevertheless.

Sof. You will?

Chrem. Yes.

Sof. You do not see what may be the ill Consequence of this: he suspects himself a Foundling.

Chrem. A Foundling say you?

Sof. Indeed he does, Husband.

Chrem. Confess he is one.

Sof. Alas! I beseech you, may none that love us ever say so. Shall I disown my own Son?

Chrem. What? Are you afraid you cannot prove him your own when you will?

Sof. Why? Because my Daughter is discover'd? (50)

Chrem. No; but, what is more convincing, because he is so like you in Temper, you may easily prove him to be your Son; for he is the Picture of you: there is not an ill Quality lurking in him that is not in you: besides, Nobody but yourself cou'd have brought such a Son into the World: but here comes the Spark himself, how sad he looks! When you view him well you will know him.

L 1 2

SCENE

Beauty here: instead of certe sic erit, mi Vir, some have certe inquam mi Vir; and some omit mi Vir. After confitere, in Chremes's Speech, some Copys have tuum non esse. I follow Faernus entirely in these Passages.

50. *The Meaning of this Passage is obscure at first Sight, tho the grammatical Construction is very plain. We are to suppose the Son and Daughter like one another; then the Discovery of the Daughter is a presumptive Proof of Clitipho being her Brother.*

S C E N A IX.

*Clitipho, Sostrata, et Chremes.**Clit.* Si umquam ullum fuit Tempus, Mater, cum
ego Voluptati tibiFuerim, dictus Filius tuus tua Voluntate, obsecro
Ejus ut memineris, atque inopis nunc te misereſcat mei;
Quod peto et volo, Parentis meos ut commonſtres mihi.*Sof.* Obsecro, mi Gnate, ne iſtuc in Animum indu-
cas tuum, 5

Alienum eſſe te.

Clit. Sum.*Sof.* Miſeram me! hoccine quaefiſti,
obsecro?Ita mihi atque huic ſis Superſtes, ut ex me atque ex hoc
natus es:Et cave poſthac, ſi me amas, umquam iſtuc Verbum
ex te audiam.*Chrem.* At ego, ſi me metuis, Mores cave in te eſſe
iſtos ſentiam.*Clit.* Quos?*Chrem.* Si ſcire vis, ego dicam,—Gerro, iners,
Fraus (51), Helluo, 10

Ganeo, damnofus: crede, et noſtrum te eſſe credito.

Clit. Non ſunt haec Parentis Dicta.*Chrem.* Non, ſi ex Capite ſis meo (52)Natus, item ut aiunt *Minervam* eſſe ex *Jove*, ea Cauſa
magisPatiar, *Clitipho*, Flagitiis tuis me infamem fieri.*Sof.* Di iſtaec prohibeant!*Chrem.* Deos neſcio: ego quod po-
tero (53) ſedulo.

Quaeris

51. *Fraus* is here in the ſame Senſe with *fraudulentus*,
as the Subſtantive *Scelus* is frequently uſed emphatically
by our Poet inſtead of *scelettus*.

52. This is the Paſſage to which, as is generally ſup-
poſed, Horace alludes in theſe Verſes,

Interdum

SCENE IX.

Clitipho, Sostrata, and Chremes.

Clit. If ever there was a Time, Mother, when you call'd me Son with Pleasure, I beseech you to remember it now, and to pity me in this forlorn Condition; what I desire and intreat of you is this, that you will inform me who are my Parents.

Sof. I beseech thee, my Child, not to entertain such a Notion, of your being any Body's but our's.

Clit. I believe otherwise.

Sof. Alas! Is this what thou want'st to know, I beseech thee? May you out-live us both, as sure as you are his Son and mine: and beware, if you love me, never to let me hear you say any Thing like it again.

Chrem. But take Care, if you stand in any Awe of me, that I see a Change in your Manners.

Clit. What Manners?

Chrem. If you wou'd know, I will tell you,— of a trifling, idle, tricking, riotous, debauch'd, consuming, Fellow: believe this, and believe you are our Son.

Clit. This is not the Language of a Parent.

Chrem. If you had sprung from my Head, as they say *Minerva* did from *Jove's* (52), I wou'd never the more for that, *Clitipho*, suffer myself to be disgrac'd by your Enormitys.

Sof. The Gods forbid!

Chrem. I know not what the Gods will do: I'll do what I can to prevent it. You are inquisitive after

Ll 3

what

Interdum tamen et Vocem Comoedia tollit;
Iratusque *Chremes* tumido delitigat Ore.

De Arte poet.

53. Many Copies have enitar betwixt potero and sedulo: Faernus omits it on the Authority of Bembo's Copy, and

Quaeris id quod habes, Parentes; quod abest non quaeris, Patri

Quo Modo obsequare, & serves quod Labore invenerit. Non mihi per Fallacias adducere ante Oculos (54)? Pudet Dicere, hac presente, Verbum turpe; at te id, nullo Modo, 19

Facere puduit.

Clit. Eheu! quam ego nunc totus displiceo mihi! Quam pudet! Neque quod Principium incipiam ad placandum scio. [*Seorsim.*]

S C E N A X.

Menedemus, Chremes, Clitipho, et Sostrata.

Men. Enimvero *Chremes* nimis graviter cruciat. Adulescentulum,

Nimisquē inhumane: exeo ergo ut Pacem conciliem: optume

Ipsos video. [*Seorsim.*]

Chrem. Ehem, *Menedeme*, cur non accersi jubes. Filiam, et quod Dotis dixi firmas?

Sof. Mi Vir, te obsecro

Ne facias.

Clit. Pater, obsecro mihi ignoscas.

Men. Da Veniam, *Chreme*: 5

Sine te exorent. (55)

Chrem. Egon' mea Bona ut dem *Bacchidi* Dono sciens?

Non faciam.

Men. At nos non finemus.

Clit.

and says prohibebo is understood, which appears from the foregoing Words Di istaec prohibeant! In which Sense I have translated it.

54. Bentley gives this Reading, without the Foundation of any Copy,

Ten' mi' per Fallacias adducere ante Oculos — ? which is better than the other, and after Terence's Manner

what you have, your Parents; but you are not inquisitive after what you want, the Manner in which you ought to obey your Father, and preserve what he by his Industry has acquir'd. Did you not presume to bring fallaciously before my Eyes——? I am asham'd. to speak the filthy Word before your Mother; but you was, in no Manner, asham'd to do the Deed.

Clit. Alas! how thoroughly now am I displeas'd with myself! How asham'd I am! I know not how to begin to pacify him. [To himself.]

S C E N E X.

Menedemus, Chremes, Clitipho, and Sostrata.

Men. Really *Chremes* torments the young Man too much, too inhumanly: I am going therefore to endeavour to reconcile them: and here they are just as I wanted them. [To himself.]

Chrem. O, *Menedemus*, why do n't you send for my Daughter, and make the Settlement I promis'd secure?
Sof. I beseech you, Husband, not to do it.

Clit. Father, I intreat your Pardon.

Men. Forgive him, *Chremes*: let them prevail upon you.

Chrem. That I may make a Present to *Bacchis* of all I have with my Eyes open? I'll not do it.

Men. We will prevent that.

Clit.

ner in several other Places. As the Verse now stands we must understand ausus es after adducere.

55. The various Readings of this Passage are exorem, exoret, and exorent; the last of which, says *Faernus*, was in *Bembo's* Copy, and the n was afterwards blotted out, to make it exoret. *Bentley* prefers exorent, and says it is in two of the oldest Copys which he consulted. Exorent certainly, the Mother and Son..

Clit. Si me vivom vis, Pater,
Ignosce.

Sof. Age, *Chremes* mi.

Men. Age, quaeso, ne tam obfirma te,
Chreme.

Chrem. Quid istuc? Video non licere, ut coeperam,
 hoc pertendere.

Men. Facis ut te decet.

Chrem. Ea Lege hoc adeo faciam, si
 id faciat 10

Quod ego hunc aequom censeo.

Clit. Pater, omnia faciam: impera.

Chrem. Uxorem ut ducas.

Clit. Pater!

Chrem. Nihil audio.

Men. Ad me recipio:

Faciet.

Chrem. Nil etiam audio ipsum.

Clit. Perii. [*Seorsim.*

Sof. An dubitas, *Clitipho*?

Chrem. Immo, utrum volt.

Men. Faciet omnia.

Sof. Haec, dum incipias, gravia sunt,

Dumque ignores, ubi cogno'ris, facilia. (56) [*Clitiphoni.*

Clit. Faciam, Pater. 15

Sof. Gnate mi, ego, pol, tibi dabo illam lepidam,
 quam tu facile ames,

Filiam *Phanocratae* nostri.

Clit. Rufamne illam Virginem,

Caesiam, sparso Ore, adunco Naso? Non possum Pater.

Chrem. Heia, ut elegans est! Credas Animum ibi
 esse.

Sof. Aliam dabo. [*Clitiphoni.*
Clit.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT V. 405

Clit. If you desire my Life, Father, forgive me.

Sof. Come, my *Chremes*, be intreated.

Men. Come, pr'ythee, *Chremes*, be not so obstinate.

Chrem. What is the Meaning of this? I see I can not be allow'd to do what I wou'd.

Men. Now you do what you shou'd.

Chrem. On this Condition I'll do what you wou'd have me, if he will do that which I think he ought to do.

Clit. I'll do ev'ry Thing you wou'd have me, Father: command me.

Chrem. Resolve to marry.

Clit. Sir!

Chrem. I'll not hear a Word.

Men. I will be engag'd for him: he shall.

Chrem. I do not hear him say so yet.

Clit. I'm undone.

[*Aside.*

Sof. Do you hesitate, *Clitipho*?

Chrem. Let him do which he will.

Men. He'll do ev'ry Thing you wou'd have him.

Sof. This seems grievous to you at first, while you know Nothing of the Matter, but you will find it pleasant by Experience. (56)

[*To Clitipho.*

Clit. I will, Father.

Sof. I'll give you, Son, one that you can not but love, that pretty Creature our Neighbour *Phanocrata's* Daughter.

Clit. That red-hair'd, wall-ey'd, wide-mouth'd, hook'd-nos'd, Wench? I can never endure her, Father.

Chrem. Huy, huy, how nice he is! You may see where his Mind is rambling.

Sof. I'll propose another.

[*To Clitipho.*

Clit.

of the Mother.

Clit. Immo, quandoquidem ducenda est, egomet habeo propemodum

20

Quam volo.

Sof. Nunc laudo, Gnate.

Clit. *Archonidis* hujus Filiam.

Sof. Perplacet.

Clit. Pater, hoc nunc restat.

Chrem. Quid?

Clit. *Syro* ignoscas volo

Quae mea Causa fecit.

Chrem. Fiat.—[*Spectatoribus.*] Vos valete, et plaudite.

Finis Voluminis Primi.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. ACT V. 407

Clit. No, since I must marry, I have one in my Eye that I chuse.

Sof. Now, Son, I commend you.

Clit. Our Neighbour *Archonides's* Daughter.

Sof. I approve of your Choice.

Clit. I have one Favour more to ask, Father.

Chrem. What's that?

Clit. To forgive *Syrus* what he has done on my Account.

Chrem. I will.—[*To the Spectators.*] Farewel, and give us your Applause.

The End of the First Volume.

Errors of the Prefs.

In the Note to the Dedication for indefatigable read indefatigable. Dissertation, P. 40, Note, L. 5, for Gravitates read Gravitate. P. 44, Note, L. 1, for posterias read posterius.

ANDRIA.

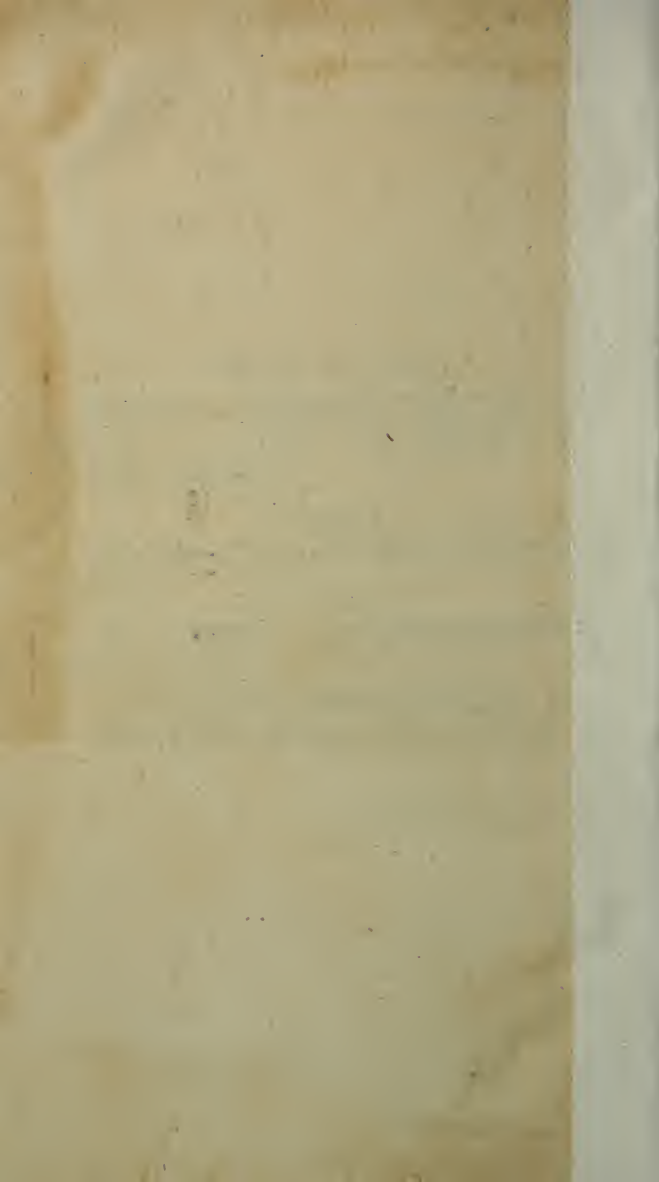
Act 2, Sc. 2, Speech 20, Line the last, for void read avoid.

HECYRA.

*Act 3, Sc. 4, Speech 5, for wherefore read therefore.
Act 5, Sc. 2, Speech 5, for Imm' read Immo.*

HEAUTON-TIMORUMENOS.

Act 3, Sc. 4, v. 16, for no'istin' read no'stin'.



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